

The

SEASONS,

in Four Books,

By the late James Thomson,
with the life of the Author.

to which are Added

Notes, Illustrations, & a Complete Index, by

George Wright Esq^r.

[777]



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M. D. C. C. I. R.

OF THE LATE

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE four Seasons in this edition, are termed so many books, to accommodate the subjects of each to the common form of an Index, wherein the first numbers I. II. III. IV. point out the Seasons in their present order, and the ensuing figures, the lines.

Some persons may observe, concerning the Glossary, that many words are explained which needed no elucidation; to which the editor begs leave to reply, it was his chief study to leave no terms doubtful, or liable to be misinterpreted in any part of the work, especially by the unlearned reader.

Blank verse, as it not only will admit of, but always requires, a more sublime and elevated stile and manner of expression suited to its nature and design, so generally it is more difficult to be understood by those who have not enjoyed a liberal education, or are proficient in classical erudition.

M E M O I R S

OF THE LATE

Mr. JAMES THOMSON.

IT is commonly said, that the life of a good writer is best read in his works ; which can scarce fail to receive a peculiar tincture from his temper, manners, and habits ; the distinguishing character of his mind, his *ruling* passion, at least, will there appear undisguised. But however just this observation may be ; and although we might safely rest Mr. *Thomson's* fame, as a good man, as well as a man of genius, on this sole footing ; yet the desire which the public always shews of being more particularly acquainted with the history of an eminent author, ought not to be disappointed ; as it proceeds not from mere *curiosity*, but chiefly from affection and gratitude, to those by whom they have been entertained and instructed.

To give some account of a deceased friend is often a piece of justice likewise, which ought not to be refused to his memory : to prevent or efface the impertinent fictions which officious Biographers are so apt to collect and propagate. And we may add, that the circumstances of an author's life will sometimes throw the best light upon his writings ; instances whereof we shall meet with in the following pages.

MR.

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MR. *Thomson* was born at *Ednam*, in the shire of *Roxburgh*, on the 11th of *September*, in the year 1700. His father, minister of that place, was but little known beyond the narrow circle of his co-presbyters, and to a few gentlemen in the neighbourhood; but highly respected by them, for his piety, and his diligence in the pastoral duty: as appeared afterwards in their kind offices to his widow and orphan family.

THE Reverend Messrs. *Riccarton* and *Guthart* particularly, took a most affectionate and friendly part in all their concerns. The former, a man of uncommon penetration and good taste, had very early discovered, through the rudeness of young *Thomson's* puerile essays, a fund of genius well deserving culture and encouragement. He undertook therefore, with the father's approbation, the chief direction of his studies, furnished him with the proper books, corrected his performances; and was daily rewarded with the pleasure of seeing his labour so happily employed.

THE other reverend gentleman, Mr. *Guthart*, who is still living; one of the ministers of *Edinburgh*, and senior of the Chapel Royal, was no less serviceable to Mrs. *Thomson* in the management of her little affairs; which, after the decease of her husband, burdened as she was with a family of nine children, required the prudent counsels and assistance of that faithful and generous friend.

SIR *William Bennet* likewise, well known for his gay humour and ready poetical wit, was highly delighted with our young poet, and used to invite him to pass the summer vacation at his country seat: a scene of life which Mr. *Thomson* always re-

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remembered with particular pleasure. But what he wrote during that time, either to entertain Sir *William* and Mr. *Riccarton*, or for his own amusement, he destroyed every new year's day; committing his little pieces to the flames, in their due order; and crowning the solemnity with a copy of verses, in which were humourously recited the several grounds for their condemnation.

AFTER the usual course of school education, under an able master at *Jedburgh*, Mr. *Thomson* was sent to the University of *Edinburgh*. But in the second year of his admission, his studies were for some time interrupted by the death of his father; who was carried off so suddenly, that it was not possible for Mr. *Thomson*, with all the diligence he could use, to receive his last blessing. This affected him to an uncommon degree; and his relations still remember some extraordinary instances of his grief and filial duty on that occasion.

Mrs. *Thomson*, whose maiden name was *Hume*, and who was co-heiress of a small estate in the country, did not sink under this misfortune. She consulted her friend Mr. *Gusshart*; and having, by his advice, mortgaged her moiety of the farm, repaired with her family to *Edinburgh*; where she lived in a decent frugal manner, till her favourite son had not only finished his academical course, but was even distinguished and patronized as a man of genius. She was, herself, a person of uncommon natural endowments; possessed of every social and domestic virtue; with an imagination, for vivacity and warmth, scarce inferior to her son's, and which raised her devotional exercises to a pitch bordering on enthusiasm.

But

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BUT whatever advantage Mr. *Thomson* might derive from the complexion of his parent, it is certain he owed much to a religious education; and that his early acquaintance with the *sacred* writings contributed greatly to that *sublime*, by which his works will be for ever distinguished. In his first pieces, the *Seasons*, we see him at once assume the majestic freedom of an Eastern writer; seizing the grand images as they rise, cloathing them in his own expressive language, and preserving, throughout, the grace, the variety, and the dignity which belong to a just composition; unhurt by the stiffness of formal method.

ABOUT this time, the study of poetry was become general in *Scotland*, the best *English* authors being universally read, and imitations of them attempted. *Addison* had lately displayed the beauties of *Milton's* immortal work; and his remarks on it, together with Mr. *Pope's* celebrated *Essay*, had opened the way to an acquaintance with the best poets and critics.

BUT the most learned critic is not always the best judge of poetry; taste being a gift of nature, the want of which, *Aristotle* and *Bossu* cannot supply; nor even the study of the best originals, when the reader's faculties are not tuned in a certain consonance to those of the poet; and this happened to be the case with certain learned gentlemen, into whose hands a few of Mr. *Thomson's* first essays had fallen.* Some inaccuracies of style, and those luxuriancies which a young writer can hardly avoid, lay open to their cavils and censure; so far indeed they might be competent judges: but the fire and enthusiasm of the poet had entirely escaped their notice.

tice. Mr. *Thomson*, however, conscious of his own strength, was not discouraged by this treatment; especially as he had some friends on whose judgment he could better rely, and who thought very differently of his performances. Only, from that time, he began to turn his views towards *London*; where works of genius may always expect a candid reception and due encouragement; and an accident soon after entirely determined him to try his fortune there.

THE divinity chair at *Edinburgh* was then filled by the reverend and learned Mr. *Hamilton*; a gentleman universally respected and beloved; and who had particularly endeared himself to the young divines under his care, by his kind offices, his candor and affability. Our author had attended his lectures for about a year, when there was prescribed to him for the subject of an exercise, a Psalm, in which the power and majesty of God are celebrated. Of this psalm he gave a paraphrase and illustration, as the nature of the exercise required; but in a style so highly poetical, as surprized the whole audience. Mr. *Hamilton*, as his custom was, complimented the orator upon his performance, and pointed out to the students the most masterly striking parts of it; but at last, turning to Mr. *Thomson*, he told him, smiling, that if he thought of being useful in the ministry, he must keep a stricter rein upon his imagination, and express himself in language more intelligible to an ordinary congregation.

THIS gave Mr. *Thomson* to understand, that his expectations from the study of theology might be very precarious; even though the *Church* had been more his free choice than probably it was. So that
having

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Having, soon after, received some encouragement from a lady of quality, a friend of his mother's, then in *London*, he quickly prepared himself for his journey. And although this encouragement ended in nothing beneficial, it served for the present as a good pretext, to cover the imprudence of committing himself to the wide world, unfriended and unpatronized, and with the slender stock of money he was then possessed of.

BUT his merit did not long lie concealed. Mr. *Forbes*, afterwards Lord President of the Session, then attending the service of Parliament, having seen a specimen of Mr. *Thomson's* poetry in *Scotland*, received him very kindly, and recommended him to some of his friends: particularly to Mr. *Aikman*, who lived in great intimacy with many persons of distinguished rank and worth. This gentleman, from a connoisseur in painting, was become a profess'd painter; and his taste being no less just and delicate in the kindred art of descriptive poetry, than in his own, no wonder that he soon conceived a friendship for our author. What a warm return he met with, and how Mr. *Thomson* was affected by his friend's premature death, appears in the copy of verses which he wrote on that occasion.

In the mean time, our author's reception, wherever he was introduced, emboldened him to risque the publication of his *Winter*: in which, as himself was a mere novice in such matters, he was kindly assisted by Mr. *Mallet*, then private tutor to his Grace the Duke of *Montrose*, and his brother the Lord *George Graham*, so well known afterwards as an

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able and gallant sea officer. To Mr. Mallet he likewise owed his first acquaintance with several of the wits of that time; an exact information of their characters, personal and poetical, and how they stood affected to each other.

The Poem of *Winter*, published in March 1726, was no sooner read than universally admired: those only excepted who had not been used to feel, or to look for, any thing in poetry, beyond a point of satirical or epigrammatic wit, a smart *antithesis** richly trimmed with rhyme, or the softness of an *elegiac* complaint. To such his manly classical spirit could not readily recommend itself; till after a more attentive perusal, they had got the better of their prejudices, and either acquired or affected a truer taste. A few others stood aloof merely because they had long before fixed the articles of their poetical creed, and resigned themselves to an absolute despair of ever seeing any thing new and original. These were somewhat mortified to find their notions disturbed by the appearance of a poet, who seemed to owe nothing but to nature and his own genius. But, in a short time, the applause became unanimous; every one wondering how so many pictures, and pictures so familiar, should have moved them but faintly to what they felt in his descriptions. His digressions too, the overflowings of a tender benevolent heart, charmed the reader no less; leaving him in doubt, whether he should more admire the Poet, or love the *Man*†.

FROM

* Contrast.

† The Poem on *Winter* was written by Mr. Thomson in 1724, a few months after his coming to London from Edinburgh, he had

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FROM that time Mr. *Thomson's* acquaintance was courted by all men of taste; and several ladies of high rank and distinction became his declared patronesses: the Countess of *Hertford*, Miss *Drelincourt*, afterwards Viscountess *Primrose*, Mrs. *Stanley*, and others. But the chief happiness which his *Winter* procured him was, that it brought him acquainted with Dr. *Rundle*, afterwards Lord Bishop of *Derry*: who, upon conversing with Mr. *Thomson*, and finding in him qualities greater still, and of more value than those of a poet, received him into his intimate confidence and friendship; promoted his character every where; introduced him to his great friend the

had no friend here but Mr. *Mallet*, his schoolfellow; who, with an intimate acquaintance, walked one day in the month of November to all the bookfellers in the Strand and Fleet-Street, to sell the copy of this poem, and at last agreed with Mr. *Millar*, (who then lived in a little Shop in Fleet-Street) and the chief motive with him was, that the author was his countryman; for, after several arguments, he would advance no more than three pounds for it. This poem was originally dedicated to Sir *Spencer Compton*, then speaker of the house of commons, who took no notice of the author for more than a month after its publication. Mr. *Hill*, a friend of Mr. *Mallet's*, who had read and admired the poem in manuscript, was so provoked at this shameful neglect, that he wrote some satirical lines upon the occasion, which were printed, wherein he told the author, he was greatly mistaken if he expected ministers of state to do honour to his poem, as being much above their comprehension: soon after this, Sir *Spencer Compton* sent for Mr. *Thomson*, and, with an apology, gave him a bank bill of 10*l*.

This poem sold so well, that Mr. *Millar* gave Mr. *Thompson* 50*l*. for that on the *Spring*; and increased the copy money for the *Summer* and *Autumn*: and when printed together, they pass thro' so many editions in a few years, that this grateful bookfeller erected, at his own expence, that elegant monument to his memory, which is placed next to *Shakespeare's*, in the poets corner in Westminster-Abbey.

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Lord Chancellor *Talbot*; and, some years after, when the eldest son of that nobleman was to make his *tour* into foreign parts, recommended Mr. *Thomson* as a proper companion for him. His affection and gratitude to Dr. *Rundle*, and his indignation at the treatment that worthy prelate had met with, are finely expressed in his poem to the memory of Lord *Talbot*. The true cause of that undeserved treatment has been secreted from the public, as well as the dark *manœuvres** that were employed: but Mr. *Thomson*, who had access to the best information, places it to the account of

——— *Slandrous zeal, and politics infirm,*
Jealous of worth.———

MEANWHILE, our poet's chief care had been, in return for the public favour, to finish the plan which their wishes laid out for him; and the expectations which his *Winter* had raised, were fully satisfied by the successive publication of the other *Seasons*: of *Summer*, in the year 1727; of *Spring*, in the beginning of the following year; and of *Autumn*, in a quarto edition of his works, printed in 1730.

In that edition, the *Seasons* are placed in their natural order; and crown'd with that inimitable *Hymn*, in which we view them in their beautiful succession, as *one whole*, the immediate effect of infinite *Power* and *Goodness*. In imitation of the Hebrew Bard†, all nature is called forth to do homage to the creator, and the reader is left enraptur'd in silent adoration and praise.

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* Devices,

† David.

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BESIDES these, and his tragedy of *Sophonisba*, written, and acted with applause, in the year 1729, Mr. Thomson had, in 1727, published his poem to the memory of Sir Isaac Newton, then lately deceased; containing a deserved encomium of that incomparable man, with an account of his chief discoveries; sublimely poetical; and yet so just, than an ingenious foreigner, the Count Algarotti, takes a line of it for the text of his philosophical dialogues, *Il Newtonianismo per le dame*: this was in part owing to the assistance he had of his friend Mr. Gray, a gentleman well versed in the *Newtonian Philosophy*, who, on that occasion, gave him a very exact, though general, abstract of its principles.

THAT same year, the resentment of our merchants, for the interruption of their trade by the Spaniards in America, running very high, Mr. Thomson zealously took part in it; and wrote his poem *Britannia*, to rouse the nation to revenge. And although this piece is the less read that its subject was but accidental and temporary; the spirited generous sentiments that enrich it, can never be out of season: they will at least remain a monument of that love of his country, that devotion to the public, which he is ever inculcating as the perfection of virtue, and which none ever felt more pure, or more intense, than himself.

Our author's poetical studies were now to be interrupted, or rather improved, by his attendance on the honourable Mr. Charles Talbot in his travels. A delightful task indeed! endowed as that young nobleman was by nature, and accomplished by the care and example of the best of fathers, in whatever could adorn humanity: graceful of person, elegant

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in manners and address, pious, humane, and generous; with an exquisite taste in all the finer arts.

WITH this amiable companion and friend, Mr. *Thomson*, visited most of the courts and capital cities of *Europe*; and returned with his views greatly enlarged; not of exterior nature only, and the works of art, but of human life and manners, of the constitution and policy of the several states, their connexions, and their religious institutions. How particular and judicious his observations were, we see in his poem of *Liberty*, begun soon after his return to *England*. We see, at the same time, to what a high pitch his love of his country was raised, by the comparisons he had all along been making of our happy well-poised government with those of other nations. To inspire his fellow-subjects with the like sentiments; and to shew them by what means the precious freedom we enjoy may be preserved, and how it may be abused or lost; he employed two years of his life in composing that noble work: upon which, (conscious of the importance and dignity of the subject,) he valued himself more than upon all his other writings.

WHILE Mr. *Thomson* was writing the First Part of *Liberty*, he received a severe shock, by the death of his noble friend and fellow traveller; which was soon followed by another that was severer still, and of more general concern; the death of Lord *Talbot* himself; which Mr. *Thomson* so pathetically and so justly laments in the poem dedicated to his memory. In him the nation saw itself deprived of an uncorrupted patriot, the faithful guardian of their rights, on whose wisdom and integrity they had founded their hopes of relief from many tedious

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dious vexations : and Mr. *Thomson*, besides his share in the general mourning, had to bear all the affliction which a heart like his could feel, for the person whom, of all mankind, he most revered and loved. At the same time, he found himself, from an easy competency, reduced to a state of precarious dependence, in which he passed the remainder of his life ; excepting only the two last years of it, during which he enjoyed the place of Surveyor-General of the *Leward Islands*, procured for him by the generous friendship of Lord *Lyttleton*.

IMMEDIATELY upon his return to *England* with Mr. *Talbot*, the Chancellor had made him his secretary of *Briefs* ; a place of little attendance, suiting his retired indolent way of life, and equal to all his wants. This place fell with his patron ; and although the noble Lord, who succeeded to Lord *Talbot* in office, kept it vacant for some time, probably till Mr. *Thomson* should apply for it, he was so dispirited, and so listless to every concern of that kind, that he never took one step in the affair : a neglect which his best friends greatly blamed in him.

YET could not his genius be depressed, or his temper hurt, by this reverse of fortune. He resumed, with time, his usual chearfulness, and never abated one article in his way of living ; which, though simple, was genial and elegant. The profits arising from his works were not inconsiderable ; his tragedy of *Agamemnon*, acted in 1738, yielded a good sum ; Mr. *Millar* was always at hand, to answer, or even to prevent his demands ; and he had a friend or two besides, whose hearts, he knew, were not contracted by the ample fortunes they

had acquired; who would, of themselves, interpose, if they saw any occasion for it.

But his chief dependence, during this long interval, was on the protection and bounty of His Royal Highness FREDERIC Prince of Wales; who, upon the recommendation of Lord *Lyttleton*, then his chief favourite, settled on him a handsome allowance. And afterwards, when he was introduced to His Royal Highness, that excellent Prince, who truly was what Mr. *Thomson* paints him, *the friend of mankind and of merit*, received him very graciously, and ever after honoured him with many marks of particular favour and confidence. A circumstance, which does equal honour to the patron and the poet, ought not here to be omitted; that iny Lord *Lyttleton*'s recommendation came altogether unsolicited, and long before Mr. *Thomson* was personally known to him.

It happened, however, that the favour of His Royal Highness was in one instance of some prejudice to our author; in the refusal of a licence for his tragedy of *Edward and Eleonora*, which he had prepared for the stage in the year 1739. The reader may see that this play contains not a line which could justly give offence; but the ministry, still sore from certain pasquinades*, which had lately produced the stage-act; and as little satisfied with some parts of the prince's political conduct, as he was with their management of the public affairs; would not risque the representation of a piece written under his eye, and, they might probably think, by his command.

THIS

* Satirical abuse.

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THIS refusal drew after it another; and in a way which, as it is related, was rather ludicrous. Mr. *Puterfon*, a companion of Mr. *Thomson*, afterwards his *deputy*, and then his *successor* in the general surveyorship, used to write out fair copies for his friend, when such were wanted for the press or for the stage. This gentleman likewise courted the tragic muse; and had taken for his subject, the story of *Arminius* the German hero. But his play, guiltless as it was, being presented for a licence, no sooner had the *censor* cast his eyes on the handwriting in which he had seen *Edward* and *Eleonora*, than he cried out, Away with it! and the author's profits were reduced to what his bookseller could afford for a tragedy in distress.

Mr. *Thomson's* next dramatic performance was the *Masque* of *Alfred*; written, jointly with Mr. *Mallet*, by command of the Prince of *Wales*, for the entertainment of His Royal Highness's court, at his summer-residence. This piece, with some alterations, and the music new, has been since brought upon the stage by Mr. *Mallet*: but the edition given of it in the works of our author is from the *original*, as it was acted at *Clifden*, in the year 1740, on the birth-day of Her Royal Highness the Princess *Augusta*.

IN the year 1745, his *Tancred* and *Sigismunda*, taken from the novel in *Gil Blas*, was performed with applause; and from the deep romantic distress of the lovers, continues to draw crowded houses. The success of this piece was indeed insured from the first, by Mr. *Garrick* and Mrs. *Cibber*, their appearing in the principal characters; which they

heighten and adorn with all the magic of their never-failing art.

HE had, in the mean time, been finishing his *Castle of Indolence*, in two *Cantos*. It was, at first, little more than a few detached stanzas, in the way of raillery on himself, and on some of his friends, who would reproach him with indolence; while he thought them, at least, as indolent as himself. But he saw very soon, that the subject deserved to be treated more seriously, and in a form fitted to convey one of the most important moral lessons.

THE stanza which he uses in this work is that of *Spenser*, borrowed from the *Italian* poets; in which he thought rhimes had their proper place, and were even graceful: the compass of the stanza admitting an agreeable variety of final sounds: while the sense of the poet is not cramped or cut short, nor yet too much dilated: as must often happen, when it is parcelled out into rhimed couplets; the usual measure, indeed, of our *elegy* and *satire*; but which always weakens the higher poetry, and, to a true ear, will sometimes give it an air of the *burlesque*.

THIS was the last piece Mr. *Thomson* himself published; his tragedy of *Coriolanus* being only prepared for the theatre, when a fatal accident robbed the world of one of the best men, and best poets, that lived in it.

HE had always been a timorous horseman; and more so, in a road where numbers of giddy or unskilful riders are continually passing: so that when the weather did not invite him to go by water, he would commonly walk the distance between *London* and *Richmond*, with any acquaintance that offered; with whom he might chat and rest himself, or perhaps

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haps dine, by the way. One summer evening, being alone, in his walk from town to *Hammer-smith*, he had overheated himself, and in that condition, imprudently took a boat to carry him to *Kew*; apprehending no bad consequence from the chill air on the river, which his walk to his house, at the upper end of *Kew-lane*, had always hitherto prevented. But, now, the cold had so seized him, that next day he found himself in a high fever, so much the more to be dreaded that he was of a full habit. This however, by the use of proper medicines, was removed, so that he was thought to be out of danger: till the fine weather having tempted him to expose himself once more to the evening dews, his fever returned with violence, and with such symptoms as left no hopes of a cure. Two days had passed before his relapse was known in town; at last Mr. *Mitchell* and Mr. *Reid*, with Dr. *Armstrong*, being informed of it, posted out at midnight to his assistance: but alas! came only to endure a sight of all others the most shocking to nature, the last agonies of their beloved friend. This lamented death happened on the 27th day of *August*, 1748.

His testamentary executors were, the Lord *Lytelton*, whose care of our poet's fortune and fame ceased not with his life; and Mr. *Mitchell*, a gentleman equally noted for the truth and constancy of his private friendships, and for his address and spirit as a public minister. By their united interest, the orphan play of *Coriolanus* was brought on the stage to the best advantage: from the profits of which, and the sale of manuscripts, and other effects, all demands were duly satisfied, and a handsome sum remitted.

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remitted to his sisters. My Lord *Lyttelton's* prologue to this piece was admired as one of the best that had ever been written: the best *spoken* it certainly was. The sympathizing audience saw that, then indeed, Mr. *Quin* was no actor; that the tears he shed, were those of real friendship and grief.

Mr. *Thomson's* remains were deposited in the church of *Richmond*, under a plain stone, without any inscription: nor did his brother poets at all exert themselves on the occasion, as they had lately done for one who had been the terror of poets all his life time. This silence furnished matter to one of his friends for an excellent satirical epigram, which we are sorry we cannot give the reader. Only one gentleman, Mr. *Collins*, who had lived some time at *Richmond*, but forsook it when Mr. *Thomson* died, wrote an Ode to his memory. This, for the dirgelike melancholy it breathes, and the warmth of affection that seems to have dictated it, we shall subjoin to the present account.

OUR author himself hints, somewhere in his works, that his exterior was not the most promising; his make being rather robust than graceful: though it is known that in his youth he had been thought handsome. His worst appearance was, when you saw him walking alone, in a thoughtful mood: but let a friend accost him, and enter into conversation, he would instantly brighten in a most amiable aspect, his features no longer the same, and his eye darting a peculiar animated fire. The case was much alike in company; where, if it was mixed, or very numerous, he made but an indifferent figure: but with a few select friends, he was open, sprightly, and entertaining. His wit flowed freely, but

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but pertinently, and at due intervals, leaving room for every one to contribute his share. Such was his extreme sensibility, so perfect the harmony of his organs with the sentiments of his mind, that his looks always announced, and half expressed, what he was about to say; and his voice corresponded exactly to the manner and degree in which he was affected. This sensibility had one inconvenience attending it, that it rendered him the very worst reader of good poetry: a *sonnet*, or a copy of some verses, he could manage pretty well; or even improve them in the reading: but a passage of *Virgil*, *Milton*, or *Shakespeare*, would sometimes quite oppress him, that you could hear little else than some ill-articulated sounds, rising as from the bottom of his breast.

He had improved his taste upon the best originals, ancient and modern; but could not bear to write what was not strictly his own, what had not more immediately struck his imagination, or touched his heart: so that he is not in the least concerned in that question about the *merit* or *demerit* of imitators. What he borrows from the ancients, he gives us in an avowed faithful paraphrase or translation; as we see in a few passages taken from *Virgil*, and in that beautiful picture from *Pliny the Elder*, where the course, and gradual increase, of the *Nile*, are figured by the stages of a man's life.

THE Autumn was his favourite season for poetical composition, and the deep silence of the night, the time he commonly chose for such studies; so that he would often be heard walking in his library, till near morning, humming over, in his way,

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way, what he was to correct and write out next day.

THE amusements of his leisure hours were civil and natural history, voyages, and the relations of travellers, the most authentic he could procure: and, had his situation favoured it, he would certainly have excelled in gardening, agriculture, and every rural improvement and exercise. Although he performed on no instrument, he was passionately fond of music, and would sometimes listen a full hour at his window to the nightingales in *Richmond* gardens. While abroad, he had been greatly delighted with the regular *Italian* drama, such as *Metastasio* writes; as it is there heightened by the charms of the best voices and instruments; and looked upon our theatrical entertainments as, in one respect, naked and imperfect, when compared with the *ancient*, or with those of *Italy*; wishing sometimes that a *chorus*, at least, and a better *recitative*, could be introduced.

Nor was his taste less exquisite in the arts of *painting*, *sculpture*, and *architecture*. In his travels, he had seen all the most celebrated monuments of antiquity, and the best productions of modern art; and studied them so minutely, and with so true a judgment, that in some of his descriptions, in the poem of *Liberty*, we have the master-pieces there mentioned placed in a stronger light perhaps than if we saw them with our eyes; at least more justly delineated than in any other account extant: so superior is a natural taste of the *grand* and *beautiful*, to the traditional lessons of a common *virtuoso*. His collection of prints, and some drawings from the antique,

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antique, are now in the possession of his friend Mr. Gray, of *Richmond Hill*.

As for his more distinguishing qualities of *mind* and *heart*, they are better represented in his writings, than they can be by the pen of any biographer. There, his love of mankind, of his country and friends; his devotion to the *Supreme Being*, founded on the most elevated and just conceptions of his operations and providence, shine out in every page. So unbounded was his tenderness of heart, that it took in even the *brute* creation: judge what it must have been towards his *own* species. He is not indeed known, through his whole life, to have given any person one moment's pain, by his writings or otherwise. He took no part in the poetical squabbles which happened in his time; and was respected and left undisturbed by both sides. He would even refuse to take offence when he justly might: by interrupting any personal story that was brought him, with some jest, or some humourous apology for the offender. Nor was he ever seen ruffled or discomposed, but when he read or heard of some flagrant instance of injustice, oppression, or cruelty: then, indeed, the strongest marks of horror and indignation were visible in his countenance.

THESE amiable virtues, this divine temper of mind, did not fail of their due reward. His friends loved him with an enthusiastic ardour, and lamented his untimely fate in the manner that is still fresh in every one's memory: the best and greatest men of his time honoured him with their friendship and protection; the applause of the public attended every appearance he made; the actors, of whom
the

the more eminent were his friends and admirers, grudging no pains to do justice to his tragedies. At present indeed, if we except *Tancred*, they are seldom called for; the simplicity of his plots, and the models he worked after, not suiting the reigning taste, nor the impatience of an *English* theatre. They may hereafter come to be in vogue: but we hazard no comment or conjecture upon them, or upon any part of Mr. *Thomson's* works; neither need they any defence or apology, after the reception they have had at home, and in the foreign languages into which they have been translated. We shall only say, that, to judge from the imitations of his manner which have been following him close, from the very first publication of *Winter*, he seems to have fixed no inconsiderable æra of the *English* poetry.

ODE

ELEGIAC ODE,

ON THE LATE

Mr. JAMES THOMSON.

By Mr. COLLINS.

The scene of the following stanzas is supposed to
lie on the *Thames* near *Richmond*.

IN yonder grave a Druid lies
Where slowly winds the stealing wave?

The year's best sweets shall duteous rise
To deck its Poet's sylvan grave!

In yon deep bed of whisp'ring reeds,
His airy harp * shall now be laid,

That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love thro' life the soothing shade.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,
And while its sounds at distance swell,

Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear,
To hear the Woodland Pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
Where Thames in summer wreaths is drest,

And oft suspend the dashing oar
To bid his gentle spirit rest!

* The harp of *ÆOLUS*, of which see a description in the
CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

And

And oft as Ease and Health retire
 To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
 The friend shall view yon whitening † spire,
 And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

But Thou, who own'st that earthy bed,

Ah! what will every dirge avail?

Or tears, which Love and Pity shed

That mourn beneath the gliding sail?

Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye

Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near?

With him, sweet bard, may Fancy die,

And Joy desert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide

No sedge-crown'd Sisters now attend,

Now waft me from the green hill's side

Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!

And see the fairy vallies fade,

Dun Night has veil'd the solemn view!

Yet once again, dear parted shade,

Meek Nature's Child, again adieu!

The genial meads assign'd to bless

Thy life shall mourn thy early doom,

Their hinds, and shepherd-girls shall dress

With simple hands thy rural tomb.

Long, long, thy stone, and pointed clay,

Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes,

O! vales, and wild woods, shall He say,

In yonder grave your Druid lies!

† Richmond Church,

SPRING.

SPRING



There, unobtruding, to the harness'd yoke
 They lend their shoulder & begin their toil,
 Cheer'd by the simple song and cheering lark.
 Meanwhile incumbent o'er the shining share,
 The master leans, removes th' obstructing clay,
 Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe.

Malpas Sculp.

S P R I N G.

B O O K I.

*Now teeming buds and cheerful greens appear,
And western gales unlock the lazy year.* DRYDEN.

COME, gentle SPRING, ethereal Mildness(a),
come,

And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
(While music wakes around) veil'd(b) in a show'r
Of shadowing roses; on our plains descend.

O HARTFORD! fitted or to shine in courts 5
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
With innocence and meditation join'd
In soft assemblage(c), listen to my song,
Which thy own Season paints; when Nature all
Is blooming and benevolent like thee. 10

AND see where surly WINTER passes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts(d):
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shatter'd forest, and the ravag'd vale(e);
While softer gales succeed; at whose kind touch, 15
Dissolving snows in livid torrents(f) lost,
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.

As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
And WINTER oft at eve resumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving fleets(g)

(a) Soft fanning breezes. (b) Cover'd over lightly.

(c) Pleasingly mixt together. (d) Stormy winds.

(e) A valley laid waste by storms.

(f) Discolour'd, or various colour'd rapid streams.

(g) Small hail or snow, intermixt with rain, blown about by
the wind.

Deform(*a*) the day delightful: so that scarce 21
 The bittern(*b*) knows his time, with bill ingulph(*c*)
 To shake the sounding marsh(*d*); or from the shore
 The plovers(*e*) when to scatter o'er the heath,
 And sing their wild notes to the listening waste(*f*). 25

At last from *Aries*(*g*) rolls the bounteous sun,
 And the bright *Bull*(*h*) receives him. Then no more
 Th' expansive atmosphere(*i*) is cramp'd with cold;
 But, full of life and vivifying(*k*) soul,
 Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,
 Fleecy and white, o'er all-surrounding heaven. 31

FORTH fly the tepid airs(*l*); and unconfin'd,
 Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.
 Joyous, th' impatient husbandman perceives
 Relenting Nature; and his lusty steers(*m*) 35
 Drives from their stalls, to where the well-us'd plough
 Lies in the furrow, loosened from the frost.
 There, unrefusing, to the harness'd yoke
 They lend their shoulder, and begin t' air toil,
 Cheer'd by the simple song and soaring lark. 40

-
- (*a*) Darken or make uncomfortable.
 (*b*) A bird that lives on fish, and frequenting wet or marshy grounds, making a particular noise.
 (*c*) Form'd for swallowing voraciously.
 (*d*) Wet swampy ground.
 (*e*) Clamorous birds frequenting the sea shore or the banks of rivers.
 (*f*) A common or large tract of uncultivated ground.
 (*g*) The first sign of the zodiac, and that which the sun passes thro' in the month of March.
 (*h*) The second sign in the zodiac call'd Taurus, and that which the sun passes thro' in the month of April, accounted the beginning of spring.
 (*i*) The surrounding air. (*k*) Giving life and vigour.
 (*l*) Winds neither hot nor cold.
 (*m*) Oxen.

Meanwhile

Meanwhile incumbent^(a) o'er the shining share^(b)
 The master leans, removes th' obstructing clay,
 Winds the whole work, and fide long lays the glebe^(c).

White thro' the neighbouring fields the sower stalks,
 With measur'd step, and liberal throws the grain 45
 Into the faithful bosom of the ground:

The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.

BE gracious HEAVEN! for now laborious Man
 Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes^(d), blow!

Ye softening dews, ye tender showers descend! 50

And temper all, thou world-reviving sun,

Into the perfect year! Nor ye who live

In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,

Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear:

Such themes as these the rural MARO^(e) sung 55

To wide-imperial ROME, in the full height

Of elegance and taste, by GREECE refin'd.

In ancient times, the sacred plough employ'd

The kings, and awful fathers of mankind:

And some (with whom compar'd your insect-tribes^(f)) 60

Are but the beings of a summer's day,

Have held the scale of empire^(g), rul'd the storm

Of mighty war; then, with unwearied hand,

Disdaining little delicacies, seiz'd

The plough, and greatly independent liv'd. 65

(a) In a leaning posture.

(b) The plough share, a bright piece of sharpened iron that raises the earth in ploughing.

(c) The ground or earth thrown up by the plough-share.

(d) Soft, nourishing, warm winds.

(e) Virgil, a latin poet, who wrote poems on rural employments.

(f) Persons little and insignificant in behaviour, fond of boasting, and lost in effeminacy.

(g) Kingdoms.

YE generous BRITONS, venerate(*a*) the plough;
 And o'er your hills, and long withdrawing vales,
 Let Autumn spread his treasures to the sun,
 Luxuriant and unbounded: as the sea,
 Far thro' his azure turbulent domain(*b*), 70
 Your empire owns, and from a thousand shores
 Wafts(*c*) all the pomp of life into your ports;
 So with superior boon(*d*) may your rich soil
 Exuberant(*e*), Nature's better blessings pour
 O'er every land, the naked nations clothe, 75
 And be th' exhaustless granary(*f*) of a world.

NOR only thro' the lenient(*g*) air this change
 Delicious, breathes; the penetrative sun
 His force deep darting to the dark retreat
 Of vegetation(*h*), sets the steaming(*i*) Power 80
 At large, to wander o'er the vernant(*k*) earth
 In various hues; but chiefly thee, gay Green!
 Thou smiling Nature's universal robe!
 United light and shade! where the fight dwells
 With growing strength, and ever new delight. 85

FROM the moist meadow to the withered hill,
 Led by the breeze, the vivid(*l*) verdure runs,
 And swells, and deepens, to the cherish'd eye.
 The hawthorn(*m*) whitens; and the juicy groves
 Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees, 90
 Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd
 In full luxuriance to the sighing gales;

(*a*) Highly esteem.

(*b*) Blue watry surface or kingdom, often ruffled with winds.

(*c*) Smoothly and swiftly conveys. (*d*) Liberality.

(*e*) Plentifully. (*f*) A storehouse for grain.

(*g*) Soft, mild, balmy.

(*h*) The earth, or place of the growth of plants.

(*i*) Rising in vapours. (*k*) Flourishing as in the spring.

(*l*) Lively. (*m*) A plant bearing white blossoms.

Where

Where the deer rustle thro' the twining brake^(a),
 And the birds sing conceal'd. At once array'd
 In all the colours of the flushing year, 95
 By Nature's swift and secret working hand,
 The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
 With lavish fragrance; while the promis'd fruit
 Lies yet a little embryo^(b), unperceiv'd,
 Within its crimson folds. Now from the town 100
 Buried in smoke, and sleep; and noisome damps,
 Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
 Where freshness breathes, and darts the trembling drops
 From the bent bush, as thro' the verdant maze^(c)
 Of sweet-briar hedges I pursue my walk; 105
 Or taste the smell of dairy; or ascend
 Some eminence, AUGUSTA^(d), in thy plains,
 And see the country, far diffus'd around,
 One boundless blush, one white-empurpled shower
 Of mingled blossoms; where the raptur'd eye 110
 Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath
 The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies:
 If, brush'd from *Russian* wilds, a cutting gale
 Rise not, and scatter from his humid^(e) wings
 The clammy mildew; or, dry-blowing breathe 115
 Untimely frost; before whose baleful blast
 The full-blown Spring thro' all her foliage shrinks,
 Joyless and dead, a wide dejected waste.
 For oft, engender'd^(f) by the hazy^(g) north,
 Myriads^(h) on myriads, insect armies warp⁽ⁱ⁾ 120

(a) A thicket compos'd of brambles or thorns.

(b) Immature or imperfect; as a child in the womb.

(c) Intricate paths leading different ways.

(d) The Roman name for London.

(e) Damp.

(f) Produc'd.

(g) Dark and foggy.

(h) Great numbers.

(i) Here us'd, for convey'd as it were imperceptibly.

Keen in the poison'd breeze; and wasteful eat,
Thro' buds and bark, into the blackening core,
Their eager way. A feeble race! yet oft
The sacred sons of vengeance; on whose course
Corrosive(*a*) famine waits, and kills the year. 125
To check this plague, the skilful farmer chaff,
And blazing straw, before his orchard burns;
Till, all involv'd in smoke, the latent(*b*) foe
From every cranny(*c*) suffocated falls:

Or scatters o'er the blooms the pungent(*d*) dust 130
Of pepper, fatal to the frosty tribe:
Or, when th' envenom'd leaf begins to curl,
With sprinkled water drowns them in their nest;
Nor, while they pick them up with busy bill,
The little trooping birds unwisely scares. 135

BE patient, swains; these cruel-seeming winds
Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep repress'd(*e*)
Those deepening clouds on clouds, furcharg'd(*f*) with
That o'er the vast *Atlantic*(*g*) hither borne, [rain,
In endless train, would quench the summer blaze, 140
And, cheerless drown the crude unripened year.

THE north-east spends his race; he now shut up
Within his iron cave, th' effusive(*h*) south
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void(*i*) of heaven
Breaths the big clouds with vernal showers distent(*k*).
At first a dusky wreath(*l*) they seem to rise, 146
Scarce staining ether(*m*); but by swift degrees,

(*a*) Destructive or consuming. (*b*) Hidden.

(*c*) Crevice. (*d*) Piercing.

(*e*) At a distance. (*f*) Full or swell'd.

(*g*) The ocean, between North America and the European Continent.

(*h*) Genial. (*i*) Wide space.

(*k*) Fill'd, stretch'd out. (*l*) Of a serpentine form.

(*m*) The sky or atmosphere.

In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour fails;
 Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep
 Sits on th' horizon^(a) round a settled gloom: 150
 Not such as wintry-forms on mortals shed,
 Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
 And full of every hope and every joy,
 The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
 Into a perfect calm; that not a breath 155
 Is heard to quiver thro' the closing woods,
 Or rustling turn the many twinkling leaves
 Of aspin^(b) tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffus'd
 In glassy breadth, seem thro' delusive lapse^(c)
 Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all; 160
 And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
 Drop the dry sprig, and mute-imploing eye
 The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense,
 The plummy people streak their wings with oil,
 To throw the lucid moisture trickling off; 165
 And wait th' approaching sign to strike, at once,
 Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,
 And forests seem, impatient, to demand
 The promis'd sweetness. Man superior walks
 Amid the glad creation, musing praise, 170
 And looking lively gratitude. At last,
 The clouds consign their treasures to the fields;
 And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
 Prelusive^(d) drops, let all their moisture flow,
 In large effusion, o'er the freshened world: 175
 The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard;
 By such as wander thro' the forest walks,
 Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves.

(a) That part of the heavens over our heads.

(b) A tree whose leaves are remarkable for shaking.

(c) Gently gliding away. (d) Previous to a shower.

But who can hold the shade, while Heaven descends
 In universal bounty, shedding herbs, 180
 And fruits, and flowers, on Nature's ample lap?
 Swift fancy fir'd anticipates their growth;
 And, while the milky nutriment distils,
 Beholds the kindling country colour round.

Thus all day long the full-distended clouds 185
 Indulge their genial(*a*) stores, and well shower'd
 Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life; [earth
 Till, in the western sky, the downward sun
 Looks out, effulgent(*b*), from amid the flush
 Of broken clouds, gay shifting to his beam. 190
 The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
 The illumin'd(*c*) mountain, thro' the forest streams,
 Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,
 Far smoaking o'er the interminable(*d*) plain,
 In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems. 195
 Moist, bright, and green, the landskip laughs around.
 Full swell the woods; their ev'ry music wakes,
 Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks.
 Increas'd, the distant bleatings of the hills,
 And hollow lows responsive from the vales, 200
 Whence blending all the sweet'ned zephyr springs.
 Mean time refracted(*e*) from yon eastern cloud,
 Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
 Shoots up immense; and every hue unfolds
 In fair proportion running from the red, 205
 To where the violet fades into the sky.
 Here, awful NEWTON, the dissolving clouds
 Form, fronting on the sun, thy showery prism(*f*);

(*a*) Contributing to the growth of vegetables. (*b*) Shining, bright.

(*c*) Enlightened, gilded with the rays of the sun.

(*d*) Unbounded, far extended. (*e*) Reflected back again.

(*f*) A triangular mirror for dividing the rays of light, invented
 by Sir Isaac Newton.

And to the sage-instructed eye unfold
 The various twine of light, by thee disclos'd 210
 From the white mingling maze. Not so the boy;
 He wondering views the bright enchantment bend,
 Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
 To catch the falling glory; but amaz'd
 Beholds th' amusive arch before him fly, 215
 Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds,
 A softened shade, and saturated(a) earth
 Awaits the morning-beam, to give to light,
 Rais'd thro' ten thousand different plastic(b) tubes,
 The balmy treasures of the former day. 220

THEN spring the living herbs, profusely wild,
 O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the power
 Of botanists to number up their tribes:
 Whether he steals along the lonely dale,
 In silent search; or thro' the forest, rank 225
 With what the dull incurious weeds account,
 Bursts his blind way; or climbs the mountain rock,
 Fir'd(c) by the nodding verdure of its brow.
 With such a liberal hand as Nature flung
 Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds,
 Innumerable mix'd them with the nursing mould, 231
 The moistening current, and prolific rain.

BUT who their virtues can declare? who pierce,
 With vision pure, into these secret stores
 Of health, and life, and joy? the food of Man, 235
 While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told
 A length of golden years; unflafh'd in blood,
 A stranger to the savage arts of life,
 Death, rapine(d), carnage(e), surfeit, and disease;
 The lord, and not the tyrant of the world. 240

(a) Fully satisfied. (b) Forming, according to nature.
 (c) Encourag'd, animated. (d) Plunder. (e) Havock.

THE first fresh dawn then wak'd the gladden'd
 Of uncorrupted Man, nor blush'd to see [race
 The sluggard sleep beneath its sacred beam :
 For their light slumbers gently fum'd away ;
 And up they rose as vigorous as the sun, 245
 Or to the culture of the willing glebe,
 Or to the cheerful tendance of the flock.
 Meantime the song went round ; and dance and sport,
 Wisdom and friendly talk, successive, stole
 Their hours away : while in the rosy vale 250
 Love breath'd his infant sighs, from anguish free,
 And full replete with bliss ; save the sweet pain,
 That inly thrilling*, but exalts it more.
 Nor yet injurious act, nor surly deed,
 Was known among those happy sons of Heaven ; 255
 For reason and benevolence were law.
 Harmonious nature too look'd smiling on.
 Clear shone the skies, cool'd with eternal gales,
 And balmy spirit all. The youthful sun
 Shot his best rays, and still the gracious clouds 260
 Drop'd fatness down ; as o'er the swelling mead,
 The herds and flocks, commixing†, play'd secure.
 This when, emergent‡ from the gloomy wood,
 The glaring lion saw, his horrid heart
 Was meekened, and he join'd his sullen joy. 265
 For music held the whole in perfect peace :
 Soft sigh'd the flute : the tender voice was heard,
 Warbling the varied heart ; the woodlands round
 Apply'd their quire ; and winds and waters flow'd
 In consonance||. Such were those prime of days. 270

BUT now those white unblemish'd manners, whence
 The fabling poets took their golden age,

* Penetrating inwardly.

† Mixing together.

‡ Rising into view.

|| Concord, harmony.

Are found no more amid these iron times,
 These dregs of life! Now the distemper'd mind
 Has lost that concord of harmonious powers, 275
 Which forms the soul of happiness; and all
 Is off the poise within; the passions all
 Have burst their bounds; and reason half extinct,*
 Or impotent, or else approving, sees
 The foul disorder. Senseless, and deform'd, 280
 Convulsive anger storms at large; or pale;
 And silent, settles into fell revenge,
 Base envy withers at another's joy,
 And hates that excellence it cannot reach.
 Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full, 285
 Weak and unmanly, loosens every power,
 Even love itself is bitterness of soul,
 A pensive anguish pining at the heart;
 Or, sunk to sordid interest, feels no more
 That noble wish, that never cloy'd desire, 290
 Which, selfish joy disdaining, seeks alone
 To bless the dearer object of its flame.
 Hope sickens with extravagance; and grief,
 Of life impatient, into madness swells;
 Or in dead silence wastes the weeping hours. 295
 These, and a thousand mixt emotions more,
 From ever changing views of good and ill,
 Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind
 With endless storm; whence, deeply rankling†, grows
 The partial thought, a listless unconcern, 300
 Cold, and averting from our neighbour's good;
 Then dark disgust, and hatred, winding wiles§,
 Coward deceit, and ruffian violence:
 At last, extinct each social feeling, fell||

* Dead. † Festering, corrupting. ‡ Careless.

§ Ensnaring devices. || Cruel.

And joyless inhumanity pervades^(a) 305
 And petrifies^(b) the heart. Nature disturb'd
 Is deem'd, vindictive^(c), to have chang'd her course.

HENCE, in old dusky time, a deluge came :
 When the deep-cleft disparting^(d) orb, that arch'd
 The central waters round, impetuous rush'd, 310
 With universal burst, into the gulph,
 And o'er the high-pil'd hills of fractur'd^(e) earth
 Wide dash'd the waves, in undulation^(f) vast ;
 Till, from the center to the streaming clouds,
 A shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe. 315

THE Seasons since have, with severer sway,
 Oppress'd a broken world : the Winter keen
 Shook forth his waste of snows ; and Summer shot
 His pestilential heats. Great Spring, before,
 Green'd all the year ; and fruits and blossoms blush'd,
 In social sweetness, on the self-same bough. 321
 Pure was the temperate air ; and even calm
 Perpetual reign'd, save what the zephyrs bland^(g)
 Breath'd o'er the blue expanse^(h) : for then nor storms
 Were taught to blow, nor hurricanes to rage ; 325
 Sound slept the waters ; no sulphureous glooms
 Swell'd in the sky, and sent the lightning forth ;
 While sickly damps, and cold autumnal fogs,
 Hung not, relaxing⁽ⁱ⁾ on the springs of life.
 But now, of turbid^(k) elements the sport, 330
 From clear to cloudy tost, from hot to cold,
 And dry to moist, with inward eating change,
 Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought,
 Their period finish'd ere 'tis well begun.

(a) Passes thro'. (b) Hardens. (c) Revengeful. (d) Dividing.

(e) Broken. (f) Driving backwards and forwards.

(g) Mild or soft winds. (h) The firmament.

(i) Slackening. (k) Cloudy, thick.

AND yet the wholesome herb neglected dies ; 335
 Though with the pure exhilarating soul
 Of nutriment and health, and vital powers,
 Beyond the search of art, 'tis copious blest.
 For, with hot ravine* fir'd, ensanguin'd† Man
 Is now become the lion of the plain, 340
 And worse. The wolf, who from the nightly fold
 Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her milk,
 Nor wore her warming fleece : nor has the steer,†
 At whose strong chest the deadly tyger hangs,
 E'er plow'd for him. They too are temper'd high,
 With hunger stung and wild necessity, 346
 Nor lodges pity in their shaggy breast.
 But *Man*, whom Nature form'd of milder clay,
 With every kind emotion in his heart,
 And taught alone to weep ; while from her lap 350
 She pours ten thousand delicacies, herbs,
 And fruits, as numerous as the drops of rain.
 Or beams that gave them birth : shall he, fair form!
 Who wears sweet smiles, and looks erect on Heaven,
 E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling§ herd, 355
 And dip his tongue in gore ? The beast of prey,
 Blood-stain'd, deserves to bleed : but you, ye flocks,
 What have ye done ; ye peaceful people, what,
 To merit death ? you, who have given us milk
 In luscious streams, and lent us your own coat 360
 Against the winter's cold ? And the plain ox,
 That harmless, honest, guileless animal,
 In what has he offended ? he, whose toil,
 Patient and ever ready, clothes the land
 With all the pomp of harvest ; shall he bleed, 365
 And struggling groan beneath the cruel hands

* Food got by violence. † Blood thirsty.

† A young bullock. § Roving about.

Even of the clown he feeds; and that, perhaps,
 To swell the riot of th' autumnal feast,
 Won by his labour? Thus the feeling heart
 Would tenderly suggest: but 'tis enough, 370
 In this late age, adventurous, to have touch'd
 Light on the numbers of the *Samian* sage.
 High HEAVEN forbids the bold presumptuous strain,
 Whose wisest will has fix'd us in a state
 That must not yet to pure perfection rise. 375

Now when the first foul torrent of the brooks,
 Swell'd with the vernal* rains, is ebb'd away,
 And, whitening, down their mossy-tinctur'd stream
 Descends the billowy foam: now is the time,
 While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile, 380
 To tempt the trout. The well-dissembled fly,
 The rod fine-tapering with elastic† spring,
 Snatch'd from the hoary steed the floating line,
 And all thy slender watry stores prepare.
 But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm, 385
 Convulsive, twist in agonizing folds;
 Which, by rapacious hunger swallow'd deep,
 Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast
 Of the weak helpless uncomplaining wretch,
 Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand. 390

WHEN with his lively ray the potent sun
 Has pierc'd the streams, and rous'd the finny race,
 Then, issuing chearful, to thy sport repair;
 Chief should the western breezes curling play,
 And light o'er ether bear the shadowy clouds. 395
 High to their fount, this day, amid the hills,
 And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks;
 The next, pursue the rocky-channel'd maze,

* Belonging to the spring.

† Naturally inclin'd to return to its shape or form after being bent.

Down to the river in whose ample wave
Their little naiads[†] love to sport at large. 400
Just in the dubious point, where with the pool
Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils
Around the stone, or from the hollow'd bank
Reverted plays in undulating flow,
There throw, nice-judging, the delusive fly; 405
And as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the springing game.
Strait as above the surface of the flood
They wanton rise, or urg'd by hunger leap,
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook: 410
Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,
And to the shelving shore slow-dragging some,
With various hand proportion'd to their force.
If yet too young, and easily deceived,
A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod, 415
Him, piteous of his youth, and the short space
He has enjoy'd the vital light of Heaven,
Soft disengage, and back into the stream
The speckled captive throw. But should you lure
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots 420
Of pendant trees, the monarch of the brook,
Behoves you then to ply your finest art.
Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly;
And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft
The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear. 425
At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun
Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death,
With fullen plunge. At once he darts along,
Deep-struck, and runs out all the lengthened line;

[†] Sea nymphs, here used, for small fishes.

Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed,
 The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode ; 431
 And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
 Indignant(a) of the guile. With yielding hand,
 That feels him still, yet to his furious course
 Gives way, you, now retiring, following now 435
 Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage :
 Till floating broad upon his breathless side,
 And to his fate abandon'd, to the shore
 You daily drag your unresisting prize. 439

THUS pass the temp'rate hours : but when the sun
 Shakes from his noon-day throne the scattering clouds,
 Even shooting listless langour(b) thro' the deeps ;
 Then seek the bank where flowering elders croud,
 Where scatter'd wild the lily of the vale
 Its balmy essence breathes, where cowslips hang 445
 The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,
 With all the lowly children of the shade :
 Or lie reclin'd beneath yon spreading ash,
 Hung o'er the steep ; whence, borne on liquid wing,
 The sounding culver(c) shoots ; or where the hawk,
 High, in the beetling(d) cliff, his airy builds. 451
 There let the classic page thy fancy lead
 Thro' rural scenes ; such as the *Mantuan* swain(e)
 Paints in the matchless harmony of song.
 Or catch thyself the landskip, gliding swift 455
 Athwart imagination's vivid eye :
 Or by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,
 And lost in lonely musing, in the dream,
 Confus'd, of careless solitude, where mix

(a) Regardless. (b) Inactive faintness.

(c) A kind of pigeon.

(d) Jutting out.

(e) Virgil.

Ten thousand wandering images of things, 460
 Sooth every gust of passion into peace;
 All but the swellings of the softened heart,
 That waken, not disturb, the tranquil mind.

BEHOLD yon breathing prospect bids the Muse
 Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint 465
 Like Nature? Can imagination boast,
 Amid its gay creation, hues^(a) like hers?
 Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
 And lose them in each other, as appears
 In every bud that blows? If fancy then 470
 Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task,
 Ah what shall language do? ah where find words
 Ting'd with so many colours; and whose power,
 To life approaching, may perfume my lays
 With that fine oil, those aromatic^(b) gales, 475
 That inexhaustive flow continual round?

YET, tho' successful, will the toil delight.
 Come then, ye virgins and ye youths, whose hearts
 Have felt the raptures of refining love;
 And thou, AMANDA, come, pride of my song! 480
 Form'd by the Graces, loveliness itself!
 Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet,
 Those looks demure,^(c) that deeply pierce the soul,
 Where, with the light of thoughtful reason mix'd,
 Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart: 485
 O come! and while the rosy-footed May
 Steals blushing on, together let us tread
 The morning dews, and gather in their prime
 Fresh blooming flowers, to grace thy braided^(d) hair,
 And thy lov'd bosom that improves their sweets. 490

(a) Colours.

(b) Sweet scented.

(c) Serious and modest.

(d) Platted.

SEE, where the winding vale its lavish stores,
 Irriguous(a), spreads. See, how the lily drinks
 The latent(b) rill, scarce oozing(c) thro' the grass,
 Of growth luxuriant; or the humid(d) bank,
 In fair profusion, decks. Long let us walk, 495
 Where the breeze blows from yon extended field
 Of blossom'd beans. *Arabia* cannot boast
 A fuller gale of joy, than, liberal, thence
 Breathes thro' the sense, and takes the ravish'd soul.
 Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot, 500
 Full of fresh verdure, and unnumber'd flowers,
 The negligence of *Nature*, wide, and wild;
 Where, undisguis'd by mimic *Art*, she spreads
 Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.
 Here their delicious task the fervent bees, 505
 In swarming millions tend: around, athwart,
 Thro' the soft air, the busy nations fly,
 Cling to the bud, and, with inserted tube,
 Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul;
 And oft, with bolder wing, they soaring dare 510
 The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,
 And yellow load them with the luscious spoil.

At length the finish'd garden to the view
 Its vistas opens, and its alleys green.
 Snatch'd thro the verdant maze, the hurried eye
 Distracted wanders; now the bowery walk 516
 Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day
 Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted sweeps:
 Now meets the bending sky; the river now
 Dimpling along, the breezy ruffled lake, 520
 The forest dark'ning round, the glittering spire,

(a) moist, watry.

(b) hidden.

(c) Softly running or trickling.

(d) Wet, moist.

Th' ethereal(a) mountain, and the distant main,
 But why so far excursive(b) ? when at hand
 Along these blushing borders, bright with dew,
 And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers, 525
 Fair handed Spring unbosoms every grace ;
 Throws out the *snow-drop*, and the *crocus* first :
 The *daisy*, *primrose*, *violet* darkly blue,
 And *polyanthus* of unnumber'd dyes ;
 The yellow *wall-flower*, stain'd with iron brown ;
 And lavish *stock* that scents the garden round : 531
 From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
Anemonies ; *auriculas*, enrich'd
 With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves ;
 And full *ranunculas*, of glowing red. 535
 Then comes the *tulip*-race, where Beauty plays
 Her idle freaks ; from family diffus'd
 To family, as flies the father dust,
 The varied colours run ; and, while they break
 On the charm'd eye, th' exulting florist marks, 540
 With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.
 No gradual bloom is wanting ; from the bud,
 First-born of Spring, to Summer's musky(c) tribes :
 Nor *hyacinths*, of purest virgin white,
 Low-bent, and blushing inward ; nor *jonquils*, 545
 Of potent fragrance ; nor *Narcissus* fair,
 As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still ;
 Nor broad *carnations*, nor gay-spotted *pinks* ;
 Nor, shower'd from every bush, the *damask-rose*.
 Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells, 550
 With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
 The breath of Nature, and her endless bloom.

(a) Blue.

(b) Wandering far about.

(c) Sweet scented.

HAIL, SOURCE OF BEING : UNIVERSAL SOUL
 Of Heaven and earth ! Essential *(a)* PRESENCE, hail !
 To THEE I bend the knee ; to THEE my thoughts,
 Continual, climb ; who, with a master-hand, 556
 Hast the great whole into perfection touch'd.
 By THEE the various vegetative *(b)* tribes,
 Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,
 Draw the live ether *(c)*, and imbibe the dew : 560
 By THEE dispos'd into congenial *(d)* soils,
 Stands each attractive plant, and sucks, and swells
 The juicy tide ; a twining mass of tubes.
 At THY command the vernal sun awakes
 The torpid *(e)* sap, detruded *(f)* to the root. 565
 By wintry winds ; that now in fluent *(g)* dance,
 And lively fermentation *(h)* mounting, spreads
 All this innumerable *(i)* coloured scene of things.

As rising from the vegetable world
 My theme ascends, with equal wing ascend, 570
 My panting Muse ; and hark, how loud the woods
 Invite you forth in all your gayest trim.
 Lend me your song, ye nightingales ! oh pour
 The mazy-running *(k)* soul of melody
 Into my varied verse ! while I deduce, *(i)* 575
 From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings,
 The symphony *(m)* of Spring, and touch a theme
 Unknown to fame, *the Passion of the groves,*

WHEN first the soul of love is sent abroad,
 Warm thro' the vital air, and on the heart 580
 Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,

(a) Necessary.

(b) Growing as a plant.

(c) Air.

(d) Nourishing, of the same nature.

(e) Deaden'd, numb'd.

(f) Forc'd downwards.

(g) Flowing.

(h) Internal motion.

(i) Innumerable.

(k) Flowing various ways.

(l) Draw or collect.

(m) Harmony.

In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing;
 And try again the long-forgotten strain,
 At first faint-warbled. But no sooner grows
 The soft infusion prevalent, and wide, 585
 Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
 In music unconfined. Up-springs the lark,
 Shrill voic'd, and loud, the messenger of morn;
 Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
 Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts 590
 Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse
 Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush
 Bending with dewy-moisture; o'er the heads
 Of the coy quirksters* that lodge within,
 Are prodigal of harmony. The *thrush* 595
 And *wood-lark*, o'er the kind-contending throng
 Superior heard, run thro' the sweetest length
 Of notes; when listening *Philomela*† deigns
 To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
 Elate(a) to make her night excel their day. 600
 The *black-bird* whistles from the thorny brake;
 The mellow *bullfinch* answers from the grove:
 Nor are the *linnets*, o'er the flowering furze
 Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to these
 Innumerable songsters, in the freshening shade 605
 Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations(b) mix
 Mellifluous(c). The *jay*, the *rook*, the *daw*,
 And each harsh pipe, discordant(d) heard alone,
 Aid the full concert: while the stock-dove breathes
 A melancholy murmur thro' the whole.

'Tis love creates their melody, and all
 This waste of music is the voice of love;

* The birds.

† The nightingale.

(a) Joyful.

(b) Pleasing harmonious sounds.

(c) Sweet,

(d) Disagreeing, out of tune.

That e'en to birds, and beasts, the tender arts
 Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind
 Try every winning way inventive love 615
 Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates
 Pour forth their little souls. First, wide around,
 With distant awe, in airy rings they rove,
 Endeavouring by a thousand tricks to catch
 The cunning conscious, half averted(*a*) glance 620
 Of their regardless charmer. Should she seem
 Softening the least approbance to bestow,
 Their colours burnish, (*b*) and by hope inspir'd,
 They brisk advance; then, on a sudden struck,
 Retire disorder'd; then again approach; 625
 In fond rotation(*c*) spread the spotted wing,
 And shiver every feather with desire.

CONNUBIAL leagues(*d*) agreed, to the deep woods
 They haste away, all as their fancy leads,
 Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts; 630
 That NATURE's great command may be obey'd:
 Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive
 Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly-hedge
 Nestling(*e*) repair, and to the thicket some;
 Some to the rude protection of the thorn 635
 Commit their feeble offspring: The cleft tree
 Offers its kind concealment to a few,
 Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.
 Others apart far in the grassy dale,
 Or roughening waste, their humble texture weave.
 But most in woodland solitudes delight, 641
 In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,

(*a*) Turn'd sideways. (*b*) Brighten.

(*c*) Returning one after another.

(*d*) Matrimonial parties,

(*e*) Settling.

Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
 Whose murmurs soothe them all the live-long day,
 When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots 645
 Of hazel, pendant o'er the plaintive stream,
 They frame the first foundation of their domes;
 Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
 And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
 But restless hurry thro' the busy air, 650
 Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps
 The slimy pool, to build his hanging house
 Intent. And often, from the careless back
 Of herds and flocks a thousand tugging bills
 Pluck hair and wool; and oft, when unobserv'd, 655
 Steal from the barn a straw: till soft and warm,
 Clean and complete their habitation grows.

As, thus the patient dam assiduous sits,
 Not to be tempted from her tender task,
 On by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight, 660
 Tho' the whole loosen'd Spring around her blows,
 Her sympathizing lover takes his stand
 High on the opponent (a) bank, and ceaseless sings
 The tedious time away; or else supplies
 Her place a moment; while she sudden flits (b) 665
 To pick the scanty meal. Th' appointed time
 With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow (c) young,
 Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
 Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,
 A helpless family, demanding food 670
 With constant clamour: O what passions then,
 What melting sentiments of kindly care,
 On the new parents seize! Away they fly

(a) Opposite.

(b) Flies away.

(c) Unfedg'd.

Affectionate, and undesiring bear
 The most delicious morsel to their young; 675
 Which equally distributed, again
 The search begins. Even so a gentle pair,
 By fortune sunk, but form'd of generous mold,
 And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast,
 In some lone cot amid the distant woods, 680
 Sustain'd alone by providential HEAVEN,
 Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train,
 Check their own appetites, and give them all.

NOR toil alone they scorn: exalting love,
 By the great FATHER OF THE SPRING inspir'd
 Gives instant courage to the *fearful* race, 686
 And to the *simple* art. With stealthy wing(a),
 Should some rude foot their woody haunts molest,
 Amid a neighbouring bush they silent drop,
 And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive 690
 Th' unfeeling school-boy. Hence, around the head
 Of wandering swain, the white-wing'd plover wheels
 Her sounding flight, and then directly on
 In long excursion skims the level lawn,
 To tempt him from her nest. The wild-duck, hence,
 O'er the rough moss, and o'er the trackless waste 696
 The heath-ben flutters, pious fraud! to lead
 The hot pursuing spaniel far astray.

BE not the Muse asham'd, here to bemoan
 Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant Man 700
 Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
 From liberty confin'd, and boundless air.
 Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,
 Ragged, and all its brightening lustre lost;
 Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes, 705

(a) In private.

Which,

Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beech,
 O then, ye friends of love and love-taught song,
 Spare the soft tribes, this barbarous art forbear;
 If on your bosom *innocence* can win,
Musick engage, or *piety* persuade. 710

BUT let not chief the *nightingale* lament
 Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd
 To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.
 Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,
 Th' astonish'd mother finds a vacant^(a) nest, 715
 By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
 Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls;
 Her pinions ruffle, and low-drooping scarce
 Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade;
 Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sings 720
 Her sorrows thro' the night; and, on the bough,
 Sole sitting, still at every dying fall
 Takes up again her lamentable strain
 Of winding woe; till, wide around, the woods
 Sigh to her song, and with her wail^(b) resound. 725

BUT now the feather'd youth their former bounds,
 Ardent, disdain; and, weighing oft their wings,
 Demand the free possession of the sky:
 This one glad office more, and then dissolves
 Parental love at once, now needless grown. 730
 Unlavish'd *Wisdom* never works in vain.

'Tis on some evening, sunny, grateful, mild,
 When nought but balm is breathing thro' the woods,
 With yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes
 Visit the spacious heavens, and look abroad 735
 On Nature's common, far as they can see,
 Or wing, their range and pasture. O'er the boughs

(a) Empty, or forsaken.

(b) Complaints.

Dancing about, still at the giddy verge, (a)
 Their resolution fails; their pinions still,
 In loose libration (b) stretch'd to trust the void (c)
 Trembling refuse: till down before them fly 741
 The parent-guides, and chide, exhort, command,
 Or push them off. The surging (d) air receives
 Its plummy burden; and their self-taught wings
 Winnow (e) the waving element. On ground 745
 Alighted, bolder up again they lead,
 Farther and farther on, the lengthening flight;
 Till vanish'd every fear, and every power
 Rouz'd into life and action, light in air
 Th' acquitted parents see their soaring race, 750
 And once rejoicing never know them more.
 HIGH from the summit of a craggy cliff,
 Hung o'er the deep, such as amazing frowns
 On utmost *Kilda's shore, whose lonely race
 Resign the setting sun to *Indian* worlds, 755
 The royal eagle draws his vigorous young,
 Strong-pounc'd, and ardent with paternal (f) fire.
 Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own,
 He drives them from his fort, the towering seat,
 For ages, of his empire; which, in peace 760
 Unstain'd he holds, while many a league to sea
 He wings his course, and preys in distant isles.
 SHOULD I my steps turn to the rural seat,
 Whose lofty elms, and venerable oaks,
 Invite the rook, who high amid the boughs, 765
 In early Spring, his airy city builds,

* The farthest of the western Islands of *Scotland*,

(a) The brink of a precipice.

(b) Ballancing motion.

(c) The firmament of air. (d) Swelling like waves of the sea.

(e) Beat or fan;

(f) Hereditary.

And ceaseless caws amusive ; there, well pleas'd,
 I might the various polity (a) survey
 Of the mixt *household* kind. The careful hen
 Calls all her chirping family around, 770
 Fed and defended by the fearless cock !
 Whose breast with ardour flames, as on he walks,
 Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond,
 The finely-checker'd duck, before her train,
 Rows garrulous (b). The stately-sailing swan 775
 Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale ;
 And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet
 Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier-isle ;
 Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,
 Loud-threatning reddens ; while the peacock spreads
 His every-colour'd glory to the sun, 781
 And swims in radiant majesty along,
 O'er the whole homely scene, the cooing dove
 Flies thick in amorous chace, and wanton rolls
 The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck. 785

WHILE thus the gentle tenants of the shade
 Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world
 Of brutes, below, rush furious into flame,
 And fierce desire. Thro' all his lusty veins
 The bull, deep scorch'd, the raging passion feels. 790
 Of pasture sick, and negligent of food,
 Scarce seen, he wades among the yellow broom (c),
 While o'er his ample sides, the rambling sprays
 Luxuriant shoot ; or thro' the mazy wood
 Dejected wanders, nor th' enticing bud 795
 Crops, tho' it presses on his careless sense.
 And oft, in jealous madding fancy wrapt,
 He seeks the fight ; and idly butting, feigns

(a) Manners.

(b) Prattling.

(c) A field plant.

His rival gor'd in every knotty trunk.
 Him should he meet, the bellowing war begins : 800
 Their eyes flash fury ; to the hollow'd earth,
 Whence the sand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,
 And groaning deep, th' impetuous battle mix :
 While the fair heifer, balmy breathing, near,
 Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling steed
 With this hot impulse seiz'd in every nerve, 806
 Nor heeds the rein, nor hears the sounding thong ;
 Blows are not felt ; but tossing high his head,
 And by the well-known joy to distant plains
 Attracted strong, all wild he bursts away ; 810
 O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains flies ;
 And, neighing, on the ærial summit takes
 Th' exciting gale ; then, steep-descending, cleaves
 The headlong torrents foaming down the hills,
 Ev'n where the madness of the straiten'd stream 815
 Turns in black eddies round : such is the force
 With which his frantic heart and sinews swell.

Nor undelighted by the boundless Spring
 Are the broad monsters of the foaming deep :
 From the deep ooze* and gelid cavern rouz'd, 820
 They flounce and tumble in unwieldy joy.
 Dire were the strain, and dissonant†, to sing
 The cruel raptures of the savage kind :
 How by this flame their native wrath sublim'd‡,
 They roam, amid the fury of their heart, 825
 The far-resounding waste in fiercer bands,
 And growl their horrid loves. But this the theme
 I sing, enraptur'd, to the BRITISH FAIR,
 Forbids, and leads me to the mountain-brow,
 Where sits the shepherd on the grassy turf, 830

* Watry mire.

† Disagreeable, harsh.

‡ Provok'd.

Inhaling,

Inhaling(*a*), healthful, the descending sun,
 Around him feeds his many-bleeting flock,
 Of various cadence(*b*); and his sportive lambs,
 This way and that convolv'd(*c*), in friskful glee,
 Their frolicks play. And now the sprightly race 835
 Invites them forth; when swift, the signal given,
 They start away, and sweep the massy mound(*d*)
 That runs around the hill; the rampart(*e*) once
 Of iron war, in ancient barbarous times,
 When disunited BRITAIN ever bled, 840
 Lost in eternal broil: ere yet she grew
 To this deep-laid indissoluble state,
 Where *Wealth* and *Commerce* lift their golden heads;
 And o'er our labours, *Liberty* and *Law*,
 Impartial, watch; the wonder of a world! 845

WHAT is this mighty *Breath*(*f*), ye sages, say,
 That, in a powerful language, felt not heard,
 Instructs the fowls of heaven; and thro' their breast
 These arts of love diffuses? What, but God?
 Inspiring God! who boundless Spirit all, 850
 And unremitting Energy, pervades,
 Adjusts(*g*), sustains, and agitates the whole.
 He ceaseless works *alone*; and yet *alone*
 Seems not to work: with such perfection fram'd
 Is his complex(*h*) stupendous scheme of things. 855
 But, tho' conceal'd, to every purer eye
 Th' informing Author in his works appears:
 Chief, lovely *Spring*, in thee, and thy soft scenes,
 The SMILING GOD is seen; while water, earth,
 And air attest his bounty; which exalts 860

(a) To draw in, by the breath.

(b) Tone of voice.

(c) Gather'd together.

(d) Wide banks.

(e) The fortified walls.

(f) Instinct.

(g) Settles.

(h) Compos'd of many parts.

The brute creation to this finer thought,
And annual melts their undefining hearts
Profusely thus in tenderness and joy.

STILL let my song a nobler note assume,
And sing th' infusive(*a*) force of Spring on Man;
When heaven and earth, as if contending, vye 866
To raise his being, and serene his soul.
Can he forbear to join the general smile
Of Nature? Can fierce passions vex his breast
While every gale is peace, and every grove 870
Is melody? Hence! from the bounteous walks
Of flowing Spring, ye sordid sons of earth,
Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe;
Or only lavish to yourselves! away!
But come, ye generous minds, in whose wide thought,
Of all his works, CREATIVE BOUNTY burns 876
With warmest beam; and on your open front
And liberal eye sits, from his dark retreat
Inviting modest Want. Nor, till invoc'd,
Can restless goodness wait; your active search 880
Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplor'd;
Like silent-working HEAVEN surprizing oft
The lonely heart with unexpected good.
For you the roving spirit of the wind
Blows Spring abroad; for you the teeming(*b*) clouds
Descend in glad some plenty o'er the world; 886
And the sun sheds his kindest rays for you,
Ye flow'rs of human race! In these green days,
Reviving Sickness lifts her languid head;
Life flows afresh; and young-ey'd Health exalts 890
The whole creation round. Contentment walks
The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss

(*a*) Inspiring.

(*b*) Big with rain.

Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
To purchase. Pure serenity apace
Induces thought, and contemplation still. 895

By swift degrees the love of Nature works,
And warms the bosom; till at last sublim'd
To rapture, and enthusiastic heat,
We feel the present DEITY, and taste
The joy of GOD to see a happy world! 900

THESE are the sacred feelings of thy heart,
Thy heart inform'd by reason's purer ray,
O LYTTELTON, the friend! thy passions thus
And meditations vary, as at large,
Courting the Muse, thro' *Hagley Park* thou strayest;
Thy *British Tempe*!* There along the dale, 905
With woods o'er-hung, and shagg'd with mossy rocks,
Whence on each hand the gushing waters play,
And down the rough cascade white-dashing fall,
Or gleam in lengthening vista(a) thro' the trees, 910
You silent steal; or sit beneath the shade
Of solemn oaks, that tuft(b) the swelling mounts
Thrown graceful round by Nature's careless hand.
And pensive listen to the various voice
Of rural peace: the herds, the flocks, the birds, 915
The hollow-whispering breeze, the plaint of rills,
That, purling down amid the twisted roots
Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake
On the sooth'd ear. From these abstracted(c) oft,
You wander thro' the *philosophic* world; 920
Where in bright train continual wonders rise,

* Elegant and pleasant villa; *Tempe*, were pleasant fields at the foot of mount *Hemus* in *Therapy*.

(a) Distant prospect.

(b) Growing in a cluster.

(c) Separated.

Or to the curious or the pious eye.
 And oft, conducted by historic truth,
 You tread the long extent of backward time :
 Planning, with warm benevolence of mind, 925
 And honest zeal unwarp'd by party rage,
 BRITANNIA's weal(*a*); how from the venal(*b*) gulph
 To raise her virtue, and her arts revive.
 Or, turning thence thy view, these graver thoughts
 The Muses charm : while, with sure taste refin'd, 930
 You draw the inspiring breath of ancient song ;
 Till nobly rises, emulous(*c*), thy own.
 Perhaps thy lov'd LUCINDA shares thy walk,
 With soul to thine attun'd. Then Nature all
 Wears to the lover's eye a look of love ; 935
 And all the tumult of a guilty world,
 Lost by ungenerous passions, sinks away.
 The tender heart is animated peace ;
 And as it pours its copious treasures forth,
 In varied converse, softening every theme 940
 You, frequent pausing turn, and from her eyes,
 Where meekned sense, and amiable grace,
 And lively sweetness dwell, enraptur'd, drink
 That nameless spirit of ethereal joy,
 Unutterable happiness ! which love 945
 Alone, bestows, and on a favour'd few.
 Meantime you gain the height, from whose fair brow
 The bursting prospect spreads immense around :
 And snatch'd o'er hill and dale, and wood and lawn,
 And verdant field, and darkening heath between, 950
 And villages embosom'd(*d*) soft in trees,
 And spiry towns by surging(*e*) columns marked

(*a*) Welfare. (*b*) Mercenary. (*c*) Desirous of excelling.
 (*d*) Encircled. (*e*) In the shape of waves,

Of household smoak, your eye excursive(a) roams :
Wide-stretching from the *Hall*, in whose kind haunt
The *Hospitable Genius* lingers still, 955

To where the broken landskip, by degrees,
Ascending, roughens into rigid hills ;
O'er which the *Cambrian* mountains(b) like fair clouds
That skirt(c) the blue horizon, dusky rise.

FLUSH'D by the spirit of the genial(d) year, 960
Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom
Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round ;

Her lips blush deeper sweets ; she breathes of youth ;
The shining moisture swells into her eyes,
In brighter flow ; her wishing bosom heaves, 965

With palpitations(e) wild ; kind tumults seize
Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love.
From the keen gaze her lover turns away,

Full of the dear ecstatic(f) power, and sick
With sighing languishment. Ah then, ye fair ! 970
Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts :

Dare not th' infectious sight ; the pleading look,
Downcast, and low, in meek submission drest,
But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,

Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth, 975
Gain on your purpos'd will. Nor in the bower,
Where woodbines flaunt, and roses shed a couch,

While Evening draws her crimson curtains round,
Trust your soft minutes with betraying Man.

AND let th' aspiring youth beware of love, 980
Of the smooth glance beware ; for 'tis too late,
When on his heart the torrent-softness pours.

(a) Wandering. (b) Mountains in Wales remarkable for lead mines.

(c) Border or eye near the edge of.

(d) Nourishing, giving life.

(e) Pantings.

(f) Elated with joy,

Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame
 Dissolves in air away; while the fond soul,
 Wrapt in gay visions of unreal bliss, 985
 Still paints th' illusive (a) form; the kindling grace;
 Th' inticing smile; the modest-seeming eye,
 Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying heaven,
 Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death;
 And still false-warbling in his cheated ear, 990
 Her syren (b) voice, enchanting, draws him on
 To guileful shores, and meads of fatal joy.

EVEN present, in the very lap of lome
 Inglorious laid; while music flows around,
 Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours;
 Amid the roses fierce *Repentance* rears 996
 Her snaky crest; a quick returning pang
 Shoots thro' the conscious heart; where honour still,
 And great design against the oppressive load
 Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave. 1000

BUT absent what fantastic woes arous'd,
 Rage in each thought, by restless musing fed,
 Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life?
 Neglected fortune flies; and sliding swift,
 Prone into ruin, fall his scorn'd affairs. 1005
 'Tis nought but gloom around: The darkned sun
 Loses his light. The rosy-bosom'd Spring
 To weeping Fancy pines; and yon bright arch,
 Contracted, bends into a dusky vault.
 All Nature fades extinct (c); and she alone 1010
 Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought,
 Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.

(a) Deceitful. (b) Fatally alluring.

(c) Dead, inactive.

Books are but formal dulness, tedious friends;
 And sad amid the social band he sits,
 Lonely and unattentive. From his tongue 1015
 Th' unfinish'd period falls: while, borne away
 On swelling thought, his watted spirit flies
 To the vain bosom of his distant fair;
 And leaves the semblance of a lover fix'd
 In melancholy site(a), with head declin'd, 1020
 And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts,
 Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs
 To glimmering shades, and sympathetic glooms;
 Where the dun umbrage(b) o'er the falling stream,
 Romantic, hangs; there thro' the pensive dusk 1025
 Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation lost,
 Indulging all to love: or on the bank
 Thrown, amid drooping lillies, swells the breeze
 With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tears.
 Thus in soft anguish he consumes the day, 1030
 Nor quits his deep retirement, till the Moon
 Peeps thro' the chambers of the fleecy east,
 Enlightened by degrees, and in her train
 Leads on the gentle hours; then forth he walks,
 Beneath the trembling languish of her beam, 1035
 With softened soul, and wooes the bird of eve
 To mingle woes with his: or while the world
 And all the sons of Care lie hush'd in sleep,
 Associates with the midnight shadows drear(c);
 And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours 1040
 His idly-tortur'd heart into the page,
 Meant for the moving messenger of love;
 Where rapture burns on rapture, every line
 With rising frenzy fir'd. But if on bed

(a) Appearance.

(b) Dark leafy shades.

(c) Gloomy.

Delirious flung, sleep from his pillow flies. 1045
 All night he tosses, nor the balmy power
 In any posture finds; till the grey morn
 Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,
 Exanimate(a) by love: And then perhaps
 Exhausted Nature sinks awhile to rest, 1050
 Still interrupted by distracted dreams,
 That o'er the sick imagination rise,
 And in black colours paint the mimic scene.
 Oft with th' enchantress of his soul he talks:
 Sometimes in crouds distress'd; or if retir'd 1055
 To secret winding flower-enwoven bowers,
 Far from the dull impertinence of Man,
 Just as he, credulous, his endless cares
 Begins to lose in blind oblivious(b) love,
 Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not how,
 Thro' forests huge, and long untravel'd heaths 1061
 With desolation brown, he wanders waste,
 In night and tempest wrapt; or shrinks aghast(c),
 Back, from the bending precipice; or wades(d)
 The turbid(e) stream below, and strives to reach
 The farther shore; where succourless, and sad, 1066
 She with extended arms his aid implores;
 But strives in vain; born by th' outrageous flood
 To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
 Or whelm'd(f) beneath the boiling eddy(g) sinks.
 THESE are the charming agonies of love, 1071
 Whose misery delights. But thro' the heart
 Should jealousy its venom once diffuse(b),

(a) Rendered spiritless.

(b) Causing forgetfulness.

(c) Affrighted.

(d) To walk thro' water.

(e) Muddy, troubled.

(f) Drowned.

(g) Whirlpool.

(b) Spread, or pour into.

'Tis then delightful misery no more,
 But agony unmix'd, incessant(a) gall, 1075
 Corroding(b) every thought, and blasting all
 Love's paradise. Ye fairy prospects, then,
 Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers of joy,
 Farewel! Ye gleamings(c) of departed peace,
 Shine out your last! the yellow-tinging plague
 Internal vision taints(d), and in a night 1080
 Of livid(e) gloom imagination wraps.
 Ah then! instead of love-enlivened cheeks,
 Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes
 With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed,
 Suffus'd(f) and glaring with untender fire; 1086
 A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek,
 Where the whole poison'd soul, malignant, fits,
 And frightens love away. Ten thousand fears
 Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views 1090
 Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms
 For which he melts in fondness, eat him up
 With fervent anguish, and consuming rage.
 In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,
 Deceitful pride, and resolution frail, 1095
 Giving false peace a moment. Fancy pours,
 Afresh, her beauties on his busy thought,
 Her first endearments twining round the soul,
 With all the witchcraft of ensnaring love. 1099
 Strait the fierce storm involves(g) his mind anew,
 Flames thro' the nerves, and boils along the veins;
 While anxious doubt distracts the tortur'd heart:
 For e'en the sad assurance of his fears

(a) Continual. (b) Blasting.

(c) Faint appearances. (d) Poisons.

(e) Discoloured, (f) Overspread with. (g) Disturbs.

Were ease to what he feels. Thus the warm youth,
 Whom love deludes into his thorny wilds, 1105
 Thro' flowery tempting paths; or leads a life
 Of sever'd rapture, or of cruel care;
 His brightest flames extinguish'd all, and all
 His lively moments running down to waste.

BUT happy they! the happiest of their kind! 1110
 Whom gentler stars *unite*, and in *one* fate
 Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
 'Tis not the coarser tie of *human laws*,
 Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
 That binds *their* peace, but *harmony* itself, 1115
 Attuning all their passions into love;
 Where friendship full-exerts her softest power,
 Perfect esteem enlivened by desire
 Ineffable(a), and sympathy of soul; 1119
 Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
 With boundless confidence: for nought but love
 Can answer love, and render bliss secure.
 Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
 To bless himself, from sordid parents buys
 The loathing virgin, in eternal care, 1125
 Well-merited, consume his nights and days:
 Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love
 Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel;
 Let eastern tyrants, from the light of Heaven
 Seclude their bosom slaves, meanly possess'd 1130
 Of a mere, lifeless, violated form:
 While those whom love cements in holy faith,
 And equal transport, free as Nature live,
 Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,
 Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all; 1135
 Who in each other clasp whatever fair

(a) Unspeakable.

High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish ;
Something than beauty dearer, should they look
Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face ;
Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love, 1140
The richest bounty of indulgent HEAVEN.
Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
The human blossom blows ; and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, shews some new charm, 1145
The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.
Then infant reason grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot, 1150
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
Oh speak the joy ! ye, whom the sudden tear
Surprizes often, while you look around, 1155
And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,
All various Nature pressing on the heart :
An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labour, useful life, 1160
Progressive virtue, and approving HEAVEN.
These are the matchless joys of virtuous love ;
And thus their moments fly. The Seasons thus,
As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy ; and consenting SPRING 1165
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads :
Till evening comes at last, serene and mild ;
When after the long vernal* day of life,

* Resembling the Spring.

Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
 With many a proof of recollected love, 1170
 Together down they sink in social sleep;
 Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
 To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.



SUMMER.



— As they rake the green-appearing ground
 And drive the daisy wave along the mead
 The rustlet hay-cock rises thick behind
 Or rushing thence in one diffusive band
 They drive the troubled flocks by many a dog
 Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook
 Forms a deep pool —

Malpas Sculp.

S U M M E R.

B O O K II.

*Now Cancer glows with Phæbus' fiery car,
The youth rush eager to the sylvan war.* POPE.

FROM brightening fields of ether fair disclos'd,
Child of the Sun, refulgent SUMMER comes,
In pride of youth, and felt thro' Nature's depth :
He comes attended by the sultry hours,
And ever-fanning breezes, on his way ;
While, from his ardent look, the turning SPRING
Averts her blushful face ; and earth, and skies,
All-smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.

HENCE, let me haste into the mid-wood shade
Where scarce a sun-beam wanders thro' the gloom !
And on the dark-green grass, beside the brink
Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak
Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,
And sing the glories of the circling year.

COME, *Inspiration*(a) ! from thy hermit-seat,
By mortal seldom found : may Fancy dare,
From thy fix'd serious eye, and raptur'd glance
Shot on surrounding Heaven, to steal one look
Creative of the Poet, every power
Exalting to an ecstasy of soul :

AND thou, my youthful Muse's early friend,
In whom the youthful graces all unite :
Pure light of mind, and tenderness of heart :

(a) Divine wisdom.

Genius, and wisdom ; the gay social sense,
 By decency chafis'd ; goodness and wit, 25
 In seldom-meeting harmony combin'd ;
 Unblemish'd honour, and an active zeal
 For BRITAIN's glory, Liberty, and Man :
 O DODINGTON ! attend my rural song,
 Stoop to my theme, inspirit ev'ry line, 39
 And teach me to deserve thy just applause.

WITH what an awful world-revolving power
 Were first the unwieldy planets launch'd along
 Th' illimitable(a) void ! Thus to remain,
 Amid the flux(b) of many thousand years, 35
 That oft has swept the toiling race of Men,
 And all their labour'd monuments away ;
 Firm, unremitting, matchless, in their course ;
 To the kind-temper'd change of night and day,
 And of the seasons ever stealing round, 40
 Minutely faithful : Such th' ALL PERFECT HAND !
 That pois'd(c), impels(d), and rules the steady whole.

WHEN now no more th' alternate *Twins** are fir'd,
 And *Cancer** reddens with the solar blaze,
 Short is the doubtful empire of the night ; 45
 And soon, observant of approaching day,
 The meek-ey'd Morn appears, mother of dews,
 At first faint-gleaming in the dappled east :
 Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow ;
 And, from before the lustre of her face, 50
 White break the clouds away. With quickening step,
 Brown Night retires : Young Day pours in apace,

(a) Unbounded.

(b) A constant succession.

(c) Supports.

(d) Carries on.

* Signs in the zodiac (a circle of the sphere) thro' which the sun passes in *May* and *June*.

And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
 The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top
 Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn. 55
 Blue, thro' the dusk, the smoaking currents shine;
 And from the bladed(a) field the fearful hare
 Limp, awkward: while along the forest-glade(b)
 The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
 At early passenger. Music awakes 60
 The native voice of undissembled joy;
 And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
 Rous'd by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
 His mossy cottage, where with peace he dwells;
 And from the crouded fold, in order, drives 65
 His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.

FALSELY luxurious, will not Man awake;
 And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
 The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
 To meditation due, and sacred song? 70
 For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise?
 To lie in dead oblivion(c); losing half
 The fleeting moments of too short a life;
 Total extinction(d) of th' enlightened soul!
 Or else to feverish vanity alive, 75
 Wilder'd(e), and tossing thro' distemper'd dreams?
 Who would in such a gloomy state remain
 Longer than Nature craves? when every muse
 And every blooming pleasure wait without,
 To bless the wildly devious(f) morning-walk? 80

BUT yonder comes the powerful king of Day,
 Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,

(a) Overspread with grass or corn.

(b) A lawn, or opening in a wood. (c) forgetfulness.

(d) Death or suppression. (e) Puzzled.

(f) Leading different ways.

The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
 Illum'd(a) with fluid gold, his near approach
 Betoken glad. Lo; now, apparent(b) all,
 Aslant(c) the dew-bright earth, and coloured air,
 He looks in boundless majesty abroad;
 And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
 On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,
 High-gleaming from afar. Prime chearer Light! 90
 Of all material beings first, and best!
 Efflux(d) divine! Nature's resplendent robe!
 Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt
 In unessential gloom; and thou, O Sun!
 Soul of surrounding worlds! in whom best seen 95
 Shines out thy Maker! may I sing of thee?

'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,
 As with a chain indissoluble bound,
 Thy system rolls entire: from the far bourne(e)
 Of utmost Saturn(f), wheeling wide his round 100
 Of thirty years; to Mercury(g), whose disk(b)
 Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,
 Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.

INFORMER of the planetary train! 104
 Without whose quickening glance their cumbrous orbs
 Were brute unlovely mafs(i), inert(k) and dead,
 And not, as now, the green abodes of life!
 How many forms of being wait on thee?

(a) Adorn'd. (b) Visible. (c) Sideways.

(d) Proceeding from a different principle. (e) Bounds.

(f) The farthest planet in the solar system.

(g) The planet nearest to the sun. (h) The body.

(i) Matter without form. (k) Motionless.

Inhaling

Inhaling(*a*) spirit; from th' unfettered mind;
 By thee sublim'd, down to the daily race,
 The mixing myriads of thy setting beam.

THE vegetable world is also thine,
 Parent of *Seasons*! who the pomp precede(*b*)
 That waits thy throne, as thro' thy vast domain(*c*),
 Annual, along the bright ecliptic(*d*) road, 115
 In world-rejoicing state, it moves sublime.
 Meantime, th' expected nations, circled gay
 With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
 Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up
 A common hymn: while, round thy beaming ear,
 High-seen, the *Seasons* lead, in sprightly dance 121
 Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd *Hours*,
 The *Zephyrs*(*e*) floating loose, the timely *Rains*,
 Of bloom ethereal the light-footed *Dews*,
 And softened into joy the surly *Storms*. 125
 These, in successive turn, with lavish hand,
 Shower every beauty, every fragrance shower,
 Herbs, flow'rs, and fruits; till, kindling at thy touch,
 From land to land is flush'd(*f*) the vernal year.
 Nor to the surface of enlivened earth, 130
 Graceful with hills and dales, and leafy woods,
 Her liberal tresses(*g*), is thy force confin'd:
 But, to the bowel'd cavern darting deep,
 The mineral kinds confess thy mighty power,
 Effulgent, hence the veiny marble shines; 135
 Hence Labour draws his tools; hence burnish'd War
 Gleams on the day; the nobler works of Peace

(*a*) Drawing in by the breath. (*b*) Go before.

(*c*) Kingdom. (*d*) A circle the sun passes thro' in a year.

(*e*) Soft winds. (*f*) Produc'd blooming. (*g*) Flowing hair.

Hence bless mankind, and generous commerce binds
The round of nations in a golden chain.

THE unfruitful rock itself, impregn'd by thee, 140
In dark retirement forms the lucid stone.

The lively *Diamond* drinks thy purest rays,
Collected light, compact; that, polish'd bright,
And all its native lustre let abroad,
Dares, as it sparkles on the fair one's breast, 145
With vain ambition emulate her eyes.

At thee the *Ruby* lights its deepening glow,
And with a waving radiance inward flames.
From thee the *Sapphire*, solid ether takes
Its hue cerulean†; and, of evening tinct‡, 150
The purple-streaming *Amethyst* is thine.

With thy own smile the yellow *Topaz* burns.
Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring,
When first she gives it to the southern gale,
Than the green *Emerald* shows. But, all combin'd,
Thick thro' the whitening *Opal* play thy beams; 156
Or, flying several from its surface, form
A trembling variance of revolving hues,
As the sitell varies in the gazer's hand.

The very dead creation, from thy touch, 160
Assumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,
In brighter mazes the relucents§ stream
Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,
Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,
Softens at thy return. The desert joys 165
Wildly, thro' all his melancholy bounds.
Rude ruins glitter; and the briny deep,
Seen from some pointed promontory's top,

* Made fretful.

† Blue.

‡ Colour.

§ Position, prospect.

§ Shining.

Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,
 Restless, reflects a floating gleam. But this, 170
 And all the much-transported Muse can sing,
 Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,
 Unequal far; great delegated* source
 Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below †

How shall I then attempt to sing of HIM! 175
 Who, **LIGHT HIMSELF**, in uncreated light
 Invested deep, dwells awfully retir'd
 From mortal eye, or angel's purer kent †;
 Whose single smile has, from the first of time,
 Fill'd, overflowing, all those lamps of Heaven, 180
 That beam for ever thro' the boundless sky:
 But, should he hide his face, th' astonish'd tun,
 And all th' extinguish'd stars, would loosening reel
 Wide from their spheres, and Chaos † come again.

And yet was every faltering tongue of Man, 185
ALMIGHTY FATHER! silent in thy praise?
 Thy works themselves would raise a general voice,
 Even in the depth of solitary woods
 By human foot untrod; proclaim thy power,
 And to the quire celestial **THEE** resound, 190
 Th' eternal cause, support, and end of all!

To me be Nature's volume broad-display'd;
 And to peruse its all instructing page,
 Or, haply catching inspiration thence,
 Some easy passage, raptur'd, to translate, 195
 My sole delight; as thro' the falling glooms
 Pensive I stray, or with the rising dawn
 On Fancy's eagle-wing excursive soar.

Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent sun
 Melts into limpid § air the high rais'd clouds, 200

* Appointed. † Sight. ‡ Confusion. § Clear.

And morning fogs that hover'd round the hills
In party-colour'd bands ; till wide unveil'd
The face of Nature shines, from where earth seems
Far stretch'd around, to meet the bending sphere.

HALF in a blush of clustering roses lost, 205
Dew-dropping *Coolness* to the shade retires ;
There, on the verdant turf, or flowery bed
By gelid * founts and careless rills to muse ;
While tyrant *Heat*, disspreading thro' the sky
With rapid sway, his burning influence darts, 210
On Man, and beast, and herb, and tepid † stream.

Who can un pitying see the flowery race,
Shed by the morn, their new flush'd bloom resign,
Before the parching beam ? So fade the fair,
When fevers revel thro' their azure veins. 215
But one, the lofty follower of the sun,
Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,
Drooping all night ; and, when he warm returns,
Points her enamour'd bosom to his ray.

HOME, from his morning task, the swain retreats ;
His flocks before him stepping to the fold : 221
While the full udder'd mother lows around
The chearful cottage, then expecting food,
The food of innocence and health ! The daw,
The rook and magpie, to the grey-grown oaks 225
That the calm village in their verdant arms,
Sheltering, embrace, direct their lazy flight ;
Where on the mingling boughs they sit embower'd,
All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.
Faint, underneath, the household fowls convene † ; 230
And, in a corner of the buzzing shade,

* Cold.

† Lukewarm.

† Assemble together.

The house-dog, with the vacant greyhound, lies
 Out-stretch'd, and sleepy. In his slumbers one
 Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
 O'er hill and dale; till, wakened by the wasp, 235
 They starting snap. Nor shall the Muse disdain
 To let the little noisy summer-race*
 Live in her lay, and flutter thro' her song:
 Not mean tho' simple; to the sun ally'd,
 From him they draw their animating fire. 240

WAK'p by his warmer ray, the reptile young
 Come, wing'd abroad; by the light air upborn,
 Lighter, and full of soul. From every chink,
 And secret corner, where they slept away
 The wintry storms; or rising from their tombs, 245
 To higher life; by myriads, forth at once,
 Swarming they pour; of all the vary'd hues
 Their beauty-beaming parent can disclose.
 Ten thousand forms! ten thousand different tribes!
 People the blaze. To sunny waters some 250
 By fatal instinct fly; where on the pool
 They, sportive, wheel; or, sailing down the stream,
 Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-ey'd trout,
 Or darting salmon. Thro' the green-wood glade
 Some love to stray; there lodg'd, amus'd and fed,
 In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make 255
 The meads their choice, and visit every flower,
 And every latent† herb; for the sweet task,
 To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,
 In what soft beds, their young yet undisclos'd, 260
 Employs their tender care. Some to the house,
 The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight;
 Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese:
 Oft, inadvertent‡, from the milky stream

* Flies of all kinds.

† Secret.

‡ Careless.

They

They meet their fate; or, weltering(*a*) in the bowl, 265
With powerless wings around them wrapt, expire.

BUT chief to heedless flies the *window* proves
A constant death; where, gloomily retir'd,
The villain spider lives, cunning, and fierce,
Mixture abhor'd! Amid a mangled heap 270
Of carcases, in eager watch he sits,
O'erlooking all his waving snares around.
Near the dire cell the dreadful wanderer oft
Passes, as oft the ruffian shows his front;
The prey at last ensnar'd, he dreadful darts, 275
With rapid glide, along the leaning line;
And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,
Strikes backward grimly pleas'd: the fluttering wing,
And shriller sound declare extreme distress,
And ask the helping hospitable hand. 280

RESOUNDS the living surface of the ground:
Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum,
To him who muses thro' the woods at noon;
Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclin'd,
With half shut eyes, beneath the floating shade 283
Of willows grey, close crowding o'er the brook.

GRADUAL, from these what numerous kinds de-
Evading e'en the microscopic(*b*) eye! [scend,
Full Nature swarms with life; one wondrous mass
Of animals, or atoms organiz'd, (*c*) 290
Waiting the *vital Breath*, when PARENT-HEAVEN
Shall bid his spirit blow. The hoary sen,
In putrid(*d*) steams, emits(*e*) the living cloud
Of pestilence. Thro' subterranean(*f*) cells
Where searching sun-beams scarce can find a way,
Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf 296

(*a*) Struggling,

(*b*) Of the nature of a microscope, an instrument that magnifies objects.

(*c*) Properly form'd.

(*d*) Unwholesome.

(*e*) Sends forth.

(*f*) Underground.

Want

Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure,
 Within its winding citadel, the stone
 Holds multitudes. But chief the forest-boughs,
 That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze, 300
 The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
 Of mellow fruit, the nameless nations feed
 Of evanescent* insects. Where the pool
 Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible,
 Amid the floating verdure millions stray. 305
 Each liquid too, whether it pierces, soothes,
 Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taste,
 With various forms abounds. Nor is the stream
 Of purest crystal, nor the lucid air,
 Tho' one transparent vacancy it seems, 310
 Void of their unseen people. These, conceal'd
 By the kind art of forming HEAVEN, escape
 The grosser eye of Man: for, if the worlds
 In worlds inclos'd should on his senses burst,
 From cates† ambrosial and the nectar'd bowl, 315
 He would abhorrent turn, and in dead night,
 When silence sleeps o'er all, be stunn'd with noise.

LET no presuming impious railer tax
 CREATIVE WISDOM, as if aught was form'd
 In vain, or not for admirable ends. 320
 Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce
 His works unwise, of which the smallest part
 Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?
 As if upon a full proportion'd dome,
 On swelling columns heav'd, the pride of art! 325
 A critic-fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads
 An inch around, with blind presumption bold,
 Should dare to tax the structure of the whole.
 And lives the Man, whose universal eye

* Short liv'd.

† Foods.

Has swept at once th' unbounded scheme of things;
 Mark'd their dependance, so, and firm accord, 331
 As with unfault'ring accent to conclude
 That *This* availeth nought? Has any seen
 The mighty chain of beings, lessening down
 From INFINITE PERFECTION to the brink 335
 Of dreary *Nothing*, desolate abyss?
 From which astonish'd thought, recoiling, turns?
 Till then alone let zealous praise ascend,
 And hymns of holy wonder, to that Power,
 Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds, 340
 As on our smiling eyes, his servant sun.

THICK in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,
 Upward, and downward, thwarting, and convolv'd,
 The quivering nations sport; till, tempest-wing'd,
 Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face of day, 345
 Even so luxurious Men, unheeding, pass
 An idle summer life in fortune's shine,
 A season's glitter! Thus they flutter on
 From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;
 Till, blown away by death, oblivion comes 350
 Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.

Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead:
 The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,
 Healthful and strong; full as the summer rose
 Blown by prevailing furs, the ruddy maid, 355
 Half naked, swelling on the sight, and all
 Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek,
 Even stooping age is here; and infant-hands
 Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load
 O'ercharg'd, amid the kind oppression roll. 360
 Wide flies the tedded § grain; all in a row

* A bottomless void or gulph. † Mixing together.

§ Made into hay-cocks.

Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
 They spread the breathing harvest to the sun,
 That throws refreshful round a rural smell :
 Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground, 365
 And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
 The russet hay-cock rises thick behind,
 In order gay. While heard from dale to dale,
 Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
 Of happy labour, love, and social glee. 370

Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band,
 They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
 Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook
 Forms a deep pool : this bank abrupt and high,
 And that fair spreading in a pebbled shore. 375
 Urg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
 The clamour much, of men, and boys, and dogs,
 Ere the lost fearful people to the flood
 Commit their woolly fides. And oft the swain,
 On some impatient seizing, hurls them in : 380
 Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,
 Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing wave,
 And panting labour to the farthest shore.
 Repeated this, till deep the well-wash'd fleece
 Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt 385
 The trout is banish'd by the sordid stream ;
 Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow
 Slow move the harmless race : where, as they spread
 Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
 Inly disturb'd, and wondering what this wild 390
 Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
 The country fill ; and, toss'd from rock to rock,
 Incessant bleating run around the hills.

At last, of snowy white, the gathered flocks*

Are in the wattled* pen innumerable prest'd, 395
 Head above head: and, rang'd in lusty rows
 The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.
 The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,
 With all her gay-drest maids attending round.

One, chief, in gracious dignity enthron'd, 400
 Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays
 Her smiles, sweet beaming, on her shepherd king;
 While the glad circle round them yield their souls
 To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.

Meantime, their joyous task goes on apace: 405
 Some mingling stir the melted tar, and some,
 Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving side,
 To stamp his master's cypher ready stand;
 Others th' unwilling wether† drag along;
 And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy 410
 Holds by the twisted horns th' indignant ram.

Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft,
 By needy Man, that all-depending lord,
 How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies!

What softness in its melancholy face, 415
 What dumb complaining innocence appears!

Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife
 Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you wav'd;
 No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided shears,
 Who having now, to pay his annual care, 420
 Borrowed your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
 Will send you bounding to your hills again.

A SIMPLE scene! yet hence BRITANNIA sees
 Her solid grandeur rise: hence she commands
 Th' exalted stores of every brighter clime, 425

* Made of willows. † Here used for sheep.

‡ A castrated ram.

The treasures of the Sun without his rage:
Hence; fervent all, with culture, toil, and arts;
Wide glows her land: her dreadful thunder hence
Rides o'er the waves sublime, and now, even now,
Impending hangs o'er *Gallia's* humbled coast; 430
Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the world.

'Tis raging noon; and, vertical*, the Sun
Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns; and all 435
From pole to pole is undistinguish'd blaze.
In vain the fight, dejected to the ground,
Stoops for relief; thence hot ascending steams,
And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root
Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields 440
And slippery lawn an arid† hue disclose,
Blast Fancy's bloom, and wither e'en the soul.
Echo no more returns the chearful sound
Of sharpening scythe: the mower sinking heaps
O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfum'd; 445
And scarce a chirping grass-hopper is heard
Thro' the dumb mead. Distressful Nature pants
The very streams look languid from afar;
Or, thro' th' unshelter'd glade, impatient seem
To hurl into the covert of the grove. 450

ALL-CONQUERING Heat, oh intermit thy wrath!
And on my throbbing temples potent‡ thus
Beam not so fierce! Incessant still you flow,
And still another fervent flood succeeds,
Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh, 455
And restless turn, and look around for Night;
Night is far off; and hotter hours approach.

* Perpendicular.

† Dry.

‡ Powerful.

Thrice happy he ! who on the sunless side
 Of a romantic mountain, forest crown'd,
 Beneath the whole collected shade reclines : 460
 Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,
 And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting streams,
 Sits coolly calm ; while all the world without,
 Unsatisfied, and sick, tosses in noon.
 Emblem instructive of the virtuous Man, 465
 Who keeps his temper'd mind serene, and pure,
 And every passion aptly harmoniz'd,
 Amid a jarring world with vice inflam'd.

WELCOME, ye shades ; ye bowery thickets, hail !
 Ye lofty pines ; ye venerable oaks ! 470
 Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep !
 Delicious is your shelter to the soul,
 As to the hunted hart the fallying spring,
 Or stream full-flowing, that his swelling sides
 Laves, as he floats along the herbag'd brink. 475
 Cool, thro' the nerves, your pleasing comfort glides ;
 The heart beats glad ; the fresh-expanded eye
 And ear resume their watch ; the sinews knit ;
 And life shoots swift thro' all the lightened limbs.

AROUND the adjoining brook, that purls along
 The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock, 480
 Now scarcely moving thro' a reedy pool,
 Now starting to a sudden stream, and now
 Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain ;
 A various groupe the herds and flocks compose, 485
 Rural confusion ! On the grassy bank
 Some ruminating lie : while others stand
 Half in the flood, and often bending sip
 The circling surface. In the middle droops
 The strong laborious ox, of honest front, 490
 Which incompas'd he shakes ; and from his sides
 The

The troublous insects lashes with his tail,
 Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,
 Slumbers the monarch-swain; his careless arm 494
 Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustain'd;
 Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands fill'd;
 There, listening every noise, his watchful dog.

LIGHT fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight
 Of angry gad-flies fasten on the herd;
 That startling scatters from the shallow brook, 500
 In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam,
 They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain,
 Thro' all the bright severity of noon;
 While, from their labouring breasts, a hollow moan
 Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills. 505

OF in this season too, the horse, provok'd,
 (While his big sinews full of spirits swell,
 Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,
 Springs the high fence; and, o'er the field effus'd,)
 Darts on the gloomy flood, with stedfast eye, 510
 And heart estrang'd to fear: his nervous chest,
 Luxuriant, and erect, the seat of strength!
 Bears down th' opposing stream: quenchless his thirst;
 He takes the river at redoubled draughts;
 And with wide nostrils, snorting, skims the wave. 515

STILL let me pierce into the midnight depth
 Of yonder grove, of wildest largest growth;
 That, forming high in air a woodland quire*,
 Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step,
 Solemn, and slow, the shadows blacker fall, 520
 And all is awful listening gloom around.

THESE are the haunts of Meditation, these
 The scenes where ancient bards th' inspiring breath,

† Viduals.

‡ Here used for scours.

* Resembling the inside of a church.

Extatic*, felt ; and, from this world retir'd,
 Convers'd with angels, and immortal forms, 525
 On gracious errands bent : to save the fall
 Of virtue struggling on the brink of vice ;
 In waking whispers, and repeated dreams,
 To hint pure thought, and warn the favour'd soul
 For future trials fated† to prepare ; 530
 To prompt the poet, who devoted gives
 His muse to better themes ; to soothe the pangs
 Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breast
 (Backward to mingle in detested war,
 But foremost when engag'd) to turn the death 535
 And numberless such offices of love
 Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform.

SHOOK sudden from the bosom of the sky,
 A thousand shapes or glide ashwart the dusky
 Or stalk majestic on. Deep-rour'd, I feel 540
 A sacred terror, a severe delight,
 Creep thro' my mortal frame ; and thus, methinks,
 A voice, than human more, th' abstracted ear
 Of fancy strikes. " Be not of us afraid,
 " Poor kindred Man ! thy fellow-creatures, we 545
 " From the same PARENT-POWER our beings drew,
 " The same our Lord, and laws, and great pursuit.
 " Once some of us, like thee, thro' stormy life,
 " Toil'd tempest-beaten, ere we could attain
 " This holy calm, this harmony of mind, 550
 " Where purity and peace immingle charms,
 " Then fear not us ; but with responsive song,
 " Amid these dim recesses, undisturb'd
 " By noisy folly and discordant vice,
 " Of nature sing with us, and Nature's God. 555

* Rapturous.

† Appointed.

" Here frequent, at the visionary hour,
 " When musing midnight reigns or silent noon,
 " Angelic harps are in full concert heard,
 " And voices chaunting from the wood-crown'd hill,
 " The deepening dale, or inmost sylvan glade : 560
 " A privilege bestow'd by us alone,
 " On Contemplation, or the hallow'd ear
 " Of Poet, swelling to seraphic strain."

AND art thou, * STANLEY, of that sacred band ?
 Alas, for us too soon ! Tho' rais'd above 565
 The reach of human pain, above the flight
 Of human joy ; yet with a mingled ray
 Of sadly pleas'd remembrance, must thou feel
 A mother's love, a mother's tender woe :
 Who seeks thee still, in many a former scene ; 570
 Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely beaming eyes,
 Thy pleasing converse, by gay lively sense
 Inspir'd : where moral wisdom mildly shone,
 Without the toil of art ; and virtue glow'd,
 In all her smiles, without forbidding pride. 575
 But, O thou best of parents ! wipe thy tears ;
 Or rather to PARENTAL NATURE pay
 The tears of grateful joy, who for a while
 Lent thee this younger self, this opening bloom
 Of thy enlightened mind and gentle worth. 580
 Believe the Muse : the wintry blast of death
 Kills not the buds of virtue ; no, they spread,
 Beneath the heavenly beam of brighter suns,
 Thro' endless ages, into higher powers.

THUS up the mount, in airy vision rapt, 585
 I stray, regardless whither ; till the sound

* A young lady well known to the author, who died at the age
 of eighteen, in the year 1738.

Of a near fall of water every sense [back,
Wakes from the charm of thought : swift-shrinking
I check my steps, and view the broken scene.

SMOOTH to the shelving brink a copious flood 590
Rolls fair, and placid ; where collected all,
In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.
At first, an azure* sheet, it rushes broad ;
Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls, 595
And from the loud-resounding rocks below
Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.
Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repose :
But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks, 600
Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now
Asslant the hollow channel rapid darts ;
And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
With wild infract† course, and lessened roar
It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last, 605
Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

INVITED from the cliff, to whose dark brow
He clings, the steep-ascending eagle soars,
With upward pinions thro' the flood of day ;
And, giving full his bosom to the blaze, 610
Gains on the sun ; while all the tuneful race,
Smit by afflictive noon, disorder'd droop,
Deep in the thicket ; or, from bower to bower
Responsive, force an interrupted strain.
The stock-dove only thro' the forest cooes, 615
Mournfully hoarse ; oft ceasing from his plaint,
Short interval of weary woe ! again
The sad idea of his murder'd mate,

* Blue.

† Broken.

Struck from his side by savage fowler's guile,
 Across his fancy comes; and then resounds 620
 A louder song of sorrow thro' the grove.

BESIDE the dewy border let me sit,
 All in the freshness of the humid air;
 There in that hollowed rock, grotesque and wild,
 An ample chair moss-lin'd, and over head, 625
 By flowering umbrage shaded; where the bee
 Strays diligent, and with th' extracted balm
 Of fragrant wood-bine loads his little thigh.

Now, while I taste the sweetness of the shade,
 While Nature lies around deep-lull'd in Noon, 630
 Now come bold *Fancy*, spread a daring flight,
 And view the wonders of the torrid Zone:
 Climes unrelenting! with whose rage compar'd,
 Yon blaze is feeble, and yon skies are cool.

SEE, how at once the bright effulgent sun, 635
 Rising direct, swift chases from the sky
 The short-liv'd twilight; and with ardent blaze
 Looks gaily fierce thro' all the dazzling air:
 He mounts his throne: but kind before him sends,
 Issuing from out the portals* of the morn. 640
 The † general Breeze, to mitigate his fire,
 And breathe refreshment on a fainting world.
 Great are the scenes, with dreadful beauty crown'd
 And barbarous wealth, that see each circling year,
 Returning suns and ‡ double seasons pass: 645

* The gates.

† Which blows constantly between the tropics from the east, or the collateral points, the north-east and south-east: caused by the pressure of the rarefied air on that before it, according to the diurnal motion of the sun from east to west.

‡ In all climates between the tropics, the sun, as he passes and repasses in his annual motion, is twice a-year vertical, which produces this effect.

Rocks

Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,
 That on the high equator ridgy rise,
 Whence many a bursting stream auriferous* plays:
 Majestic woods, of every vigorous green,
 Stage above stage, high waving o'er the hills; 650
 Or to the far horizon wide diffus'd,

A boundless deep immensity of shade.
 Here lofty trees, (to ancient song unknown,
 The noble sons of potent heat and floods 654
 Prone rushing from the clouds) rear high to Heaven
 Their thorny stems, and broad around them throw
 Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,
 Unnumber'd fruits of keen delicious taste,
 And vital spirit, drink amid the cliffs,
 And burning sands that bank the shrubby vales, 660
 Redoubled day, yet in their rugged coats
 A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.

BEAR me, *Pomona*†! to thy citron grove;
 To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
 With the deep orange, glowing thro' the green, 665
 Their lighter glories blend. Lay me reclin'd
 Beneath the spreading tamarind that shakes,
 Fann'd by the breeze, its fever cooling fruit.
 Deep in the night the massy locust sheds,
 Quench my hot limbs; or lead me thro' the maze
 Embowering endless, of the *Indian* fig; 671
 Or thrown at gayer ease, on some fair brow,
 Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd.
 Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,
 And high palmetos‡ lift their graceful shade. 675

* Producing gold. † The goddess of gardens and fruit trees.
 ‡ A species of the palm-tree; in the West Indies, the Inhabitants
 thatch their houses with the leaves.

O stretch'd amid these orchards of the sun,
 Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,
 And from the palm to draw its freshening wine!
 More bounteous far than all the frantic juice
 Which *Bacchus* pours. Nor, on its slender twigs 680
 Low-bending, be the full pomegranate scorn'd;
 Nor, creeping thro' the woods, the gelid race
 Of berries. Oft in humble station dwells
 Unboasted worth above fastidious|| pomp.
 Witness, thou best Anana*, thou the pride 685
 Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er
 The poets imag'd in the golden age:
 Quick let me strip thee of thy tufty coat,
 Spread thy ambrosial stores, and feast with *Jove*!

FROM these the prospect varies. Plains immense
 Lie stretch'd below, interminable† meads; 690
 And vast savannahs†, where the wandering eye.
 Unfixt, is in a verdant ocean lost.
 Another *Flora* there, of bolder hues,
 And richer sweets, beyond our garden's pride, 695
 Plays o'er the fields, and showers with sudden hand
 Exuberant spring: for oft these valleys shift
 Their green embroider'd robe to fiery brown,
 And swift to green again, as scorching suns,
 Or streaming dews and torrent rains, prevail. 700

ALONG these lonely regions, where retir'd,
 From little scenes of art, great *Nature* dwells
 In awful solitude, and nought is seen
 But the wild herds that own no master's stall,
 Prodigious rivers roll their fatning seas: 705
 On whose luxuriant herbage, half-conceal'd,

|| Disdainfull.

* The pine apple.

† Boundless.

‡ Open meadows without woods.

Like a fallen cedar, far diffus'd his train,
 Cas'd in green scales, the crocodile extends,
 The flood disparts: behold! in plaited mail,
 *Behemoth rears his head. Glanc'd from his side,
 The darted steel in idle shivers flies: 711
 He fearless walks the plain, or seeks the hills;
 Where, as he crops his varied fare, the herds,
 In widening circle round, forget their food,
 And at the harmless stranger wondering gaze. 715

PEACEFUL, beneath primeval trees, that cast
 Their ample shade o'er *Niger's*† yellow stream,
 And where the *Ganges*‡ rolls his sacred wave;
 Or mid the central depth of blackening woods,
 High-rais'd in solemn theatre around, 720
 Leans the huge elephant: wisest of brutes!
 O truly wise! with gentle might endow'd,
 Tho' powerful, not destructive! Here he sees
 Revolving ages sweep the changeful earth,
 And empires rise and fall; regardless he 725
 Of what the never-resting race of Men
 Project: thrice happy! could he 'scape their guile,
 Who mine, from cruel avarice, his steps;
 Or with his towery grandeur swell their state,
 The pride of kings! or else his strength pervert,
 And bid him rage amid the mortal fray, 731
 Astonish'd at the madness of mankind.

WIDE o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,
 Like vivid blossoms glowing from afar,
 Thick-swarm the brighter birds. For Nature's hand,

* The Hippopotamus, or river-horse.

† A river in Africa which overflows its banks yearly.

‡ A river of Asia in India, overflowing annually, and held in high veneration by the superstitious Indians, who visit it every year, and wish for no greater happiness than to die therein.

§ Destroy by wiles.

That with a sportive vanity has deck'd 736
 The plummy nations, there her gayest hues
 Profusely pours. * But, if she bids them shine,
 Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day,
 Yet frugal still, she humbles them in song. 740
 Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent
 Proud *Montezuma's*† realm, whose legions cast
 A boundless radiance waving on the sun,
 While *Philomel*‡ is ours; while in our shades,
 Thro' the soft silence of the listening night, 745
 The sober-suited songstresses trills her lay.

BUT come, my *Muse*, the desert-barrier burst,
 A wild expanse of lifeless sand and sky:
 And, swifter than the toiling caravan,
 Shoot o'er the vale of *Sennar*§; ardent climb 750
 The *Nubian* mountains, and the secret bounds
 Of jealous *Abyssinia*|| boldly pierce.
 Thou art no ruffian, who beneath the mask
 Of social commerce com'ft to rob their wealth;
 No *holy Fury* thou, blaspheming HEAVEN, 755
 With consecrated steel to stab their peace,
 And thro' the land, yet red from civil wounds,
 To spread the purple tyranny of *Rome*.

* In all the regions of the torrid zone, the birds, tho' more beautiful in their plumage, are observed to be less melodious than ours.

† An emperor of Mexico when it was first conquered by the Spaniards.

‡ The nightingale.

§ A town of Nubia in Africa, where the heats are so insupportable, that a man can hardly breathe in the day time till the end of April, when the rainy season begins, and continues for three months, at which time the air is extremely unwholesome.

|| A kingdom of Africa, where the emperor or king of it is absolute in his authority, and often dwells with his whole court in tents: there are all kinds of mines in *Abyssinia* excepting tin.

Thou,

Thou, like the harmless bee, may'st freely range,
 From mead to mead bright with exalted flowers, 760
 From jasmine grove to grove, may'st wander gay,
 Thro' palmy shades and aromatic woods,
 That grace the plains, invest the peopled hills,
 And up the more than Alpine mountains wave.
 There on the breezy summit, spreading fair, 765
 For many a league; or on stupendous rocks,
 That from the sun-redoubling valley lift,
 Cool to the middle air, their lawny tops;
 Where palaces, and fanes*, and villas rise;
 And gardens smile around, and cultur'd fields; 770
 And fountains gush; and careless herds and flocks
 Securely stray; a world within itself,
 Disdaining all assault: there let me draw
 Ethereal soul, there drink reviving gales,
 Profusely breathing from the spicy groves, 775
 And vales of fragrance; there at distance hear
 The roaring floods, and cataracts, that sweep
 From disembowel'd earth the virgin gold;
 And o'er the varied landscape, restless, rove,
 Fervent with life of every fairer kind: 780
 A land of wonders! which the sun still eyes
 With ray direct, as of the lovely realm
 Inamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.

How chang'd the scene! In blazing height of noon
 The sun, oppress'd, is plung'd in thickest gloom.
 Still Horror reigns, a dreary twilight round, 786
 Of struggling night and day malignant mix'd.
 For to the hot equator crowding fast,
 Where, highly rarefied, the yielding air
 Admits their stream, incessant vapours roll, 790

Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd;
 Or whirl'd tempestuous by the guffy wind,
 Or silent borne along, heavy, and slow,
 With the big stores of steaming oceans charg'd.
 Meantime, amid these upper seas, condens'd 795
 Around the cold aerial mountain's brow,
 And by conflicting winds together dash'd,
 The Thunder holds his black tremendous throne:
 From cloud to cloud the rending Lightenings rage;
 Till, in the furious elemental war 800
 Dissolv'd, the whole precipitated mass
 Unbroken floods and solid torrents pours.

THE treasures these, hid from the bounded search
 Of ancient knowledge; whence, with annual pomp,
 Rich king of floods! o'erflows the swelling Nile*. 805
 From his two springs, in Gojam's sunny realm,
 Pure welling† out, he thro' the lucid lake
 Of fair Dambea† rolls his infant-stream.
 There, by the Naiads nurs'd, he sports away
 His playful youth, amid the fragrant isles, 810
 That with unfading verdure smile around.
 Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks;
 And gathering many a flood, and copious fed
 With all the mellowed treasures of the sky,
 Winds in progressive majesty along: 815
 Thro' splendid kingdoms now devolves his maze,
 Now wanders wild o'er solitary tracts
 Of life-deserted sand; till, glad to quit
 The joyless desert, down the Nubian rocks
 From thundering steep to steep, he pours his urn,

* A river of Africa; its source is at the foot of a high mountain
 in the province of Gojam, in Abyssinia.

† Flowing. ‡ A great lake in the province of Africa.

And *Egypt* joys beneath the spreading wave. 821

His brother *Niger* too, and all the floods
In which the full-form'd maids of *Afric* lave
Their jetty limbs; and all that from the tract
Of woody mountains stretch'd thro' gorgeous *Ind(a)*
Fall on *Cormandel's** coast, or *Malabar*†; 826

From *Menam's*‡ orient stream, that nightly shines
With insect-lamps, to where *Aurora* sheds
On *Indus** smiling banks the rosy shower:

All, at this bounteous season, ope their urns, 830
And pour untailing harvest o'er the land.

Nor less thy world, *COLUMBUS*, drinks, refresh'd,
The lavish moisture of the melting year.

Wide o'er his isles, the branching *Oronoque*§
Rolls a brown deluge; and the native drives 835
To dwell aloft on life sufficing trees,

At once his dome, his robe, his food, and arms.
Swell'd by a thousand streams, impetuous hurl'd
From all the roaring *Andes*||, huge descends

The mighty *Orellana*(b). Scarce the Muse 840
Dares stretch her wing o'er this enormous mass
Of rushing water; scarce she dares attempt

(a) The Indies, a vast country of Asia.

* The eastern coast of the Peninsula on this side the Ganges.

† The Western part of the Peninsula on this side the Ganges.

‡ The river that runs thro' *Siam*; on whose banks a vast
multitude of those insects called *Fire-flies* make a beautiful ap-
pearance in the night.

§ A river of America.

|| A great chain of mountains in South America; in passing over
the lowest part of them, a person is in danger of being starved
with cold, as they are always cover'd with snow: there are
many volcanos in them, which sometimes break out, and, by
melting the snow, occasion vast torrents of water.

(b) The river of the Amazons.

The sea-like *Plata**; to whose dread expanse,
 Continuous depth, and wondrous length of course,
 Our floods are rills. With unabated force, 845
 In silent dignity they sweep along,
 And traverse realms unknown, and blooming wilds,
 And fruitful desarts, worlds of solitude,
 Where the sun smiles and seasons teem in vain,
 Unseen, and unenjoy'd. Forsaking these, 850
 O'er peopled plains they fair diffusive flow,
 And many a nation feed, and circle safe,
 In their soft bosom, many a happy isle;
 The seat of blameless *Pan*||, yet undisturb'd
 By christian crimes and *Europe's* cruel sons. 855
 Thus pouring on they proudly seek the deep,
 Whose vanquish'd tide, recoiling from the shock,
 Yields to this liquid weight of half the globe;
 And Ocean trembles for his green domain§.

BUT what avails this wondrous waste of wealth?
 This gay profusion of luxurious bliss? 861
 This pomp of Nature? what their balmy meads,
 Their powerful herbs, and *Ceres* void of pain?
 By vagrant birds dispers'd, and wafting winds.
 What their unplanted fruits? what the cool draughts,
 Th' ambrosial food, rich gums, and spicy health, 866
 Their forests yield? Their toiling insects what,
 Their silky pride, and vegetable robes?
 Ah! what avail their fatal treasures, hid
 Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth, 870
Golconda's† gems, and sad *Potosi's*‡ mines;
 Where dwell the gentlest children of the sun?

* A large river of South America, 150 miles over near its mouth.
 || The God of shepherds. § Dominions.

† A kingdom of Asia, remarkable for diamond mines.

‡ A very rich town in Peru, where are silver mines, but is now almost exhausted.

What, all that *Afric's* golden rivers roll,
 Her odorous woods, and shining ivory stores;
 Ill-fated race! the softening arts of Peace,
 Whate'er the humanizing Muses teach;
 The godlike wisdom of the temper'd breast;
 Progressive truth, the patient force of thought;
 Investigation* calm, whose silent powers
 Command the world; the Light that leads to Heaven;
 Kind equal rule, the government of laws,
 And all-protecting FREEDOM, which alone
 Sustains the name and dignity of Man:
 These are not theirs. The parent-sun himself
 Seems o'er this world of slaves to tyrannize;
 And, with oppressive ray, the roseat bloom
 Of beauty blasting, gives the gloomy hue;
 And feature gross: or worse, to ruthless deeds,
 Mad jealousy, blind rage, and fell revenge,
 Their fervid spirit fires. Love dwells not there;
 The soft regards, the tenderness of life,
 The heart shed tear, th' ineffable delight
 Of sweet humanity: these court the beam
 Of milder climes; in selfish fierce desire,
 And the wild fury of voluptuous sense,
 There lost. The very brute creation there
 This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.

Lo! the green serpent, from his dark abode,
 Which e'en imagination fears to tread,
 At noon forth-issuing, gathers up his train
 In orbs immense, then, darting out anew,
 Seeks the refreshing fount; by which diffus'd,
 He throws his folds: and while, with threatening
 And deathful jaws erect, the monster curls [tongue,

* The search after truth.

His flaming crest, all other thirst appall'd, 905
 Or shivering flies, or check'd at distance stands,
 Nor dares approach. But still more direful he,
 The small close-lurking minister of fate,
 Whose high concocted venom thro' the veins
 A rapid lightning darts, arresting swift 910
 The vital current. Form'd to humble Man,
 This child of vengeful Nature! There, sublim'd
 To fearless lust of blood, the savage race
 Roam, licens'd by the shading hour of guilt,
 And foul misdeed, when the pure day has shut 915
 His sacred eye. The tyger darting fierce
 Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd:
 The lively-shining leopard, speckled o'er
 With many a spot, the beauty of the waste;
 And, scorning all the taming arts of Man, 920
 The keen hyena, fellest of the fell.
 These, rushing from th' inhospitable woods
 Of *Mauritania**, or the tufted isles,
 That verdant rise amid the *Lybian* wild,
 Innumerable glare around their shaggy king, 925
 Majestic, stalking o'er the printed sand;
 And, with imperious and repeated roars,
 Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks
 Croud near the guardian swain; the nobler herds,
 Where round their lordly bull, in rural ease, 930
 They ruminating lie, with horror hear
 The coming rage. Th' awakened village starts;
 And to her fluttering breast the mother strains
 Her thoughtless infant. From the *Pyrate's* den,
 Or stern *Morocco's* tyrant fang escap'd, 935

* The coast of Barbary, which was known to the ancients by the name of *Lybia* and *Numedia*.

The wretch half-wishes for his bonds again :
While, uproar all, the wilderness resounds,
From *Atlas** eastward to the frighted *Nile*.

UNHAPPY he ! who from the first of joys,
Society, cut off, is left alone 940

Amid this world of death. Day after day,
Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,
And views the main that ever toils below ;
Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,
Where the round ether mixes with the wave, 946
Ships, dim discovered, dropping from the clouds ;
At evening, to the setting sun he turns

A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
Sinks helpless ; while the wonted roar is up,
And his continual thro' the tedious night. 950

Yet here, even here, into these black abodes
Of monsters, unappall'd†, from stooping *Rome*,
And guilty *Cæsar*, LIBERTY retir'd,
Her CATO following thro' *Numidian* wilds :
Disdainful of *Campania*'s|| gentle plains, 955

And all the green delights *Ausonia*§ pours ;
When for them she must bend the servile knee
And fawning take the splendid robber's boon†.

NOR stop the terrors of these regions here.
Commission'd demons oft, angels of wrath, 960
Let loose the raging elements. Breath'd hot,
From all the boundless furnace of the sky,
And the wide glittering waste of burning sand,
A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites
With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil, 965

* A chain of mountains in Africa. † Without fear.

‡ A town of Italy in the kingdom of Naples.

§ Italy, it is so fine and fruitful a country, that it is commonly
called the garden of Europe. † Gift.

Son of the desert ! ev'n the camel feels
 Shot thro' his wither'd heart, the fiery blast.
 Or from the black-red ether, bursting broad,
 Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Strait the sands,
 Commov'd around, in gathering eddies play : 970
 Nearer and nearer still they darkening come ;
 Till, with the general all-involving storm
 Swept up, the whole continuous^(a) wilds arise ;
 And by their noon-day fount dejected thrown,
 Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep, 975
 Beneath descending hills, the caravan
 Is buried deep. In *Cairo's*^(b) crouded streets
 Th' impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
 And *Mecca*^(c) saddens at the long delay.

BUT chief at sea, whose every flexile* wave 980
 Obeys the blast, the aërial tumult swells.
 In the dread ocean, undulating^(d) wide,
 Beneath the radiant line that girts the globe,
 The circling Typhon^(e), whirl'd from point to point,
 Exhausting all the rage of all the sky, 985
 And dire Ecnephia^(e) reign. Amid the heavens,
 Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy ^(f) speck
 Compress'd, the mighty tempest brooding dwells :
 Of no regard, save to the skilful eye,
 Fiery and foul, the small prognostic hangs 990

(a) Joined together.

(b) The capital of Egypt in Africa, which is so exceeding populous, that in the busy time of the day, it is difficult to pass along.

(c) A famous city in Asia, that which supports it, is the resort of many thousand pilgrims annually.

* Yielding to every breath of wind.

(d) Rolling in waves from side to side.

(e) *Typhon* and *Ecnephia*, names of particular storms or hurricanes, known only between the tropics.

(f) Called by sailors the *Ox-eye*, being in appearance at first no bigger.

E

Aloft,

Aloft, or on the promontory's brow
 Musters its force. A faint deceitful calm,
 A fluttering gale, the demon sends before,
 To tempt the spreading sail. Then down at once,
 Precipitant, descends a mingled mass 995
 Of roaring winds, and flame, and rushing floods.
 In wild amazement fix'd the sailor stands.
 Art is too slow: By rapid fate oppress'd,
 His broad-wing'd vessel drinks the whelming tide,
 Hid in the bosom of the black abyss*. 1000
 With such mad seas the daring GAMA† fought,
 For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
 Incessant, lab'ring round the *stormy Cape*;
 By bold ambition led, and bolder thirst
 Of gold. For then from ancient gloom emerg'd|| 1005
 The rising world of trade: the *Genius*, then,
 Of navigation, that, in hopeless sloth,
 Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic deep,
 For idle ages, starting, heard at last
 The LUSITANIAN PRINCE‡; who Heav'n inspir'd,
 To love of useful glory rous'd mankind, 1010
 And in unbounded Commerce mix'd the world.
 INCREASING still the terrors of these storms,
 His jaws horrific arm'd with threefold fate,
 Here dwells the direful shark. Lur'd by the scent 1015
 Of steaming crouds, of rank disease, and death,
 Behold! he rushing cuts the briny flood,
 Swift as the gale can bear the ship along:
 And, from the partners of that cruel trade,

* Troubled ocean.

† VASCO DE GAMA, the first who sailed round *Africa*, by the *Cape of Good Hope*, to the *East Indies*. || Arose from.

‡ DON HENRY, third son to *John the First*, king of *Portugal*. His strong genius to the discovery of new countries, was the chief source of all the modern improvements in navigation.

Which

Which spoils unhappy *Guinea*§ of her sons, 1020
 Demands his share of prey; demands themselves.
 The stormy fates descend: one death involves
 Tyrants and slaves; when strait, their mangled limbs
 Crashing at once, he dyes the purple seas
 With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal. 1025

WHEN o'er this world, by equinoctial* rains
 Flooded immense, looks out the joyless sun,
 And draws the copious steam: from swampy fens,
 Where putrefaction into life ferments,
 And breathes destructive myriads; or from woods,
 Impenetrable shades, recesses foul, 1031
 In vapours rank and blue corruption wrapt,
 Whose gloomy horrors yet no desperate foot
 Has ever dar'd to pierce; then, wasteful, forth
 Walks the dire *Power* of pestilent disease. 1035

A thousand hideous fiends her course attend;
 Sick Nature blasting, and to heartless woe,
 And feeble desolation, casting down
 The towering hopes and all the pride of Man.
 Such as, of late, at *Carthage*† quench'd 1040
 The BRITISH fire. You, gallant VERNON||, saw
 The miserable scene; you, pitying, saw
 To infant-weakness sunk the warrior's arm;
 Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghastly form,
 The lip pale-quivering, and the beamless eye 1045
 No more with ardour bright: you heard the groans
 Of agonizing ships, from shore to shore;
 Heard, nightly plung'd amid the sullen waves,
 The frequent corse†; while on each other fix'd,

§ The European nations purchase their slaves from hence.

* Belonging to the equinox, or those parts of the world near the equinoctial line, where day and night are equal.

† A rich and strong town in South America.

|| Admiral. Vernon.

† A dead corpse.

In sad presage||, the blank assistants seem'd, 1050
Silent, to ask, whom Fate would next demand.

WHAT need I mention those inclement skies,
Where, frequent o'er the sickening city, Plague,
The fiercest child of NEMESIS* divine,
Descends? †From *Ethiopia's* poison'd woods, 1055
From stifled *Cairo's* filth, and fetid‡ fields
With locust-armies putrefying heap'd,
This great destroyer sprung. Her awful rage
The brutes escape: Man is her destin'd prey,
Intemperate Man! and, o'er his guilty domes, 1060
She draws a close incumbent cloud of death;
Uninterrupted by the living winds,
Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze; and stain'd
With many a mixture by the sun, suffus'd§,
Of angry aspect. Princely wisdom then, 1065
Dejects his watchful eye; and from the hand
Of feeble justice, ineffectual, drop
The sword and balance: mute the voice of joy,
And hush'd the clamour of the busy world.
Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad; 1070
Into the worst of desarts sudden turn'd
The chearful haunt of Men: unless escap'd
From the doom'd house, where matchless horror reigns,
Shut up by barbarous fear, the smitten wretch,
With frenzy wild, breaks loose; and, loud to heaven
Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns, 1076
Inhuman and unwise. The sullen door,

|| Foreboding destruction.

* A heathen deity, who was supposed to have the government of rewards and punishments, but especially the latter.

† These are the causes supposed to be the first origin of the *Plague* in Dr. MEAD's elegant book on that subject.

‡ Pestilential.

§ Overspread.

Yet

Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge
 Fearing to turn, abhors society :
 Dependants, friends, relations, Love himself, 1080
 Savag'd by woe, forget the tender tie,
 The sweet engagement of the feeling heart.
 But vain their selfish care : the circling sky,
 The wide enlivening air is full of fate ;
 And, struck by turns, in solitary pangs 1085
 They fall, unblest, untended, and unmourn'd.
 Thus o'er the prostrate city black Despair
 Extends her raven wing ; while, to complete
 The scene of desolation, stretch'd around,
 The grim guards stand, denying all retreat, 1090
 And give the flying wretch a better death.

MUCH yet remains unsung : the rage intense
 Of brazen vaulted skies*, of iron fields,
 Where drought and famine starve the blasted year :
 Fir'd by the torch of noon to tenfold rage, 1095
 Th' infuriate hill† that shoots the pillar'd flame ;
 And, rous'd within the subterranean world,
 Th' expanding earthquake, that resistless shakes
 Aspiring cities from their solid base,
 And buries mountains in the flaming gulph. 1100
 But 'tis enough ; return, my vagrant Muse :
 A nearer scene of horror calls thee home.

BEHOLD, slow-settling o'er the lurid‡ grove
 Unusual darkness broods ; and growing gains
 The full possession of the sky, surcharg'd§ 1105
 With wrathful vapour, from the secret beds,
 Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn.
 Thence Nitre, Sulphur, and the fiery spume||

* Skies glowing with heat.

† A volcano, or burning mountain. ‡ Gloomy.

§ Fill'd.

|| Froth.

Of fat Bitumen†, steaming on the day.
 With various-tinctur'd trains of latent flame, 1110
 Pollute the sky, and in yon baleful cloud,
 A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,
 Ferment ; till, by the touch ethereal rous'd,
 The dash of clouds, or irritating war
 Of fighting winds, while all is calm below, 1115
 They furious spring. A boding§ silence reigns,
 Dread thro' the dun* expanse ; save the dull sound
 That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
 Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
 And shakes the forest leaf without a breath. 1120
 Prone to the lowest vale, the ærial tribes
 Descend : the tempest-loving raven scarce
 Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
 The cattle stand, and on the scowling|| heavens
 Cast a deploring eye ; by Man forsook, 1125
 Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,
 Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.

'Tis listning fear, and dumb amazement all :
 When to the startled eye the sudden glance
 Appears far south, eruptive† thro' the cloud ; 1130
 And following slower, in explosion vast,
 The thunder raises his tremendous voice.
 At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
 The tempest growls ; but as it nearer comes,
 And rolls its awful burden on the wind, 1135
 The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
 The noise astounds(a) : till over head a sheet
 Of livid flame discloses wide ; then shuts,
 And opens wider ; shuts and opens still
 Expansive, wrapping ether(b) in a blaze. 1140

† An unctuous or greasy matter on the surface of standing waters.

§ Foreboding.

* Dark..

|| Stormy.

† Breaking out.

(a) Terrifies.

(b) The sky,

Follows

Follows the loosen'd agravated roar,
 Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal
 Crush'd horrible, convulsing* heaven and earth.

Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail, 1144
 Or prone-descending rain. Wide rent, the clouds,
 Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquench'd,
 Th' unconquerable lightning struggles through,
 Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
 And fires the mountains with redoubled rage. 1149
 Black from the stroke, above, the smouldering(a) pine
 Stands a sad shattered trunk; and, stretch'd below,
 A lifeless grouse the blasted cattle lie:
 Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look
 They wore, alive, and ruminating(b) still
 In fancy's eye; and there the frowning bull, 1155
 And ox half-rais'd. Struck on the castled cliff,
 The venerable tower and spiry fane†
 Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
 Start at the flash, and from their deep recess,
 Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shake.
 Amid Carnarvon's(c) mountains rages loud 1161
 The repercussive(d) roar: with mighty crush,
 Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks
 Of Penmanmaur(e) heap'd hideous to the sky,
 Tumble the smitten cliffs; and Snowden's(f) peak,
 Dissolving, instant yields his wintry load. 1166
 Far-seen, the heights of heathy Cheviot(g) blaze,
 And Thulè bellows thro' her utmost isles.

* Shaking. (a) Smoaking. (b) Chewing the cud. † Church.

(c) Carnarvonshire is in North Wales, and famous for high mountains.

(d) Re-echoed. (e) A mountain in North Wales, and an exceeding steep rock which projects itself over the sea.

(f) Snowden is said to be the highest mountain in Wales, and its top mostly covered with snow.

(g) A range of mountains which run thro' Cumberland and North-umberland, from north to south.

Guilt hears appall'd*, with deeply troubled thought,
And yet not always on the *guilty* head 1170

Descends the fated† flash. Young CELADON

And his AMELIA were a matchless pair;
With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone:
Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn, 1175
And his the radiance of the risen day.

THEY lov'd: But such their guileless passion was,
As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
Of innocence, and undissembling truth.

'Twas friendship heightened by the mutual wish,
Th' enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow, 1181

Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
To love, each was to each a dearer self;
Supremely happy in th' awakened power
Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades, 1185
Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd
The rural day; and talk'd the flowing heart,
Or sigh'd and look'd unutterable things.

So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,
By care unruffled; till, in evil hour, 1190
The tempest caught them on the tender walk,
Heedless how far, and where its mazes stray'd,
While, with each other blest, creative love
Still bade eternal *Eden*‡ smile around.

Prefaging instant fate, her bosom heav'd 1195

Unwonted sighs, and stealing oft a look
Of the big gloom on CELADON, her eye
Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd cheek.

In vain assuring love, and confidence 1199

In HEAVEN, repress'd§ her fear; it grew, and shook

* Astonish'd.

† By heaven decreed.

‡ Another name for *happiness*.

§ Concealed.

Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd
 Th' unequal conflict; and as angels look
 On dying faints, his eyes compassion shed,
 With love illumin'd* high. "Fear not, he said,
 "Sweet innocence! thou stranger to offence, 1205
 "And inward storm! He, who yon sky involves
 "In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee
 "With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft
 "That wastes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
 "Of noon, flies harmless: and that very voice, 1210
 "Which thunders terror thro' the guilty heart,
 "With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.
 "'Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus
 "To clasp perfection!" From his void embrace, 1214
 Mysterious Heaven! that moment, to the ground,
 A blacken'd corse, was struck the beauteous maid.
 But who can paint the lover, as he stood,
 Pierc'd by severe amazement, hating life,
 Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe!
 So, faint resemblance! on the marble tomb, 1220
 The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands,
 For ever silent, and for ever sad.

As from the face of heaven the shattered clouds
 Tumultuous rove, th' interminable† sky
 Sublimer swells, and o'er the world expands 1225
 A purer azure‡. Thro' the lightened air
 A higher lustre and a clearer calm,
 Diffusive§, tremble; while, as if in sign
 Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy,
 Set off abundant by the yellow ray, 1230
 Invests the fields; and nature smiles reviv'd.

'Tis beauty all, and grateful song around,
 Join'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat.

* Brightened. † Unbounded. ‡ Blue. § Spreading far and wide.

Of flocks thick-nibbling thro' the clover'd vale.
 And shall the hymn be marr'd by thankless Man,
 Most favour'd; who with voice articulate* 1236
 Should lead the chorus of this lower world?
 Shall he, so soon forgetful of the hand
 That hush'd the thunder, and serenest the sky,
 Extinguish'd feel that spark the tempest wak'd, 1240
 That sense of powers exceeding far his own,
 Ere yet his feeble heart has lost his fears?

CHEAR'D by the milder beam, the sprightly youth
 Speeds to the well-known pool, whose crystal depth
 A sandy bottom shews. A while he stands 1245
 Gazing th' inverted landkip, half afraid
 To meditate† the blue profound below;
 Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
 His ebon tresses‡, and his rosy cheek
 Instant emerge; and thro' the obedient wave, 1250
 At each short breathing by his lip repell'd,
 With arms and legs according well, he makes,
 As humour leads, an easy-winding path;
 While, from his polish'd sides, a dewy light
 Effuses on the pleas'd spectators round. 1255

THIS is the purest exercise of health,
 The kind refresher of the summer heats;
 Nor, when cold Winter keens the brightening flood,
 Would I weak-shivering linger on the brink.
 Thus life redoubles, and is oft preserv'd, 1260
 By the bold swimmer, in the swift illapseth
 Of accident disastrous. Hence the limbs
 Knit into force; and the same Roman arm,
 That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd earth,

* Expressing words. † Here used for, to try the depth of.

‡ Black flowing hair. || Casualty.

First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the wave. 1265
 Even, from the body's purity, the mind
 Receives a secret sympathetic aid.

CLOSE in the covert of an hazel copse,
 Where winded into pleasing solitudes
 Runs out the rambling dale, young DAMON sat, 1270
 Pensive, and pierc'd with love's delightful pangs.
 There to the stream that down the distant rocks
 Hoarse-murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze that
 Among the bending willows, falsely he [play'd
 Of MUSIDORA's cruelty complain'd. 1275

She felt his flame; but deep within her breast,
 In bashful coyness, or in maiden pride,
 The soft return conceal'd; save when it stole
 In side-long glances from her downcast eye,
 Or from her swelling soul in stifled sighs. 1280
 Touch'd by the scene, no stranger to his vows,
 He fram'd a melting lay, to try her heart;
 And, if an infant passion struggled there,
 To call that passion forth. Thrice happy swain!
 A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate 1285
 Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine.
 For lo! conducted by the laughing Loves,
 This cool retreat his MUSIDORA sought:
 Warm in her cheek the sultry season glow'd:
 And rob'd in loose array, she came to bathe 1290
 Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.
 What shall he do? In sweet confusion lost,
 And dubious flutterings, he a while remain'd:
 A pure ingenuous* elegance of soul,
 A delicate refinement, known to few, 1295
 Perplex'd his breast, and urg'd him to retire:

* Open and undissembling.

But love forbade. Ye prudes in virtue, say,
 Say, ye severest, what would you have done?
 Meantime, this fairer nymph than ever blest
Arcadian stream, with timid eye around 1300
 The banks surveying, stripp'd her beauteous limbs,
 To taste the lucid coolness of the flood.
 Ah then! not *Paris**, on the piny top
 Of *Ida* panted stronger, when aside
 The rival-goddeses the veil divine 1305
 Cast unconfin'd, and gave him all their charms,
 Than, DAMON, thou; as from the snowy leg,
 And slender foot, th' inverted silk she drew;
 As the soft touch dissolv'd the virgin zone†; 1309
 And, thro' the parting robe, th' alternate breast,
 With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawless gaze
 In full luxuriance rose. But, desperate youth,
 How durst thou risque the soul-distracting view;
 As from her naked limbs, of glowing white,
 Harmonious swell'd by Nature's finest hand, 1215
 In folds loose-floating fell the fainter lawn;
 And fair expos'd she stood, shrunk from herself,
 With fancy blushing, at the doubtful breeze
 Alarm'd, and starting like the fearful fawn?
 Then to the flood she rush'd; the parted flood 1320
 Its lovely guest with closing waves receiv'd;
 And every beauty softening, every grace
 Flushing anew, a mellow lustre shed:
 As shines the lily thro' the crystal mild;
 Or as the rose amid the morning dew, 1325
 Fresh from *Aurora's*† hand, more sweetly glows.
 While thus she wanton'd, now beneath the wave

* See the Index.

† A girdle formerly wore round the waist.

‡ *Aurora* was the goddess supposed to open the gates of day.

But ill-conceal'd; and now with streaming locks,
 That half-embrac'd her in a humid veil,
 Rising again, the latent DAMON drew 1330
 Such madning draughts of beauty to the soul,
 As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd thought
 With luxury too daring. Check'd, at last,
 By love's respectful modesty, he deem'd
 The theft profane, if aught profane to love 1335
 Can e'er be deem'd; and, struggling from the shade,
 With headlong hurry fled: but first these lines,
 Trac'd by his ready pencil, on the bank
 With trembling hand he threw. "Bathe on, my fair,
 "Yet unbeheld save by the sacred eye 1340
 "Of faithful love: I go to guard thy haunt,
 "To keep from thy recess each vagrant foot,
 "And each licentious eye." With wild surprize,
 As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,
 A stupid moment motionless she stood: 1345
 So stands the * statue that enchants the world,
 So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,
 The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.
 Recovering, swift she flew to find those robes
 Which blissful Eden know not; and array'd 1350
 In careless haste, th' alarming paper snatch'd.
 But when her DAMON's well-known hand she saw,
 Her terrors vanish'd, and a softer train
 Of mixt emotions, hard to be describ'd,
 Her sudden bosom seiz'd: shame void of guilt, 1355
 The charming blush of innocence, esteem
 And admiration of her lover's flame,
 By modesty exalted: even a sense
 Of self-approving beauty stole across

* The Venus of Medici.

Her busy thought. At length a tender calm 1363
 Hush'd by degrees the tumult of her soul;
 And on the spreading beach, that o'er the stream
 Incumbent hung, she with the sylvan pen
 Of rural lovers this confession carv'd, 1364
 Which soon her DAMON kiss'd with weeping joy:

"Dear youth! sole judge of what these verses mean,
 "By fortune too much favour'd, but by love,
 "Alas! not favour'd less, be still as now
 "Discreet: the time may come you need not fly."

THE sun has lost its rage: his downward orb
 Shoots nothing now but animating warmth, 1371
 And vital lustre; that, with various ray,
 Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of heaven,
 Incessant roll'd into romantic shapes,
 The dream of waking fancy! Broad below, 1375
 Cover'd with ripening fruits, and swelling fast
 Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth
 And all her tribes rejoice. Now the soft hour
 Of walking comes: for him who lonely loves
 To seek the distant hills, and there converse 1380
 With Nature; there to harmonize his heart,
 And in pathetic song to breathe around
 The harmony to others. Social friends,
 Attun'd to happy unison of soul;
 To whose exalting eye a fairer world, 1385
 Of which the vulgar never had a glimpse,
 Displays its charms; whose minds are richly fraught
 With philosophic stores, superior light;
 And in whose breast, enthusiastic, burns
 Virtue, the sons of interest deem romance; 1390
 Now call'd abroad enjoy the falling day:

Now

Now to the verdant *Portico*(a) of woods,
 To Nature's vast *Lyceum*(b), forth they walk;
 By that kind *School* where no proud master reigns,
 The full free converse of the friendly heart, 1395
 Improving and improv'd. Now from the world,
 Sacred to sweet retirement, lovers steal
 And pour their souls in transport, which the SIRE
 Of love approving hears, and *calls it good*. 1399
 Which way, AMANDA, shall we bend our course?
 The choice perplexes. Wherefore should we chuse!
 All is the same with thee. Say, shall we wind
 Along the streams? or walk the smiling mead?
 Or court the forest-glades? or wander wild
 Among the waving harvest? or ascend, 1405
 While radiant Summer opens all its pride,
 Thy hill, delightful *Shene*(c)? Here let us sweep
 The boundless landskip: now the raptur'd eye,
 Exulting swift, to huge AUGUSTA(d) send,
 Now to the *Sister Hills*(e) that skirt her plain, 1410
 To lofty *Harrow* now, and now to where
 Majestic *Windfor* lifts his princely brow.
 In lovely contrast to this glorious view
 Calmly magnificent, then will we turn
 To where the silver THAMES first rural grows. 1415
 There let the feasted eye unwearied stray:
 Luxurious, there, rove thro' the pendant woods
 That nodding hang o'er HARRINGTON's retreat;

(a) A cover'd walk.

(b) *Lyceum* was an academy at Athens, compos'd of porticos and walks, where Aristotle taught philosophy.

(c) The old name of *Richmond*, signifying in Saxon *Shining, Splendor*.

(d) The Roman name for London.

(e) *Highbgate* and *Hampstead*.

And, stooping thence to *Ham's* embowering walks,
 Beneath whose shades, in spotless peace retir'd, 1420
 With *HER* the pleasing partner of his heart,
 The worthy *QUEENSE'RY* yet laments his *GAY*,
 And polish'd *CORNBURY* wooes the willing *Muse*,
 Slow let us trace the matchless *VALE OF THAMES*;
 Fair winding up to where the *Muses* haunt 1425
 In *Twitnam's* bowers, and for their *POPE* implore
 The healing *God(a)*; to royal *Hampton's* pile,
 To *Clermont's* terrass'd height, and *Essex's* groves,
 Where in the sweetest solitude, embrac'd
 By the soft windings of the silent *Mole(b)*, 1430
 From courts and senates *PELHAM* finds repose.
 Inchanting vale! beyond what'er the *Muse*
 Has of *Albania(c)* or *Hesperia(d)* sung!
 O vale of bliss! O softly swelling hills;
 On which the *Power of Cultivation* lies, 1435
 And joys to see the wonders of his toil.

HEAVENS! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
 Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
 And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
 The stretching landkip into smoke decays. 1440
 Happy *BRITANNIA!* where the *QUEEN OF ARTS*,
 Inspiring vigour, *LIBERTY* abroad
 Walks, unconfin'd, even to thy farthest cotts,
 And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.

RICH is thy soil, and merciful thy clime; 1445
 Thy streams unfailing in the Summer's drought;
 Unmatch'd thy guardian-oaks: thy valleys float

(a) In his last sickness.

(b) A river in Surrey.

(c) A province of Turkey in Europe, now called *Albania*, of which *Athens* was the capital.

(d) Italy, so called from *Hesperus*, a son of *Atlas*, who reigned there some time.

With golden waves : and on thy mountains flocks
 Bleat numberless ; while, roving round their sides,
 Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves. 1450
 Beneath thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd
 Against the mower's scythe.. On every hand
 Thy villas shine. Thy country teams with wealth;
 And property assures it to the swain,
 Pleas'd, and unwearied, in his guarded toil. 1445

FUBL are thy cities with the sons of art;
 And trade and joy, in every busy street,
 Mingling are heard : even Drudgery himself,
 As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews
 The palace stone, looks gay. Thy crouded ports,
 Where rising masts an endless prospect yield, 1461
 With labour burn, and echo to the shouts
 Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves
 His last adieu, and loosening every sheet,
 Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind. 1463

BOLD, firm, and graceful, are thy generous youth,
 By hardship finew'd*, and by danger fir'd,
 Scattering the nations where they go; and first
 Or on the lifted† plain, or stormy seas.
 Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans 1470
 Of thriving peace thy thoughtful fires preside;
 In genius, and substantial learning, high;
 For every virtue, every worth, renown'd;
 Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind;
 Yet like the mustering thunder when provok'd,
 The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource 1476
 Of those that under grim oppression groan.

THY SONS OF GLORY many ! ALFRED thine,
 In whom the splendor of heroic war,

* Strengthened.

† Lin'd or cover'd with grass.

And more heroic peace, when govern'd well, 1480
 Combine; whose hallowed name the virtues saint*,
 And *his own* Muses love; the best of *Kings*!
 With him thy EDWARDS and thy HENRYs shine†,
 Names dear to Fame; the first who deep impress'd
 On haughty *Gaul* the terror of thy arms, 1485
 That awes her genius still. In *Statesmen* thou,
 And *Patriots*, fertile. Thine a steady MORE,
 Who, with a generous tho' mistaken zeal,
 Withstood a brutal tyrant's useful rage,
 Like CATO firm, like ARISTIDES just, 1490
 Like rigid CINCINNATUS‡ nobly poor,
 A dauntless soul erect, who smil'd on death.
 Frugal, and wise, a WALSINGHAM is thine?
 A DRAKE, who made thee mistress of the deep,
 And bore thy name in thunder round the world. 1495
 Then flam'd thy spirit high: but who can speak
 The numerous worthies of the MAIDEN REIGN§?
 In Raleigh mark their every glory mix'd;
 RALEIGH, the scourge of *Spain*! whose breast with all
 The sage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd. 1500
 Nor sunk his vigour, when a coward-reign
 The warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd,
 To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe.
 Then, active still and unrestrain'd his mind
 Explor'd the vast extent of ages past, 1505
 And with his prison-hours enrich'd the world;

* Reverence or pay homage to.

† See the History of England.

(a) A Roman general who opposed Cæsar in the senate.

(b) He flourished at Athens, at the same time with Themistocles, and lived in great poverty and gloried in it.

‡ A Roman dictator, who was sent for, as he was ploughing, to head an army, besieged by the Æqui and Volsci, whom he routed, entered Rome in triumph, and in a fortnight's time was at his plough again.

§ The reign of queen Elizabeth.

Yet found no times, in all the long research,
 So glorious, or so base, as those he prov'd,
 In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.
 Nor can the Muse the gallant SIDNEY pass, 1510
 The plume of war! with early laurels crown'd,
 The Lover's myrtle, and the Poet's bay.
 A HAMBDEN too is thine, illustrious land,
 Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul,
 Who stem'd the torrent of a downward age 1515
 To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again,
 In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.
 Bright, at his call, thy age of *Men* effulg'd*,
 Of Men on whom late time a kindling eye
 Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read. 1520
 Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew
 The grave where RUSSELL lies; whose temper'd blood,
 With calmest chearfulness for thee resign'd,
 Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign;
 Aiming at lawless power, tho' meanly sunk 1525
 In loose inglorious luxury. With him
 His friend, the †BRITISH CASSIUS, fearless bled;
 Of high determin'd spirit, roughly brave,
 By ancient learning to th' enlighten'd love
 Of ancient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown 1530
 In awful *Sages* and in noble *Bards*;
 Soon as the light of dawning science spread
 Her orient ray, and wak'd the Muses' song.
 Thine is a BACON; hapless in his choice,
 Unfit to stand the civil storm of state, 1535
 And thro' the smooth barbarity of courts,
 With firm but pliant virtue, forward still
 To urge his course: him for the studious shade

* Shin'd out.

† ALGERNON SYDNEY.

Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,
 Exact, and elegant; in one rich soul, 1540
 PLATO, the STAGYRITE(a), and TULLY join'd.
 The great deliverer he! who from the gloom
 Of cloister'd monks, and jargon teaching schools,
 Led forth the true philosophy, there long
 Held in the magic chain of words and forms, 1545
 And definitions void: he led her forth,
 Daughter of HEAVEN! that slow ascending still,
 Investigating sure the chain of things,
 With radiant finger points to HEAVEN again.
 The generous ASHLEY(b) thine, the friend of Man;
 Who scann'd his Nature with a brother's eye, 1551
 His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,
 To touch the finer movements of the mind,
 And with the *moral beauty* charm the heart.
 Why need I name thy BOYLE(c), whose pious search
 Amid the dark recesses of his works, 1556
 The great CREATOR sought? And why thy LOCKE(d),
 Who made the whole internal world his own?
 Let NEWTON(e), *pure Intelligence*, whom God
 To mortals lent, to trace his boundless works 1560
 From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame
 In all philosophy. For lofty sense,
 Creative fancy, and inspection keen
 Thro' the deep windings of the human heart, 1564

(a) An astronomer.

(b) ANTONY ASHLEY COOPER, Earl of Shaftesbury.

(c) The Hon. Robert Boyle, a great proficient in the study of chemistry.

(d) John Locke, deeply learned in metaphysics, and author of the *Essay on the Human Understanding*.

(e) Sir Isaac Newton, a philosopher, mathematician, and astronomer.

Is not wild SHAKESPEARE(a) thine and Nature's
 Is not each great, each amiable Muse [boast?
 Of classic ages in thy MILTON(b) met?
 A genius universal as his theme;
 Astonishing as Chaos, as the bloom
 Of blowing Eden fair, as Heaven sublime. 1570
 Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,
 The gentle SPENCER(c), Fancy's pleasing son;
 Who, like a copious river, pour'd his song
 O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground:
 Nor thee, his ancient master, laughing sage, 1575
 CHAUCER(d), whose native manners painting verse,
 Well-moraliz'd, shines thro' the Gothic cloud
 Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.

MAY my song soften, as thy DAUGHTERS I,
 BRITANNIA, hail! for beauty is their own, 1580
 The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
 And elegance, and taste: the faultless form,
 Shap'd by the hand of harmony; the cheek,
 Where the live crimson, thro' the native white
 Soft shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom, 1585
 And every nameless grace; the parted lip,
 Like the red rose-bud moist with morning-dew,
 Breathing delight; and, under flowing jet,
 Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
 The neck slight shaded, and the swelling breast; 1590
 The look resistless, piercing to the soul,
 And by the soul inform'd, when drest in love
 She sits high smiling in the conscious eye.

(a) William Shakespeare, well-known as the author of several plays.

(b) John Milton, author of Paradise Lost.

(c) A poet, author of a much admired poem, entitled, The Fairy Queen.

(d) The father of English poets.

IsLAND of bliss ! amid the subject seas,
 That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up, 1595
 At once the wonder, terror, and delight,
 Of distant nations : whose remotest shores
 Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm ;
 Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults
 Baffling, as thy hear cliffs the loud sea-wave. 1600

O THOU ! by whose almighty Nod the scale
 Of empire rises, or alternate falls,
 Send forth the saving VIRTUES round the land,
 In bright patrol : white Peace, and social Love ;
 The tender-looking Charity, intent, 1605
 On gentle deeds, and shedding tears thro' smiles ;
 Undaunted Truth, and Dignity of mind ;
 Courage compos'd, and keen ; sound Temperance,
 Healthful in heart and look ; clear Chastity,
 With blushes reddening as she moves along, 1610
 Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws ;
 Rough Industry ; Activity untir'd,
 With copious life inform'd, and all awake :
 While in the radiant front, superior shines
 That first paternal virtue, Public Zeal ; 1615
 Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,
 And, ever musing on the common weal*,
 Still labours glorious with some great design.

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,
 Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds, 1620
 Assembled gay, a richly-gorgeous train,
 In all their pomp attend his setting throne.
 Air, earth, and ocean smile immense. And now,
 As if his weary chariot sought the bowers

* Public Benefit.

Of *Amphitrite**, and her tending nymphs, 1625
 (So *Grecian* fable sung) he dips his orb;
 Now half immers'd; and now a golden curve
 Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.

For ever running an enchanted round,
 Passes the day, deceitful, vain, and void; 1630
 As fleets† the vision o'er the formful brain,
 This moment hurrying wild the impassioned soul,
 The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him,
 The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank;
 A sight of horror to the cruel wretch, 1635
 Who all day long in sordid pleasure roll'd,
 Himself an useless load, has squander'd vile,
 Upon his scoundrel train, what might have cheer'd
 A drooping family of modest worth;
 But to the generous still-improving mind, 1640
 That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy,
 Diffusing kind beneficence around,
 Boastless, as now descends the silent dew;
 To him the long review of order'd life
 Is inward rapture, only to be felt. 1645

CONFESS'D from yonder flow extinguished clouds,
 All ether‡ softening, sober *Evening* takes
 Her wonted station in the middle air;
 A thousand shadows at her beck. First *this*
 She sends on earth; then *that* of deeper dye. 1650
 Steals soft behind; and then a deeper still,
 In circle following circle, gathers round,
 To close the face of things. A fresher gale
 Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,
 Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn; 1655

* The wife of Neptune, God of the sea.

† Swiftly passes.

‡ The air or atmosphere.

While the quail clamours for his running mate. 10
 Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze, 102
 A whitening shower of vegetable down (a) and wov
 Amusive floats. The kind impartial care no 2210
 Of Nature naught disdains : thoughtful to feed 1660
 Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,
 From field to field the feathered seeds she wings.

His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
 Hies (b), merry-hearted; and by turns relieves
 The ruddy milk-maid of her brimming pail; 1665
 The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,
 Unknowing what the joy-mixt anguish means,
 Sincerely loves, by that best language shewn
 Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds.
 Onward they pass, o'er many a panting height, 1670
 And valley sunk, and unfrequented; where
 At fall of eve the fairy people throng,
 In various game, and revelry, to pass
 The summer night, as village-stories tell.

But far about they wander from the grave 1675
 Of him, whom his ungentle fortune urg'd
 Against his own sad breast to lift the hand
 Of impious violence. The lonely tower
 Is also shun'd; whose mournful chambers hold,
 So night-struck Fancy dreams, the yelling (c) ghost.

Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge, 1681
 The glow-worm lights his gem; and, thro' the dark,
 A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields
 The world to Night; nor in her winter robe
 Of massy Stygian woof (d), but loose array'd 1685

(a) The evening dew.

(b) Hastens.

(c) Crying with horror.

(d) Cloth; here used for the thick darkness of a winter's night.

In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
 Glanc'd from th' imperfect surfaces of things,
 Flings half an image on the straining eye ;
 While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,
 And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retain'd 1690
 Th' ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,
 Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven
 Thence weary vision turns ; where, leading soft
 The silent hours of love, with purest ray
 Sweet *Venus* * shines ; and from her genial rise, 1695
 When day-light sickens till it springs afresh,
 Unrival'd reigns, the fairest lamp of night.
 As thus th' effulgence tremulous (a) I drink,
 With cherish'd gaze, the lambent lightnings shoot
 Across the sky ; or horizontal dart 1700
 In wondrous shapes : by fearful murmuring crouds
 Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs,
 That more than deck, that animate the sky,
 The life-infusing suns of other worlds ;
 Lo ! from the dread immensity of space 1705
 Returning, with accelerated course,
 The rushing comet to the sun descends ;
 And as he sinks below the shading earth,
 With awful train projected o'er the heavens,
 The guilty nations tremble. But, above 1710
 Those superstitious horrors that enslave
 The fond sequacious (n) herd, to mystic faith
 And blind amazement prone, th' enlightened few,
 Whose godlike minds *philosophy* exalts,
 The glorious stranger hail. They feel a joy 1715
 Divinely great ; they in their powers exult,
 That wondrous force of thought, which mounting spurns

* The evening star. (a) Trembling. (n) Credulous.

This dusky spot, and measures all the sky;
 While from his far excursion through the wilds
 Of barren ether, faithful to his time, 1720
 They see the blazing wonder rise anew,
 In seeming terror clad, but kindly bent
 To work the will of all-sustaining LOVE:
 From his huge vapoury train perhaps, to shake
 Reviving moisture on the numerous orbs, 1725
 Thro' which his long ellipsis * winds perhaps
 To lend new fuel to declining suns,
 To light up worlds, and feed th' eternal fire.

WITH thee, serene PHILOSOPHY, with thee,
 And thy bright garland let me crown my song! 1730
 Effusive (x) source of evidence, and truth!
 A lustre shedding o'er th' ennobled (a) mind!
 Stronger than summer-noon; and pure as that,
 Whose mild vibrations (n) soothe the parted soul,
 New to the dawning of celestial day. 1735
 Hence thro' her nourish'd powers, enlarg'd by thee,
 She springs aloft, with elevated pride,
 Above the tangling mass of low desires,
 That bind the fluttering croud; and angel wing'd,
 The heights of science and of virtue gains, 1740
 Where all is calm and clear; with Nature round,
 Or in the starry regions, or th' abyss,
 To Reason and to Fancy's eye display'd:
 The *First* up tracing, from the dreary void, (v)
 The chain of causes and effects to HIM, 1745
 The world-producing ESSENCE, who alone,
 Possesses being; while the *Last* receives
 The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,

* Moving in an oval direction. (x) Pouring out. (a) Exalted.
 (n) Pleasing internal motions. (v) Airy space.

And every beauty delicate or bold,
 Obvious, or more remote, with livelier sense, 1750
 Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.

TUTOR'd by Thee, hence POETRY exalts
 Her voice to ages ; and informs the page
 With music, image, sentiment, and thought,
 Never to die ! the treasure of mankind ! 1755
 Their highest honour and their truest joy !

WITHOUT thee what were unenlightened man ?
 A savage roaming thro' the woods and wilds,
 In quest of prey ; and with th' unfashion'd fur
 Rough clad ; devoid * of finer art, 1760
 And elegance of life. Nor happiness
 Domestic, mixt of tenderness and care,
 Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,
 Nor guardian law were his ; nor various skill
 To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool 1765
 Mechanic ! nor the heaven conducted prow (a)
 Of navigation bold, that fearless braves
 The burning line or dares the wintry pole ;
 Mother severe, of infinite delights !
 Nothing, save rapine, (n) indolence, and guile, 1770
 And woes on woes, a still revolting train !
 Whose horrid circle had made human life

Than non-existence worse : but, taught by thee,
 Ours are the plans of policy and peace ;
 To live like brothers, and conjunctive (v) all, 1775
 Embellish life. While thus laborious crowds
 Ply the tough oar, PHILOSOPHY directs
 The ruling helm ; or like the liberal breath

* Deprived.

(a) The fore part of a h.

(n) P. under.

(v) Joined together.

Of potent Heaven, invisible the fail
 Swells out, and bears th' inferior world along. 1780

NOR to this evanescent * speck of earth
 Poorly confin'd, the radiant tracts on high
 Are her exalted range ; intent to gaze
 Creation thro' ; and from that full complex (a)
 Of never-ending wonders, to conceive 1785

Of the SOLE BEING right, who *spoke the Word*,
 And nature mov'd complete. With inward view
 Thence on th' ideal kingdom swift she turns
 Her eye ; and instant, at her powerful glance,
 Th' obedient phantoms vanish or appear ; 1790

Compound, divide, and into other shift,
 Each to his rank, from plain perception up
 To the fair forms of Fancy's fleeting train ;
 To reason then, deducing (n) truth from truth ;
 And notion quite abstract (v) ; where first begins 1795

The world of spirits, action all, and life
 Unfettered and unmixt. But here the cloud,
 So wills ETERNAL PROVIDENCE, sits deep.

Enough for us to know that this dark state,
 In wayward passions (x) lost, and vain pursuits, 1800
 This infancy of being, cannot prove
 The final issue of the works of GOD,
 By boundless LOVE and perfect WISDOM form'd,
 And ever rising with the rising mind.

* Hardly perceivable. (a) Composed of various parts.
 (n) Plainly drawing. (v) Separated from any thing else. (x) Vexatious.

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Crown'd with the sickle and the wheaton sheaf.
 Comes Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain.
 Hear the rude clamour of the sportsman's joy.
 The quia fast thundering, and the winded game.
 Would tempt the Muse to sing the rural game:

E. Malpas del.

A U T U M N.

B O O K III.

Now yellow Autumn weighs
 The year, adding to nights and short'ning days,
 While suns declining shine with feeble rays.

Dryden.

CROWN'D with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,
 While AUTUMN nodding o'er the yellow plain,
 Comes jovial on; the *Doric* reed * once more,
 Well pleas'd, I tune. Whate'er the Wintry frost
 Nitrous prepar'd; the various blossom'd Spring
 Put in white promise forth; and Summer suns
 Concocted strong, rush boundless now to view,
 Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious theme.

ON SLOW I the Muse, ambitious of thy name,
 To grace, inspire, and dignify her song,
 Would from the *Public Voice* thy gentle ear
 A while engage. Thy noble cares she knows,
 The patriot virtues that distend thy thought,
 Spread on thy front, and in thy bosom glow;
 While listening senates hang upon thy tongue,
 Devolving (a) thro' the maze of eloquence
 A roll of periods, sweeter than her song.
 But she too pants for public virtue, she,

* A small pipe. (a) Displaying.

The' weak of power, yet strong in ardent will,
 Whene'er her country rushes on her heart, 20
 Assumes a bolder note, and fondly tries
 To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame.

When the bright *Virgin** gives the beauteous days,
 And *Libra* (a) weighs in equal scales the year;
 From heaven's high cope (n) the fierce effulgence shook
 Off parting Summer, a serener blue, 25
 With golden light enliven'd, wide invests
 The happy world. Attemper'd (v) suns arise,
 Sweet beam'd, and shedding oft thro' lucid (x) clouds.
 A pleasing calm; while broad, and brown, below 30
 Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.
 Rich, silent, deep, they stand; for not a gale
 Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain:
 A calm of plenty! till the ruffled air
 Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow. 35
 Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky;
 The clouds fly different; and the sudden sun
 By fits effulgent gilds the illumin'd (c) field,
 And black by fits the shadows sweep along.
 A gaily checker'd heart expanding view, 40
 Far as the circling eye can shoot around,
 Unbounded tossing in a flood of corn.
 These are thy blessings, INDUSTRY! rough power!
 Whom labour still attends, and sweat, and pain;
 Yet the kind source of every gentle art, 45
 And all the soft civility of life:
 Raiser of human kind! by Nature cast,

* The 6th sign of the Zodiac, called *Virgo*, which the sun passes thro' in August. (a) The 7th sign, or September. (n) A covering over the head. (v) Soften'd. (x) Bright. (c) Adorned with the rays of the sun.

Naked and helpless, out amid the woods
And wilds, to rude inclement * elements ;
With various seeds of art deep in the mind 50
Implanted, and profusely pour'd around
Materials infinite ; but idle all.
Still unexerted in th' unconscious breast,
Slept the lethargic powers ; corruption still,
Voracious, swallowed what the liberal hand 55
Of bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year :
And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd
With beasts of prey ; or for his acorn-meal
Fought the fierce tusky boar ; a shivering wretch !
Aghast and comfortless, when the bleak north, 60
With Winter charg'd, let the mix'd tempest fly,
Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost :
Then to the shelter of the hut he fled ;
And the wild season, sordid, pin'd away.
For home he had not ; home is the resort 65
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where
Supporting and supported, polish'd friends,
And dear relations mingle into bliss.
But this the rugged savage never felt,
Even desolate in crowds ; and thus his days 70
Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along :
A waste of time ! till INDUSTRY approach'd,
And rous'd him from his miserable sloth :
His faculties unfolded ; pointed out,
Where lavish Nature the directing hand. 75
Of art demanded ; shew'd him how to raise
His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,
On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,

* Roisterous.

On what the torrent, and the gather'd blast ; 80
 Gave the tall ancient forest to his axe ;
 Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the stone,
 Till by degrees the finish'd fabric rose ;
 Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
 And wrap'd them in the woolly vestment warm, 85
 Or bright in glossy silk, and flowing lawn ;
 With wholesome viands * fill'd his table, pour'd
 The generous glass around, inspir'd to wake
 The life-refining soul of decent wit :
 Nor stopp'd at barren bare necessity ; 90
 But still advancing bolder, led him on
 To pomp, to pleasure, elegance and grace ;
 And, breathing high ambition thro' his soul,
 Set science, wisdom, glory in his view,
 And bade him be the *Lord* of all below. 95

THEN gathering men their natural powers combin'd,
 And form'd a *Public* ; to the general good
 Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
 For this the *Patriot Council* met, the full,
 The free, and fairly represented *Whole* ; 100
 For this they plann'd the holy guardian laws,
 Distinguish'd orders, animated arts,
 And with joint force, *Oppression* chaining, set
Impartial Justice at the helm ; y'er still
 To them accountable : nor slavish dream'd 105
 That toiling millions must resign their weal (a),
 And all the honey of their search, to such
 As for themselves alone themselves have rais'd.

HENCE every form of cultivated life
 In order set, protected and inspir'd, 110
 Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,

* Provision.

(a) Private benefit.

Society grew numerous, high, polite,
 And happy. Nurse of art ! the city rear'd
 In beauteous pride, her tower-encircled head ;
 And stretching street on street, by thousands drew, 115
 From twining woody haunts or the tough yew
 To bows strong-straining, her aspiring sons.

THEN COMMERCE brought into the public walk
 The busy merchant ; the big ware-house built ;
 Rais'd the strong crane ; choak'd up the loaded street 120
 With foreign plenty ; and thy stream, O THAMES,
 Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods !
 Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,
 Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts
 Shot up their spires ; the bellying sheet between 125
 Possess'd the breezy void ; the footy bulk
 Steer'd sluggish on ; the splendid barge along
 Row'd regularly, to harmony ; around,
 The boat, light-skimming, stretch'd its oary wings ;
 While deep the various voice of fervent toil 130
 From bank to bank increas'd : whence rib'd with oak,
 To bear the BRITISH THUNDER, black and bold,
 The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.

THEN too the pillar'd dome, magnific, heav'd
 Its ample roof, and luxury within 135
 Pour'd out her glittering stores : the canvas smooth,
 With glowing life protuberant *, to the view
 Imbodied rose ; the statue seem'd to breathe,
 And soften into flesh, beneath the touch
 Of forming art, imagination-flush'd. 140

ALL is the gift of INDUSTRY ; whate'er
 Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
 Delightful. Pensive Winter cheer'd by him

* Swelling out.

Sits at the social fire, and happy hears
 Th' excluded tempest idly rave along, ; 145
 His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy Spring ;
 Without him Summer were an arid waste ;
 Nor to th' Autumnal months could thus transmit
 Those full, mature, immeasurable stores,
 That, waving round, recall my wandering song. 150

SOON as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
 And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading day ;
 Before the ripened fields the reapers stand,
 In fair array ; each by the lass he loves,
 To bear the rougher part, and mitigate 155
 By nameless gentle offices her toil.

At once they stoop and swell the lustrous sheaves ;
 While through their chearful hand the rural talk,
 The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
 Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time, 160
 And steal unselt the sultry hours away.

Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks ;
 And, conscious, glancing oft on every side
 His fated * eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
 The gleaners spread around, and here and there, 165
 Spike after spike their scanty harvest pick.

Be not too narrow, husbandmen ! but fling
 From the full sheaf with charitable stealth (a),
 The liberal handful. Think, oh grateful think,
 How good the GOD of HARVEST is to you ; 170
 Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields ;
 While these unhappy partners of your kind
 Wide hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,
 And ask their humble dole (n). The various turns

* Satisfied with the prospect of plenty. (a) Secret y.

(n) Provision distributed in charity.

Of fortune ponder * ; that your sons may want 175
What now, with hard reluctance, faint ye give.

THE lovely young LAVINIA once had friends ;
And Fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth.
For, in her helpless years depriv'd of all,

Of every stay, save innocence and HEAVEN, 180

She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,

And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd

Among the windings of a woody vale ;

By solitude and deep surrounding shades,

But more by bashful modesty conceal'd. 185

Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn

Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet

From giddy passion and low-minded pride ;

Almost on Nature's common bounty fed ;

Like the gay birds that sung them to repose, 190

Content, and careless of to-morrow's fate.

Her form was fresher than the morning rose,

When the dew whets its leaves, unstain'd and pure,

As is the lilly or the mountain snow.

The modest virtues mingled in her eyes, 195

Still on the ground dejected, darting all

Their humid beams into the blooming flowers :

Or when the mournful tale her mother told,

Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,

Thrill'd (a) in her thought, they, like the dewy star, 200

Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace

Sat fair proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,

Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,

Beyond the pomp of dress ; for loveliness

Needs not the foreign aid of ornament, 205

But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most.

* Reflect on. (a) Gave pain or sorrow.

Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,
 Recluse amid the close embowering woods.
 As in the hollow breast of *Appenine**,
 Beneath the shelter of encircling hills, 210
 A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
 And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
 So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,
 The sweet LAVINIA; till, at length, compell'd
 By strong necessity's supreme command, 215
 With smiling patience in her looks, she went
 To glean PALEMON's fields. The pride of swains
 PALEMON was, the generous, and the rich;
 Who led the rural life in all its joy
 And elegance, such as *Arcadian* song 220
 Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times:
 When tyrant custom had not shackled man,
 But free to follow Nature was the mode.
 He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes,
 Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train 225
 To walk, when poor LAVINIA drew his eye;
 Unconscious of her power, and turning quick
 With unaffected blushes from his gaze:
 He saw her charming, but he saw not half
 The charms her down-cast modesty conceal'd. 230
 That very moment love and chaste desire
 Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown;
 For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
 (Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn)
 Should his heart own a gleaner in his field:
 And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd.
 " WHAT pity! that so delicate a form,
 " By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense

* Mountains in Italy.

" And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,
 " Should be devoted to the rude embrace 240
 " Of some indecent clown ! She looks, methinks,
 " Of old ACASTO's line ; and to my mind
 " Recalls that patron * of my happy life,
 " From whom my liberal fortune took its rise ;
 " Now to the dust gone down ; his houses, lands, 245
 " And once fair spreading family, dissolv'd.
 " 'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,
 " (Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
 " Far from those scenes which knew their better days)
 " His aged widow and his daughter live, 250
 " Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
 " Romantic wish ! would this the daughter were !"

WHEN, strict enquiring, from herself he found
 She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
 Of bountiful ACASTO ; who can speak 255
 The mingled passions that surpriz'd his heart,
 And thro' his nerves in shivering-transport ran ?
 Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd, and bold ;
 And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
 Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once. 260
 Confus'd and frightened at his sudden tears,
 Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
 As thus PALEMON, passionate and just,
 Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul.

" And art thou then ACASTO's dear remains ? 265
 " She whom my restless gratitude has sought
 " So long in vain ? O heavens ! the very same,
 " The softened image of my noble friend,
 " Alive his every look, his every feature,
 " More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring ! 270

* Supporter.

" Thou sole surviving blossom from the root,
 " That nourish'd up my fortune ! Say, ah where,
 " In what sequester'd desert, hast thou drawn
 " The kindest aspect of delighted HEAVEN ?
 " Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair ; 275
 " Tho' poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,
 " Beat keen and heavy, on thy tender years ?
 " O let me now, into a richer soil
 " Transplant thee safe ! where vernal suns, and showers
 " Diffuse their warmest, largest influence ; 280
 " And of my garden be the pride, and joy ;
 " Ill it befits thee, oh it ill befits
 " ACASTO's daughter, his whose open stores,
 " Tho' vast, were little to his ampler * heart
 " The Father of a country, thus to pick 285
 " The very refuse of those harvest-fields,
 " Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
 " Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,
 " But ill apply'd to such a rugged task ;
 " The *fields*, the *master*, all, my fair, are *thine* ; 290
 " If to the various blessings which thy house
 " Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
 " That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee !"
 HERE ceas'd the youth : yet still his speaking eye
 Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul, 295
 With conscious virtue, gratitude and love,
 Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
 Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
 Of goodness irresistible, and all
 'n sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent. 300
 The news immediate to her mother brought,
 While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away

* More bountiful.

The lonely moments for LAVINIA's fate ;
 Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
 Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
 Of setting life shone on her evening hours : 306

Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair ;
 Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
 A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
 And good, the grace of all the country round. 310

DEFEATING oft the labours of the year,
 The sultry South collects a potent * blast.
 At first, the groves are scarcely seen to stir
 Their trembling tops, and a still murmur runs
 Along the soft inclining fields of corn. 315

But as the aerial tempest fuller swells,
 And in one mighty stream, invisible,
 Immense, the whole excited atmosphere,
 Impetuous (a) rushes o'er the sounding world :
 Strain'd to the root, the stooping forest pours 320

A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves,
 High beat, the circling mountains eddy (n) in,
 From the bare wild, the dissipated (z) storm,
 And send it in a torrent down the vale.
 Expos'd, and naked, to its utmost rage, 325

Thro' all the sea of harvest rolling round,
 The billowy plain floats wide ; nor can evade (v).

Tho' pliant (x) to the blast, its seizing force ;
 Or wirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff
 Shook waste. And sometimes too a burst of rain, 330

Swept from the black horizon, broad, descends

In one continuous flood. Still over head

The mingling tempest weaves its gloom, and still

* Powerful. (a) Furious. (n) Drawn in by the wind,
 (z) Scattered. (v) Escape. (x) Yielding.

The deluge deepens ; till the fields around
 Lie sunk, and flatted in the sordid wave. 335
 Sudden the ditches swell ; the meadows swim.
 Red, from the hills innumerable streams
 Tumultuous roar ; and high above its banks
 The river lift ; before whose rushing tide,
 Herds, flocks, and harvests, cottages and swains, 340
 Roll mingled down ; all that the winds had spar'd
 In one wild moment ruin'd ; the big hopes,
 And well-earn'd treasures of the painful year.
 Fled to some eminence, the husbandman
 Helpless beholds the miserable wreck 345
 Driving along ; his drowning ox at once
 Descending, with his labours scatter'd round,
 He sees ; and instant o'er his shivering thought
 Comes Winter unprovided, and a train
 Of claimant * children dear. Ye masters, then, 350
 Be mindful of the rough laborious hand,
 That sinks you oft in elegance and ease ;
 Be mindful of those limbs in russet (a) clad
 Whose toil to yours is warmth, and graceful pride ;
 * And oh be mindful of that sparing board, 355
 Which covers yours with luxury profuse,
 Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice !
 Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains,
 And all-involving winds have swept away.
 HERE the rude clamour of the sportsman's joy, 360
 The gun fast thundering, and the winded horn,
 Would tempt the muse to sing the *rural Game* :
 How, in the mid-career, the spaniel struck,
 Stiff by the tainted gale, with open nose,
 Outstretch'd, and finely sensible, *draws full*, 365

* Claiming food.

(a) Home-spun garments.

Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey ;
 As in the sun the circling covey * bask,
 Their varied plumes, and watchful every way,
 Thro' the rough stubble turn the secret eye.
 Caught in the meshy snare (a), in vain they beat 370
 Their idle wings, intangled more and more :
 Nor on the surges (n) of the boundless air,
 Tho' borne triumphant, are they safe ; the gun,
 Glanc'd just, and sudden, from the fowler's eye
 O'ertakes their sounding pinions ; and again, 375
 Immediate, brings them from the towering wing,
 Dead to the ground, or drives them wide dispers'd,
 Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.

THESE are not subjects for the peaceful muse,
 Nor will she stain with such her spotless song ; 380
 Then most delighted, when she social sees
 The whole mix'd animal-creation round
 Alive and happy. 'Tis not joy to her,
 This falsely-cheerful barbarous game of death ;
 This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth 385
 Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn ;
 When beasts of prey retire, that all night long,
 Urg'd by necessity had rang'd the dark,
 As if their conscious ravage shun'd the light,
 Asham'd. Not so the steady tyrant Man, 390
 Who with the thoughtless insolence of power
 Inflam'd, beyond the most infuriate (v) wrath
 Of the worst monster that e'er roam'd the waste,
 For sport alone pursues the cruel chase,
 Amid the beamings of the gentle days. 395
 Upbraid, ye ravening (x) tribes, our wanton rage,

* A number of birds gathered together. (a) A net.
 (n) Swellings. (v) Furious. (x) Hungry.

For hunger kindles you, and lawless want ;
 But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
 To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,
 Is what your horrid bosoms never knew. 400

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare !
 Scar'd from the corn, and now to some lone seat
 Retir'd : the rushy fen, the ragged furze,
 Stretch'd o'er the stony heath ; the stubble chapt ;
 The thistly lawn ; the thick entangled broom * ; 405
 Of the same friendly hue, the wither'd fern ;
 The fallow (a) ground laid open to the sun,
 Concoctive (n) ; and the nodding sandy bank,
 Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook.
 Vain in her best precaution ; tho' she fits 410
 Conceal'd, with folding ears ; unsleeping eyes,
 By Nature rais'd to take th' horizon in ;
 And head couch'd close betwixt her hairy feet,
 In act to spring away. The scented dew
 Betrays her early labyrinth (v) ; and deep, 415
 In scattered sudden openings, far behind
 With every breeze she hears the coming storm.
 But nearer, and more frequent, as it leads
 The sighing gale, she springs amaz'd, and all
 The savage soul of game is up at once : 420
 The pack full opening, various ; the shrill horn
 Resounded from the hills ; the neighing steed,
 Wild for the chace ; and the loud hunter's shout ;
 O'er a weak, harmless, flying-creature, all
 Mix'd in mad tumult, and discordant joy. 425

* A field plant. (a) Ground not plowed or sown.

(n) Prepar'd for sowing. (v) Winding paths.

THE stag too, singled from the herd, where long
 He rang'd the branching monarch of the shades,
 Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed
 He, sprightly, puts his faith; and, rous'd by fear,
 Gives all his swift aerial soul to flight; 430

Against the breeze he darts, that way the more
 To leave the lessening murderous cry behind:
 Deception short! tho' fleetier than the winds
 Blown o'er the keen air'd mountain by the north,
 He bursts the thickets, glances thro' the glades, 435

And plunges deep into the wildest wood;
 If slow, yet sure, adhesive * to the track
 Hot-steaming, up behind him come again
 Th' inhuman rout, and from the shady depth
 Expel him, circling thro' his every shift, 440

He sweeps the forest oft; and sobbing fees
 The glades, mild opening to the golden day;
 Where, in kind contest, with his butting friends
 He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.

OFT in the full-descending flood he tries 445
 To loose the scent, and lave his burning sides:
 Oft seeks the herd; the watchful herd, alarm'd,
 With selfish care avoid a brother's woe.

What shall he do? His once so vivid (v) nerves,
 So full of buoyant (a) spirit, now no more 450
 Inspire the course; but fainting breathless toil,
 Sick, seizes on his heart: he stands at bay;
 And puts his last weak refuge in despair.

The big round tears run down his dappled face;
 He groans in anguish; while the growling pack, 455
 Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest,
 And mark his beauteous checker'd sides with gore.

* Keeping close. (v) Lively. (a) Undaunted.

OF this enough. But if the silvan youth,
 Whose fervent blood boils into violence,
 Must have the chace ; behold, despising flight, 460
 The rous'd-up *lion*, resolute, and slow,
 Advancing full on the protended * spear,
 And coward-band, that circling wheel aloof, (*a*)
 Slunk (*n*) from the cavern, and the troubled wood,
 See the grim wolf ; on him his shaggy foe 465
 Vindictive (*v*) fix, and let the ruffian die :
 Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar
 Grins fell destruction, to the monster's heart
 Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.

THESE BRITAIN knows not ; give, ye BRITONS, then
 Your sportive fury, pityless, to pour 471
 Loose on the nightly robber (*x*) of the fold :
 Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,
 Let all the thunder of the chace pursue.
 Throw the broad ditch behind you ; o'er the hedge 475
 High-bound, resistless ; nor the deep morass (*z*)
 Refuse, but thro' the shaking wilderness
 Pick your nice way ; into the perilous flood
 Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full ;
 And as you ride the torrent, to the banks 480
 Your triumph sound sonorous, running round,
 From rock to rock, in circling echos tost ;
 Then scale the mountains to their woody tops :
 Rush down the dangerous steep ; and o'er the lawn,
 In fancy swallowing up the space between, 485
 Pour all your speed into the rapid game,
 For happy he ! who tops the wheeling chace ;

* Stretched out.
 (*v*) Conquering.

(*a*) At a Distance.
 (*x*) The Wolf,

(*n*) Privately leaving.
 (*z*) Mlry Ditch or Fen.

Has every maze evolv'd, * and every guile
 Disclos'd ; who knows the merits of the pack ;
 Who saw the villain seiz'd, and dying hard, 490
 Without complaint, tho' by an hundred mouths
 Relentless torn : O glorious he, beyond
 His daring peers ! when the retreating horn
 Calls them to ghostly halls of grey renown,
 With woodland honours grac'd ; the fox's fur, 495
 Depending decent from the roof ; and spread
 Round the drear walls, with antick figures fierce,
 The stag's large front : he then is loudest heard,
 When the night staggers with severer toils,
 With feats *Theſſalian* Centaurs (a) never knew, 500
 And their repeated wonders shake the dome.

BUT first the fuel'd chimney blazes wide ;
 The tankards foam ; and the strong table groans
 Beneath the smoking firloin, stretched immense
 From side to side ; in which, with desperate knife, 505
 They deep incision make, and talk the while
 Of ENGLAND's glory, ne'er to be defaced
 While hence they borrow vigour : or amain (n)
 Into the pasty plung'd, at intervals,
 If stomach keen can intervals allow, 510
 Relating all the glories of the chace.
 Then fated (v) *Hunger* bids his brother *Thirst*
 Produce the mighty bowl ; the mighty bowl,
 Swell'd high with fiery juice, steams liberal round
 A potent gale, delicious, as the breath 515
 Of *Maia* (x) to the love-sick shepherdes,
 On violets diffus'd, while soft she hears

* Discovered. (a) Fabulous Monsters, half Men and half Beasts.
 (n) With Force. (v) Satisfied. (x) A Daughter of Atlas.

Her panting shepherd stealing to her arms.
 Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn,
 Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat
 Of thirty years ; and now his honest front 520
 Flames in the light refulgent, not afraid
 E'en with the vineyard's best produce to vie:
 To cheat the thirsty moments, *whist* a while
 Walks his dull round, beneath a cloud of smook, 525
 Wreath'd, fragrant, from the pipe ; or the quick *dice*,
 In thunder leaping from the box, awake
 'The sounding *gammon* : while romp-loving miss
 Is haul'd about in gallantry robust.

AT last these puling * idlenesses laid 530
 Aside, frequent and full, the dry divan (a)
 Close in firm circle ; and set, ardent, in
 For serious drinking. Nor evasion (n) fly,
 Nor sober shift, is to the puking wretch
 Indulg'd apart ; but earnest, brimming bowls 535
 Lave (v) every soul, the table floating round,
 And pavement, faithless to the fuddled foot.
 Thus as they swim in mutual swill (x), the talk,
 Vociferous at once from twenty tongues, 539
 Reels fast from theme to theme ; from horses, hounds,
 To church or mistress, politicks or ghost,
 In endless mazes, intricate, perplex'd.
 Meantime, with sudden interruption loud,
 Th' impatient *catch* bursts from the joyous heart ;
 That moment touch'd is every kindred soul ; 545
 And, opening in a full mouth'd Cry of joy,
 'The laugh, the flap, the jocund curse go round ;
 While, from their slumbers shook, the kennel'd hounds

* Simple. (a) Company assembled together. (n) Excuse,
 (v) Bathe. (x) Large draughts.

Mix in the music of the day again.

As when the tempest, that has vex'd the deep 550

The dark night long, with fainter murmurs falls :

So gradual sinks their mirth. Their feeble tongues

Unable to take up the cumbrous word,

Lie quite dissolv'd. Before their maudlin * eyes,

Seem dim, and blue, the double tapers dance, 555

Like the sun wading thro' the misty sky.

Then sliding soft, they drop. Confus'd above,

Glasses and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,

As if the table even itself was drunk,

Lie a wet broken scene ; and wide, below, 560

Is heap'd the social slaughter : where astride

The lubber Power(a) in filthy triumph sits,

Slumbrous, inclining still from side to side,

And steeps them drench'd in potent sleep till morn.

Perhaps some doctor, of tremendous paunch, 565

Awful and deep, a black abyss of drink (n),

Out-lives them all ; and from his bury'd flock

Retiring, full of rumination (v) sad,

Laments the weakness of these latter times.

BUT if the rougher sex by this fierce sport 570

Is hurried wild, let not such horrid joy

E'er stain the bosom of the BRITISH FAIR,

Far be the spirit of the chace from them !

Uncomely courage, unbeseeming skill ;

To spring the fence, to rein (x) the prancing steed ; 575

The cap, the whip, the masculine attire ;

In which they roughen to the sense, and all

The winning softness of their sex is lost.

* Affected by intoxication. (a) Drowsiness. (n) A person who
can bear hard drinking (it may be from use) without being intoxicated.

(v) Reflection.

(x) Manage.

In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at woe ;
 With every motion, every word, to wave 580
 Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush ;
 And from the smallest violence to shrink
 Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears ;
 And by this silent adulation *, soft,
 To their protection more engaging Man. 585

O may their eyes no miserable sight,
 Save weeping *lovers*, see ! a nobler game
 Thro' loves enchanting wiles pursued, yet fled,
 In chace ambiguous (a). May their tender limbs
 Float in the loose simplicity of dress ! 590
 And, fashion'd all to harmony, alone
 Know they to seize the captivated soul,
 In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips ;
 To teach the lute (b) to languish ; with smooth step
 Disclosing motion in its every charm, 595
 To swim along, and swell the mazy dance :
 To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn (n) ;
 To guide the pencil (v), turn the tuneful page (x) ;
 To lend new flavour to the fruitful year (t),
 And heighten Nature's dainties (c) : in their race, 600
 To rear their graces into second life (b) ;
 To give society its highest taste ;
 Well-ordered home man's best delight to make ;
 And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
 With every gentle care eluding art (z), 605

* Flattery. (a) Doubtful or uncertain. (b) A musical instrument with strings. (n) Needle-work.

(v) Painting. (x) Music. (t) To make wines.

(c) Pickling and preserving. (b) The education and care of children.

These are exercises and amusements most suitable for women.

(z) Avoiding.

To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
And sweeten all the toils of human life;
This be the *femal*e dignity, and praise.

YE swains, now hasten to the hazel bank;
Where, down yon dale, the wildly-winding brook 610
Falls hoarse from steep to steep. In close array,
Fit for the thickets and the tangling shrub,
Ye virgins come. For you their latest song
The woodlands raise; the clustering nuts for you
The lover finds amid the secret shade; 615
And, where they burnish * on the topmost bough,
With active vigour crushes down the tree;
Or shakes them ripe from the resigning hulk,
A glossy shower, and of an ardent brown,
As are the ringlets of MELINDA's hair: 620
MELINDA! form'd with every grace complete,
Yet these neglecting, above beauty wise,
And far transcending such a vulgar praise.

HENCE from the busy joy resounding fields,
In chearful error let us tread the maze 625
Of Autumn, unconfin'd; and taste, reviv'd,
The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.
Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,
From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower
Incessant melts away. The juicy pear 630
Lies, in a soft profusion, scattered round.
A various sweetness swells the gentle race;
By Nature's all-refining hand prepar'd;
Of temper'd sun, and water, earth, and air,
In ever changing composition mix'd. 635
Such, falling frequent thro' the chiller night,
The fragrant stores, the wide projected heaps

* Are polish'd or brighten'd by the heat of the sun.

Of apples, which the lusty-handed year,
Innumerable, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.

A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen, 640
Dwells in their gelid * pores; and, active, points
The piercing cyder for the thirsty tongue:

Thy *native* theme, and *boon* (a) inspirer too,
PHILLIPS (z), *Pomona's* bard, the second thou
Who nobly durst, in rhyme-unfetter'd verse (u). 645

With BRITISH freedom sing the BRITISH song:
How, from *Silurian* (v) vats, high-sparkling wines
Foam in transparent floods; some strong, to cheer
The wintry revels (x) of the labouring hind;
And tasteful some, to cool the summer-hours. 650

In this glad season, while his sweetest beams
The sun sheds equal o'er the meekened day;
Oh lose me in the green delightful walks
Of, DODINGTON, thy seat, serene, and plain;
Where simple Nature reigns; and every view, 655
Diffusive, spreads the pure *Dorsetian* downs,
In boundless prospect; yonder shagg'd with wood,
Here rich with harvest, and there white with flocks!
Mean time the grandeur of thy lofty dome,
Far-splendid, seizes on the ravish'd eye. 660

New beauties rise with each revolving day;
New columns swell; and still the fresh Spring finds
New plants to quicken, and new groves to green.

Full of thy genius all! the Muse's seat:
Where in the secret bower, and winding walk, 665
For virtuous YOUNG and thee they twine the bay.
Here wandering oft, fir'd with the restless thirst

* Cold. (a) Cheerful. (z) A poet, well known for his celebrated poem in blank verse on Cyder. (u) Blank verse.
(v) (x) Harmless mirth.

Of thy applause, I solitary court
 Th' inspiring breeze : and meditate the book
 Of Nature ever open ; aiming thence, 670
 Warm from the heart, to learn the moral song.
 Here, as I steal along the sunny wall,
 Where Autumn basks, with fruit empurpled deep,
 My pleasing theme continual prompts my thought :
 Presents the downy *peach* ; the shining *plumb* ; 675
 The ruddy, fragrant *nectarine* ; and dark,
 Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious *fig*.
 The *vine* too here her curling tendrils shoots ;
 Hangs out her clusters, glowing to the South ;
 And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky. 680

TURN we a moment Fancy's rapid flight
 To vigorous soils, and climes of fair extent ;
 Where, by the potent sun elated * high,
 The vineyard swells refulgent on the day ;
 Spreads o'er the vale ; or up the mountain climbs, 685
 Profuse ; and drinks amid the sunny rocks,
 From cliff to cliff encreas'd, the heightened blaze.
 Low bend the weighty boughs. The clusters clear,
 Half thro' the foliage seen, or ardent flame,
 Or shine transparent ; while perfection breathes 690
 White o'er the turgent film (a), the living dew.
 As thus they brighten with exalted juice,
 Touch'd into flavour by the mingling ray ;
 The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,
 Each fond for each to cull (n) th' autumnal prime, 695
 Exulting rove, and speak the vintage nigh.
 Then comes the crushing swain ; the country floats,
 And foams unbounded with the massy flood ;
 That by degrees fermented, and refin'd,

* Raised.

(a) Swelling skin.

(n) Gather.

Round the rais'd nations pours the cup of joy : 700
 The *claret* smooth, red as the lip we press
 In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl ;
 The mellow-tasted *Burgundy* ; and quick,
 As is the wit it gives, the gay *champaign*.

Now, by the cool declining year condens'd, 705
 Descend the copious exhalations *, check'd
 As up the middle sky unseen they stole,
 And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
 No more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,
 Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides, 710
 And high between contending kingdoms rears
 The rocky long division, fills the view
 With great variety ; but in a night
 Of gathering vapour, from the baffled sense
 Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far, 715
 The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain :
 Vanish the woods ; the dim-seen rivers seem
 Sullen, and slow, to roll the misty wave.
 Even in the height of noon oppress'd, the sun
 Sheds weak, and blunt, his wide refracted (a) ray ; 720
 Whence glaring oft, with many a broadened orb,
 He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,
 Seen thro' the turbid (n) air ; beyond the life
 Objects appear ; and, wilder'd o'er the waste
 The shepherd stalks gigantic. Till at last 725
 Wreath'd (v) dun (x) around, in deeper circles still
 Successive closing, sits the general fog
 Unbounded o'er the world ; and, mingling thick,
 A formless grey confusion covers all.

* Damp and foggy vapours. (a) Broken into different lines.

(n) Thick. (v) Encircled. (x) Dark.

As when of old (so sung the HEBREW BARD*) 730
 Light, uncollected, thro' the chaos urg'd
 Its infant way; nor Order yet had drawn
 His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.

THESE roving mists, that constant now begin, 735
 To smooke along the hilly country, these,
 With weighty rains, and melted *Alpine* snows,
 The mountain-cisterns fill, those ample stores
 Of water, scoop'd among the hollow rocks,
 Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains play,
 And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw. 740

Some sages say, that, where the numerous wave
 For ever lashes the resounding shore,
 Drill'd (a) thro' the sandy stratum (n), every way,
 The waters with the sandy stratum rise;
 Amid whose angles infinitely strain'd, 745

They joyful leave their jaggy salts behind,
 And clear and sweeten, as they soak long.
 Nor stops the restless fluid, mounting still,
 Though oft amidst th' irriguous (v) vale it springs;
 But to the mountain courted by the sand 750

That leads it darkling (x) on in faithful maze,
 Far from the parent-main (z), it boils again
 Fresh into day; and all the glittering hill
 Is bright with spouting rills. But hence this vain
 Amusive dream! why should the waters love (x) 755

To take so far a journey to the hills,
 When the sweet valleys offer to their toil
 Inviting quiet, and a nearer bed?
 Or if, by blind ambition led astray,

* Moses, Genesis i. 12, 13.
 bank of sand. (v) Marthy.

(a) Finely strained.

(x) In the shade.

(n) A Bed or

(z) The sea.

They must aspire; why should they sudden stop 760
 Among the broken mountain's rusty dells, *
 And, ere they gain its highest peak, (a) desert
 Th' attractive sand that charm'd their course so long?
 Besides, the hard agglomerating (n) salts,
 The spoil of ages, would impervious (v) choak 765
 Their secret channels; or, by slow degrees,
 High as the hills protrude (x) the swelling vales:
 Old Ocean too, sack'd thro' the porous (z) globe,
 Had long ere now forsook his horrid bed,
 And brought *Deucalion's* (t) watry times again. 770

SAY then, where lurk the vast eternal springs,
 That, like CREATING NATURE, lie conceal'd
 From mortal eye, yet with their lavish stores
 Refresh the globe, and all its joyous tribes?
 Q thou pervading *Genius*, (m) given to Man, 775
 To trace the secrets of the dark abyss, (n)
 O lay the mountains bare! and wide display
 Their hidden structure to th' astonish'd view!
 Strip from the branching *Alps* their piny load;
 The huge incumbrance of horrific woods 780
 From *Asian Taurus* (b), from *Imaus* stretch'd

* Caverns: (a) Point; (n) Uniting together; (v) Unpassable.

(x) Overtop; (z) Having Pores or Openings.

(t) In *Deucalion*, the King of *Thessaly's* Reign, prophane History records the universal Deluge happened, which Sacred History asserts was occasioned by the enormous Iniquities and Idolatry of the *Antediluvians*, and destroyed all but *Noah* and his Family, and those Animals that were by Divine Appointment, preserved with him in the Ark.

(m) Inspired Wisdom. (n) The Depths of Nature.

(b) A great Chain of Mountains in Asia.

Athwart

Athwart the roving *Tartar's* * fullen bounds !
 Give opening *Hemus* to my searching eye,
 And high *Olympus* pouring many a stream !
 O from the sounding summits of the north, 785
 The *Dofrine Hills* (a) thro' *Scandinavia* (b) roll'd
 To farthest *Lapland* (c) and the frozen main ;
 From lofty *Caucasus* (b) far-seen by those
 Who in the *Caspian* (m) and black *Euxine* toil ; (n)
 From cold *Riphean Rocks*, which the wild *Russ* 790
 Believes the (o) *stony girdle* of the world ;
 And all the dreadful mountains, wrapt in storm,
 Whence wide *Siberia* (q) draws her lonely floods ;
 O sweep th' eternal snows ! Hung o'er the deep,
 That ever works beneath his sounding base, (r) 795
 Bid *Atlas* (m), propping heav'n, (as Poets feign)
 His subterranean wonders spread ! unveil
 The miny caverns, blazing on the day,
 Of *Abyssinia's* cloud-compelling cliffs,
 And of the bending (v) *Mountains of the Moon* ! 800
 O'ertopping all these giant sons of earth,

* An inhabitant of *Tartary*, a large track of land in *Asia*. (a) They divide *Sweden* from *Norway*. (b) Part of Europe, including *Denmark*, *Sweden*, and *Norway*. (c) A cold country in the north of Europe. (b) A chain of mountains in *Asia*. (m) A great lake in *Asia*. (n) Now called the black sea, lying between *Europe* and *Asia*.

(o) The *Muscovites* or *Russians* call the *Riphean* mountains *Weliki Camuypous*, that is, the great *stony girdle*: because they suppose them to compass the whole earth.

(q) The most northern part of the *Russian* empire. (r) Bottom.

(m) Profane history says, he was doomed to sustain the weight of the heavens on his shoulders, as a punishment for assisting the giants in their war against *Jupiter*.

(v) A range of mountains in *Africa*, that surround almost all *Monomotapa*.

Let

Let the dire *Andes*, * from the radiant Line
 Stretch'd to the stormy seas that thunder round
 The southern pole, their hideous deeps unfold!
 Amazing scene! Behold! the glooms disclose, 805
 I see the rivers in their infant beds!
 Deep, deep I hear them, lab'ring to get free!
 I see the leaning strata, artful rang'd;
 The gaping fissures (a) to receive the rains,
 The melting snows, and ever-dripping fogs, 810
 Strow'd bibulous (n) above I see the sands,
 The pebbly gravel next, the layers (b) then
 Of mingled moulds, of more retentive (v) earths,
 The gutter'd rocks and mazy-running clefts;
 That, while the stealing moisture they transmit, 815
 Retard its motion, and forbid its waste.

Beneath th' incessant weeping of these drains,
 I see the rocky siphons (x) stretch'd immense,
 The mighty reservoirs, of hardened chalk,
 Or stiff compacted clay, capacious form'd, 820
 O'erflowing thence, the congregated (z) stores,
 The chrystal treasures of the liquid world,
 Thro' the stirr'd sands a bubbling passage burst;
 And welling (c) out, around the middle steep,
 Or from the bottoms of the bosom'd hills, 825

* A chain of mountains, the highest and most remarkable in all the world, and run almost the whole length of South America.

(a) Wide gaps or chasms. (n) Of the quality of sucking up water.
 (b) Beds. (v) Retaining. (x) Reservoirs or places for holding
 large quantities of water formed by nature out of the rocks. (z) Gathered together.

(c) Flowing out

In

In pure effusion * flow. United, thus,
 Th' exhaling sun, the vapour-burden'd air,
 The gelid mountains, that to rain condens'd
 These vapours in continual current draw,
 And send them, o'er the fair-divided earth, 830
 In bounteous rivers to the deep again,
 A social commerce hold, and firm support
 The full-adjusted harmony of things.

WHEN Autumn scatters his departing gleams,
 Warn'd of approaching Winter, gather'd, play 835
 The *swallow*-people; and tofs'd wide around,
 O'er the calm sky, in convolution (a) swift,
 The feather'd eddy floats: rejoicing once,
 Ere to their wintry slumbers they retire;
 In clusters clung, beneath the mouldring bank, 840
 And where, unpierc'd by frost, the cavern sweats,
 Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,
 With other kindred birds of season, there
 They twitter chearful, till the vernal months
 Invite them welcome back: for, thronging, now 845
 Innumerable wings are in commotion all.

WHERE the *Rhine* (n) loses his majestic force
 In *Belgian* plains, won from the raging deep,
 By diligence amazing, and the strong
 Unconquerable hand of Liberty, 850
 The stork-assembly meets; for many a day,
 Consulting deep, and various, ere they take
 Their arduous voyage thro' the liquid sky. (v)
 And now their rout design'd, their leaders chose,
 Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous wings; 855
 And many a circle, many a short essay, (x)

* Scattered streams.

(a) Large companies.

(n) A great river in Europe.

(v) The air.

(x) Endeavour.

Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full
The figur'd flight ascends; and, riding high
The aerial billows, mixes with the clouds.

OR where the *Northern* ocean, in vast whirls, 860
Boils round the naked melancholy isles
Of farthest *Thule*, and th' *Atlantic* surge
Pours in among the stormy *Hebrides* *;
Who can recount what transigrations there
Are annual made? what nations come and go? 865
And how the living clouds on clouds arise?
Infinite wings! till all the plume-dark air,
And rude resounding shore are one wild cry.

HERE the plain harmless native his small stock,
And herd diminutive of many lines, 870
Tends on the little island's verdant swell,
The shepherd's sea girt reign; or, to the rocks
Dire-clinging, gathers his ovarious (a) food;
Or sweeps the fishy shore; or treasures up
The plumage, rising full, to form the bed 875
Of luxury. And here a while the Muse,
High hovering o'er the broad cerulean scene,
Sees CALEDONIA (n), in romantic view:
Her airy mountains, from the waving main,
Invested with a keen diffusive sky, 880
Breathing the soul acute (v); her forests huge,
Incult (x), robust, and tall, by Nature's hand
Planted of old; her azure lakes between,
Pour'd out extensive, and of watry weakh
Full; winding deep, and green, her fertile vales; 885
With many a cool translucent brimming flood

* The western islands of *Scotland*. (a) Consisting of eggs.

(n) A Scotch settlement on the West side of the River *Darien*.

(v) Sharp or vigorous (x) Uncultivated

Wash'd lovely, from the *Tweed** (pure parent stream,
 Whose pastoral banks first heard my *Doric* reed,
 With, silvan *Yed*, thy tributary brook)
 To where the North-inflated tempest foams 890
 O'er *Orca's* or *Betubium's* highest peak:
 Nurse of a people, in misfortune's school
 Train'd up to hardy deeds; soon visited
 By *Learning*, when before the *Gothic* rage
 She took her western flight. A manly race, 895
 Of unsubmitting spirit, wife, and brave;
 Who still thro' bleeding ages struggled hard,
 (As well unhappy *WALLACE* (a) can attest,
 Great patriot-hero! ill requited chief!)
 To hold a generous undiminish'd state; 900
 Too much in vain! Hence of unequal bounds
 Impatient, and by tempting glory borne
 O'er every land, for every land their life
 Has flow'd profuse, their piercing genius plann'd,
 And swell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil. 905
 As from their own clear north, in radiant streams,
 Bright over *Europe* bursts the *Boreal* (n) *Morn*.

OH is there not some patriot, in whose power
 That best, that godlike *Luxury* is placed,
 Of blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn, 910
 Thro' late posterity? some, large of soul,
 To cheer dejected industry? to give
 A double harvest to the pining swain?
 And teach the labouring hand the sweets of toil?

* A noted river of Scotland.

(a) Sir *W. Wallace*, of Scotland, who dared to assert the independance of his country, and was very successful in his attacks against the English, but being at length basely betrayed into the hands of *Edward 1st.* was executed as a traitor.

(n) Northern.

How, by the finest art, the native robe
 To weave; how, white as hyperborean * snow 915
 To form the lucid lawn; with venturous oar
 How to dash wide the billow; nor look on,
 Shamefully passive, while *Batavian* (a) fleets
 Defraud us of the glittering finny swarms, 920
 That heave our friths (n), and crowd upon our shores;
 How all-enlivening trade to rouse, and wing
 The prosperous sail, from every growing port,
 Uninjur'd, round the sea-incircled globe;
 And thus, in soul united as in name, 925
 Bid BRITAIN reign the mistress of the deep?

YES, there are such. And full on thee, ARGYLE (v),
 Her hope, her stay, her darling, and her boast,
 From her first patriots and her heroes sprung,
 Thy fond imploring country turns her eye; 930
 In thee, with all a mother's triumph, sees
 Her every virtue, every grace combin'd,
 Her genius, wisdom, her engaging turn,
 Her pride of honour, and her courage try'd,
 Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat 935
 Of sulphurous war, on *Tenier's* dreadful field.
 Nor less the palm of peace inwreathes (z) thy brow:
 For, powerful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue
 Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate;
 While mix'd in thee combine the charm of youth, 940
 The force of manhood, and the depth of age.

* Northern. (a) Of the town of *Batavia*, the capital of all the Dutch settlements and colonies in the *East Indies*.

(n) A kind of fishing nets.

(v) *John Duke of Argyle and Greenwich*, a great patriot and orator.

(z) Encircles.

Thee, **FORBES***, too, whom every worth attends,
 As truth sincere, as weeping friendship kind,
 Thee, truly generous, and in silence great,
 Thy country feels thro' her reviving arts, 945
 Plann'd by thy wisdom, by thy soul inform'd;
 And seldom has she known a friend like thee.

BUT see the fading many-colour'd woods,
 Shade deepening over shade, the country round
 Imbrown; a crowded umbrage (a) dusk and dun, 950
 Of every hue, from wan declining green
 To sooty dark. These now the lonesome Muse,
 Low-whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,
 And give the season in its latest view.

MEAN-TIME, light-shadowing all, a sober calm 955
 Fleeces unbounded ether; whose least wave
 Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
 The gentle current: while illumin'd wide,
 The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
 And thro' their lucid veil his softened force 960
 Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,
 For them whom wisdom and whom nature charm,
 To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
 And soar above this little scene of things;
 To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet; 965
 To soothe the throbbing passions into peace;
 And woo lone *Quiet* in her silent walks.

THUS solitary, and in pensive guise (n),
 Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
 And thro' the saddened grove, where scarce is heard 970
 One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil.

* An eminent divine descended from an honorable family in Scotland.

(a) Shadows made by the leaves or branches of trees.

(n) Appearance or dress.

Haply some widowed songster pours his plaint,
 Far, in faint warblings, thro' the tawny copse.
 While congregated * thrushes, linnets, larks,
 And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late 975
 Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,
 Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
 On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock;
 With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
 And nought save chattering discord in their note. 980
 O let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,
 The gun, the music of the coming year
 Destroy; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,
 Lay the weak tribes a miserable prey,
 In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground! 985

THE pale descending year, yet pleasing still,
 A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf
 Incessant rustles from the mournful grove;
 Oft startling such as, studious, walk below,
 And slowly circles thro' the waving air. 990
 But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
 Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams;
 Till choak'd, and matted with the dreary shower,
 The forest-walks at every rising gale,
 Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak. 995
 Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields;
 And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race
 Their funny robes resign. Even what remain'd
 Of stronger fruits falls from the naked tree;
 And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around 1000
 The desolated prospect thrills the soul.

HE comes! he comes! in every breeze the POWER
 OF PHILOSOPHIC MELANCHOLY comes!
 His near approach the sudden-starting tear,

* Assembled.

The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air, 1005
The softened feature, and the beating heart,
Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.
O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes !
Inflames imagination ; thro' the breast
Infuses every tenderness ; and far 1010
Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought.
Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such
As never mingled with the vulgar dream,
Crowd fast into the mind's creative eye.
As fast the correspondent passions rise, 1015
As varied, and as high : Devotion rais'd
To rapture, and divine astonishment ;
The love of nature unconfin'd, and, chief,
Of human race ; the large ambitious wish,
To make them blest ; the sigh for suffering worth 1020
Lost in obscurity ; the noble scorn
Of tyrant-pride ; the fearless great resolve ;
The wonder which the dying patriot draws,
Inspiring glory thro' remotest time ;
Th' awakened throb for virtue, and for fame ; 1025
The sympathies of love, and friendship dear ;
With all the *social off-spring of the heart*.

OH bear me then to vast embowering shades,
To twilight groves, and visionary vales ;
To weeping grottoes, and prophetic glooms ; 1030
Where angel forms athwart the solemn dusk,
Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep along ;
And voices more than human, thro' the void
Deep-sounding, seize th' enthusiastic ear !

OR is this gloom too much ? Then lead, ye pow'rs,
That o'er the garden and the rural seat 1035
Preside, which shining thro' the chearful land
In countless numbers blest BRITANNIA sees ;

O lead me to the wide-extended walks,
 The fair majestic paradise of Stowe * ! 1040
 Not *Persian* Cyrus on *Ionia's* (n) shore
 E'er saw such sylvan scenes ; such various art
 By genius fir'd, such ardent genius tam'd
 By cool judicious art ; that, in the strife,
 All-beauteous nature fears to be outdone. 1045
 And there, O PITT, thy country's early boast,
 There let me sit beneath the sheltered slopes,
 Or in that (a) *Temple* where, in future times,
 Thou well shalt merit a distinguish'd name ;
 And, with thy converse blest, catch the last smiles 1050
 Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods.
 While there with thee th' enchanted round I walk,
 The regulated wild, gay Fancy then
 Will tread in thought the groves of *Attic Land* ;
 Will from thy standard taste refine her own, 1055
 Correct her pencil to the purest truth
 Of Nature, or, the unimpassion'd shades
 Forsaking, raise it to the human mind.
 Or if hereafter she, with juster hand,
 Shall draw the tragic scene, instruct her thou, 1060
 To mark the varied movements of the heart,
 What every decent character requires,
 And every passion speaks : O thro' her strain
 Breathe thy pathetic eloquence ! that moulds
 Th' attentive senate, charms, persuades, exalts, 1065
 Of honest zeal th' indignant lightning throws,
 And shakes corruption on her venal throne.
 While thus we talk, and thro' *Elysian Vales*
 Delighted rove, perhaps a sigh escapes ;

* The seat of the late Lord Viscount Cobham, in Buckinghamshire.
 (n) A province of lesser Asia. (a) The temple of Virtue in Stowe-Gardens.

What pity, COBHAM, thou thy verdant files 1070
 Of ordered trees shouldst here inglorious range,
 Instead of squadrons flaming o'er the field,
 And long embattled hosts! when the proud foe
 The faithless vain disturber of mankind,
 Insulting *Gaul*, has rous'd the world to war; 1075
 When keen, once more, within their bounds to press
 Those polish'd robbers, those ambitious slaves,
 The BRITISH YOUTH would hail thy wise command,
 Thy temper'd ardor and thy veteran skill.

THE western sun withdraws the shortened day; 1080
 And humid evening, gliding o'er the sky,
 In her chill progress, to the ground condens'd
 The vapours throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
 Where marshes stagnate (a), and where rivers wind,
 Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along 1085
 The dusky mantled lawn. Mean while the moon
 Full-orb'd, and breaking thro' the scatter'd clouds,
 Shews her broad visage in the crimson'd east.
 Turn'd to the sun direct, her spotted disk (v),
 Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend, 1090
 And caverns deep, as optic tube (x) descries,
 A smaller earth, gives us his blaze again,
 Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.
 Now thro' the passing cloud she seems to stoop,
 Now up the pure cerulean (z) rides sublime. 1095
 Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild
 O'er the sky'd mountain to the shadowy vale,
 While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam,
 The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
 Of silver radiance, trembling round the world: 1100

* Thickened.

(a) Lie motionless.

(v) Body.

(x) Telescope.

(z) Sky.

BUT when half blotted from the sky her light,
Fainting, permits the starry fires to burn
With keener lustre thro' the depth of heaven ;

Or near extinct her deadened orb appears,
And scarce appears, of sickly beamless white ;

1105

Oft in this season, silent from the north

A blaze of meteors shoots : ensweeping first

The lower skies, they all at once converge *

High to the crown of heaven, and all at once

Relapsing quick, as quickly reascend,

1110

And mix, and thwart, extinguish, and renew,

All ether (a) coursing in a maze of light.

From look to look, contagious thro' the crowd,

The panic (n) runs, and into wondrous shapes

Th' appearance throws : Armies in meet array,

1115

Throng'd with aerial spears, and steeds of fire ;

Till the long lines of full-extended war

In bleeding fight commixt (v), the sanguine flood

Rolls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of heaven.

As thus they scan the visionary scene,

1120

On all sides swells the superstitious din,

Incontinent (x) ; and busy frenzy talks

Of blood and battle ; cities overturn'd,

And late at night in swallowing earthquake sunk,

Or hideous wrapt in fierce ascending flame ;

1125

Of fallow famine, inundation, storm ;

Of pestilence, and every great distress ;

Empires subvers'd (z), when ruling fate has struck

Th' unalterable hour : even Nature's self

Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time.

1130

Not so the Man of philosophick eye,

* Dart upwards.

(a) The sky.

(n) Foreboding fear.

(v) Mixt together.

(x) Without delay.

(z) Overturned.

And inspect *sage**; the waving brightness he
Curious surveys, inquisitive to know
The causes, and materials, yet unfix'd,
Of this appearance beautiful and new.

Now black, and deep, the night begins to fall;
A shade immense. Sunk in the quenching gloom,
Magnificent and vast, are heaven and earth.

Order confounded lies; all beauty void;
Distinction lost; and gay variety.

One universal blot: such the fair power
Of light, to kindle and create the whole.

Drear is the state of the benighted wretch,
Who then, bewilder'd, wanders thro' the dark,
Full of pale fancies, and chimeras huge;

Nor vis'd by one directive ray,
From cottage streaming, or from airy hall.

Perhaps impatient as he stumbles on,
Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue,

The wild-fire scatters round, or gathered trails
A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss:

Whither decoy'd by the fantastic blaze,
Now lost and now renew'd, he sinks absorpt (v),

Rider and horse amid the miry gulph:
While still, from day to day, his pining wife,

And plaintive children his return await,
In wild conjecture lost. At other times,

Sent by the *better Genius* of the night,
Innoxious (a), gleaming on the horse's mane,

The meteor fits; and shews the narrow path,
That winding leads thro' pits of death, or else

Instructs him how to take the dangerous ford (n).

* Wise discernment: (v) Swallowed up.

(a) Harmless: (n) Stream or current.

THE lengthened night elaps'd *, the morning shines
 Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,
 Unfolding fair the last autumnal day. 1165
 And now the mounting sun dispels the fog;
 The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam;
 And hung on every spray, on every blade
 Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.

AH see where robb'd, and murder'd, in that pit 1170
 Lies the still heaving hive! at evening snatch'd,
 Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,
 And fix'd o'er sulphur: while, not dreaming ill,
 The happy people, in their waxen cells,
 Sat tending public cares, and planning schemes 1175
 Of temperance, for Winter poor; rejoiced
 To mark, full flowing round, their copious stores.
 Sudden the dark oppressive steam ascends;
 And, us'd to milder scents, the tender race,
 By thousands, tumble from their honeyed domes, 1180
 Convolv'd (a), and agonizing in the dust.
 And was it then for this you roam'd the Spring,
 Intent from flower to flower? for this you toil'd
 Ceaseless the burning Summer-heats away?
 For this in Autumn search'd the blooming waste, 1185
 Nor lost one sunny gleam? for this sad fate?
 O Man! tyrannic lord! how long, how long,
 Shall prostrate Nature groan beneath your rage,
 Awaiting renovation (x)? When obliged,
 Must you destroy? Of their ambrosial food 1190
 Can you not borrow; and, in just return,
 Afford them shelter from the wintry winds;
 Or, as the sharp year pinches, with their own
 Again regale them on some smiling day?

* Past away. (a) In clusters. (x) To be renewed.

See where the stony bottom of their town,
 Looks desolate, and wild; and here and there
 A helpless number, who the ruin'd state
 Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death.
 Thus a proud city, populous and rich,
 Full of the works of peace, and high in joy,
 At theatre or feast, or sunk in sleep,
 (As late *Palermo* *, was thy fate) is seiz'd
 By some dread earthquake, and convulsive (n) hurl'd
 Sheer (x) from the black foundation, stench invol'd,
 Into a gulph of blue sulphurous flame. 1195

HENCE every harsher sight! for now the day,
 O'er Heaven and earth diffus'd, grows warm and high,
 Infinite splendor! wide investing all.
 How still the breeze! save what the filmy (v) threads
 Of dew evaporate (a) brushes from the plain. 1210
 How clear the cloudless sky! how deeply ting'd
 With a peculiar blue! the ethereal arch
 How swell'd immense! amid whose azure thron'd
 The radiant sun how gay! how calm below
 The gilded earth! the harvest treasures all 1215
 Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,
 Sure to the swain; the circling fence shut up;
 And instant winter's utmost rage defy'd.
 While, loose to festive joy, the country round
 Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth, 1220
 Shook to the wind their cares. The toil-strung youth
 By the quick sense of music taught alone,
 Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.
 Her every charm abroad, the village toast,

* A populous city of Sicily, often damaged by earthquakes.

(n) Shaking.

(x) Clear.

(v) Fine as a membrane.

(a) Melted, or exhaled.

Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich, 1225
 Darts not unmeaning looks; and, where her eye
 Points an approving smile, with double force,
 The cudgel rattles, and the wrestler twines.
 Age too shines out; and, garrulous*, recounts
 The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice; nor think
 That, with to-morrow's sun, their annual toil 1231
 Begins again the never-ceasing round.

Oh knew he but his happiness, of Men
 The happiest he! who far from public rage,
 Deep in the vale, with a choice Few retir'd, 1235
 Drinks the pure pleasures of the RURAL LIFE.
 What tho' the dome be wanting, whose proud gate,
 Each morning, vomits out the sneaking crowd
 Of flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd!
 Vile intercourse! What tho' the glittering robe, 1240
 Of every hue reflected light can give,
 Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,
 The pride and gaze of fools! oppress him not?
 What tho', from utmost land and sea purvey'd,
 For him each rarer tributary life 1245
 Bleeds not, and his insatiate (z) table heaps
 With luxury, and death? What tho' his bowl
 Flames not with costly juice; nor sunk in beds,
 Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,
 Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state? 1250
 What tho' he knows not those fantastic joys,
 That still amuse the wanton, still deceive;
 A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain;
 Their hollow moments undelighted all?
 Sure peace is his; a solid life, estrang'd 1255

* Talkative.

(z) Never satisfied.

To disappointment, and fallacious * hope :
 Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
 In herbs and fruits ; whatever greens the *Spring*,
 When Heaven descends in showers ; or bends the bough
 When *Summer* reddens, and when *Autumn* beams ; 1260
 Or in the *wintry* glebe whatever lies
 Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap :
 These are not wanting ; nor the milky drove,
 Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale ;
 Nor bleating mountains ; nor the chide of streams, 1265
 And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
 Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
 Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay ;
 Nor ought besides of prospect, grove, or song,
 Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountains clear. 1270
 Here too dwells simple truth ; plain innocence ;
 Unfullied beauty ; sound unbroken youth,
 Patient of labour, with a *little* pleas'd ;
 Health ever blooming ; unambitious toil ;
 Calm contemplation, and poetic ease. 1275

LET others brave the flood in quest of gain,
 And beat, for joyless months, the gloomy wave.
 Let such as deem it glory to destroy,
 Rush into blood, the sack (v) of cities seek ;
 Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail, 1280
 The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry.
 Let some, far distant from their native soil,
 Urg'd or by want or harden'd avarice,
 Find other lands beneath another sun.
 Let *this* thro' cities work his eager way, 1285
 By legal outrage and establish'd guile,

* Deceitful.

(v) Plunder.

The social sense extinct *: and *that* ferment
 Mad into tumult the seditious herd,
 Or melt them down to slavery. Let *these*
 Inspare the wretched in the toils of law, 1290
 Fomenting (a) discord, and perplexing right,
 An *iron* race! and *these* of fairer front,
 But equal inhumanity, in courts,
 Delusive pomp, and dark cabals (n), delight;
 Wreath the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile, 1295
 And tread the weary labyrinth of state.
 While *he*, from all the stormy passions free
 That restless Men involve, hears, and *but* hears,
 At distance safe, the human tempest roar,
 Wrapt close in conscious peace. The fall of kings, 1300
 The rage of nations, and the crush of states,
 Move not the Man, who, from the world escap'd,
 In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,
 To Nature's voice attends, from month to month,
 And day to day, thro' the revolving year; 1305
 Admiring, sees her in her every shape;
 Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart;
 Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.
 He, when young Spring protrudes || the bursting gems,
 Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale 1310
 Into his freshen'd soul; her genial hours
 He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows,
 And not an opening blossom breathes in vain.
 In Summer he, beneath the living shade,
 Such as o'er frigid *Tempe* (v) wont to wave, 1315
 Or *Hemus* cool (x), reads what the muse, of these

* Dead. (a) Raising. (n) Designs. || Pushes forwards.
 (v) Fields at the foot of mount *Hemus*, (x) in *Thessaly*.

B. III. A U T U M N. 145

Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung;
 Or what she dictates writes: and oft, an eye
 Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.
 When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world, 1320
 And tempts the sickled swain into the field,
 Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart distends
 With gentle throws; and thro' the tepid* gleams
 Deep musing, then he *best* exerts his song.
 Even Winter wild to him is full of bliss. 1325
 The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,
 Abrupt, and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,
 Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,
 Disclos'd, and kindled, by refining frost,
 Pour every lustre on th' exalted eye. 1330

A friend, a book the stealing hours secure,
 And mark them down for wisdom. With swift
 O'er land and sea imagination roams; [wing,
 Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
 Elates† his being, and unfolds his powers; 1335
 Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.
 The touch of kindred too and love he feels;
 The modest eye, whose beams on his alone
 Extatic shine; the little strong embrace
 Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck, 1340
 And emulous to please him, calling forth
 The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,
 Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns;
 For happiness and true philosophy
 Are of the social still, and smiling kind. 1345

This is the life which those who fret in guilt,
 And guilty cities, never knew; the life,

* Warm.

† Raises.

Led by primeval ages(*a*), uncorrupt,
 When angels dwelt, and GOD himself, with Man!
 OH NATURE! all-sufficient! over all! 1350
 Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works!
 Snatch me to heaven; thy rolling wonders there,
 World beyond world, in infinite extent,
 Profusely scattered o'er the blue immense,
 Shew me; their motions, periods, and their laws,
 Give me to scan; thro' the disclosing deep 1356
 Light my blind way; the mineral *strata*(*b*) there;
 Thrust, blooming, thence, the vegetable world;
 O'er that the rising system, more complex(*c*),
 Of animals; and higher still, the mind, 1360
 The varied scene of quick compounded thought,
 And where the mixing passions endless shift;
 These ever open to my ravish'd eye;
 A search, the flight of time can ne'er exhaust!
 But if to that unequal; if the blood, 1365
 In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid
 That *best* ambition; under closing shades,
 Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
 And whisper to my dreams. From THEE begin,
 Dwell all on THEE, with THEE conclude my song;
 And let me never *never* stray from THEE! 1371

(*a*) Former times.

(*b*) Beds of ore.

(*c*) United together, and not so easily understood,



W I N T E R.

*As length forsaken by the solar rays,
See drooping nature sickens and decays,
While Winter all his snowy stores displays.*

PHILLIPS.

SEE, WINTER comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train;
Vapours, and Clouds, and Storms. Be these my theme,
These! that exalt the soul to solemn thought;
And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms!
Congenial(a) horrors, hail! with frequent foot, 't
Pleas'd have I, in my chearful morn of life,
When nurs'd by careless solitude I liv'd;
And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,
Pleas'd have I wander'd thro' your rough domain(b);
Trod the pure virgin-snows, myself as pure;
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst;
Or seen the deep fermenting tempest brew'd(c),
In the grim evening sky. Thus pass'd the time,
Till thro' the lucid(d) chambers of the south
Look'd out the joyous Spring, look'd out, and smil'd.
To thee, the patron of *her* first essay,
The Muse, O WILMINGTON! renews her song,
Since has she rounded the revolving year:
Skim'd the gay Spring; on eagle-pinions borne, 20

(a) Of the same nature.

(b) Kingdom.

(c) Prepared.

(d) Bright, shining.

Attempted through the *Summer*-blaze to rise;
 Then swept o'er *Autumn* with the shadowy gale;
 And now among the *wintry* clouds again,
 Roll'd in the doubling storm, she tries to soar;
 To swell her note with all the rushing winds; 25
 To suit her sounding cadence to the floods;
 As is her theme, her numbers wildly great:
 Thrice happy! could she fill thy judging ear
 With bold description, and with manly thought.
 Nor art thou skill'd in awful schemes alone, 30
 And how to make a mighty people thrive:
 But equal goodness, sound integrity,
 A firm unshaken uncorrupted soul
 Amid a sliding age, and burning strong,
 Not vainly blazing for thy country's weal(a), 35
 A steady spirit regularly free;
 These, each exalting each, the statesman light
 Into the patriot; these, the public hope
 And eye to thee converting(b), bid the Muse
 Record what envy dares not flattery call. 40

Now when the cheerless empire of the sky
 To *Capricorn*(c) the *Centaur Archer* yields,
 And fierce *Aquarius*(c), stains th' inverted year;
 Hung o'er the farthest verge of heaven, the sun
 Scarce spreads thro' ether the dejected day. 45
 Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot
 His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,
 Thro' the thick air; as cloath'd in cloudy storm,
 Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky;
 And, soon-descending, to the long dark night, 50

(a) Welfare.

(b) Turning.

(c) Signs of the zodiac, into which the sun enters in the Winter quarter.

Wide shading all; the prostrate world resigns.
 Nor is the night unwish'd; while vital heat,
 Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forsake.
 Mean-time, in sable cincture(a), shadows vast,
 Deep-ting'd and damp, and congregated(b) clouds,
 And all the vapoury turbulence of heaven, 56
 Involve(c) the face of things. Thus Winter falls,
 A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,
 Thro' Nature shedding influence malign(d),
 And rouses up the seeds of dark disease. 60
 The soul of Man dies in him, loathing life,
 And black with more than melancholy views.
 The cattle droop; and o'er the furrowed land,
 Fresh from the plough, the dun discoloured flocks,
 Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root. 65
 Along the woods, along the moorish(e) fens,
 Sighs the sad *Genius* of the coming storm;
 And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,
 And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling brook
 And cave, presageful(f), send a hollow moan, 70
 Resounding long in listening Fancy's ear.

THEN comes the father of the tempest forth,
 Wrapt in black glooms. First joyless rains obscure(g)
 Drive thro' the mingling skies with vapour foul;
 Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods,
 That grumbling wave below. The unsightly plain
 Lies a brown deluge; as the low-bent clouds 77
 Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still
 Combine, and deepening into night shut up

(a) Here used for dark and dismal robes.

(b) Collected together.

(c) Wrap up or cover over.

(d) Hurtful.

(e) Watry.

(f) Foretelling, foreboding.

(g) Gloomy.

The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven's, 80
 Each to his home, retire; save those that love
 To take their pastime in the troubled air,
 Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.
 The cattle from th' untasted fields return,
 And ask, with meaning lowe, their wonted stalls,
 Or ruminat* in the contiguous† shade. 86

Thither the household feathery people crowd,
 The crested cock, with all his female train,
 Pensive, and dripping; while the cottage-hind
 Hangs o'er th' enlivening blaze, and taleful there
 Recounts his simple frolic: much he talks, 91
 And much he laughs, nor reckst† the storm that blows
 Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

WIDE o'er the brim, with many a torrent swell'd,
 And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erspread, 95
 At last the rous'd up river pours along:
 Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
 From the rude mountain, and the mossy wild,
 Tumbling thro' rocks abrupt, and sounding far;
 Then o'er the sandy valley floating spreads, 100
 Calm, sluggish, silent; till again, constrain'd
 Between two meeting hills, it bursts away,
 Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream;
 There gathering triple force, rapid, and deep, 104
 It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through.

NATURE! great parent! whose unceasing hand
 Rolls round the Seasons of the changeful year,
 How mighty, how majestic, are thy works!
 With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul!
 That sees astonish'd! and astonish'd sings! 110

‡ Birds.

* Chew the cud.

† Minda.

‡ Adjoining.

Ye too, ye winds! that now begin to blow,
 With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.
 Where are your stores, ye powerful beings! say,
 Where your ærial magazines reserv'd,
 To swell the brooding terrors of the storm? 115
 In what far-distant region of the sky,
 Hush'd in deep silence, sleep ye when 'tis calm?

WHEN from the pallid* sky the sun descends,
 With many a spot, that o'er his glaring orb
 Uncertain wanders, stain'd; red fiery streaks 120
 Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds
 Stagger with dizzy poize, as doubting yet
 Which master to obey: while rising slow,
 Blank, in the leaden-coloured east, the moon
 Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns. 125
 Seen thro' the turbid fluctuating air,
 The stars obtuse† emit a shivered ray;
 Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the gloom,
 And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.
 Snatch'd in short eddies, plays the wither'd leaf;
 And on the flood the dancing feather floats. 131
 With broadened nostrils to the sky up-turn'd,
 The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale.
 Even as the matron, at her nightly task,
 With pensive labour draws the flaxen thread‡, 135
 The wasted taper and the crackling flame
 Foretel the blast. But chief the plummy race,
 The tenants of the sky, its changes speak.
 Retiring from the downs, where all day long
 They pick'd their scanty fare, a blackening train 140
 Of clamorous rooks thick urge their weary flight,

* Pale.

† Appearing dull or blunted.

‡ Send forth.

§ Spinning.

And seek the closing shelter of the grove;
 Assiduous, in his bower, the wailing owl
 Plies his sad song. The cormorant on high 144
 Wheels from the deep, and screams along the land.
 Loud shrieks the soaring hern; and with wild wing
 The circling sea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds.
 Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken tide
 And blind commotion heaves; while from the shore,
 Eat into caverns by the restless wave, 150
 And forest-rustling mountains, comes a voice,
 That solemn sounding bids the world prepare.
 Then issues forth the storm with sudden burst
 And hurls the whole precipitated air,
 Down, in a torrent. On the passive main 155
 Descends th' ethereal force, and with strong gust
 Turns from its bottom the discoloured deep.

Thro' the black night that sits immense around,
 Lash'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine
 Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn: 160
 Mean-time the mountain billows, to the clouds
 In dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above surge,
 Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,
 And anchor'd navies* from their stations drive,
 Wild as the winds across the howling waste 165
 Of mighty waters: now th' inflated† wave
 Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot
 Into the secret chambers of the deep,
 The wintry *Baltic*‡ thundering o'er their head.
 Emerging thence again, before the breath 170
 Of full-exerted heaven they wing their course,

* Fleets of ships.

† Swelled with wind.

‡ A great gulph or sea between Germany and Poland, remarkable for not ebbing and flowing, and being generally frozen over three or four months in the winter.

B. IV. W I N T E R. 153

And dart on distant coasts; if some sharp rock,
Or shoal insidious* break not their career,
And in loose fragments fling them floating round.

NOR less at land the loosened tempest reigns. 175

The mountain thunders; and its sturdy sons
Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.

Lone on the midnight steep, and all aghast,
The dark way-faring stranger breathless toils,
And, often falling, climbs against the blast. 180

Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and sheds
What of its tarnish'd honours yet remain;

Dash'd down, and scattered, by the tearing wind's
Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.

Thus struggling thro' the dissipated grove, 185

The whirling tempest raves along the plain;

And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof,

Keen-fastening, shakes them to the solid base.

Sleep frightened flies; and round the rocking dome,
For entrance eager, howls the savage blast. 190

Then too, they say, thro' all the burthen'd air,

Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant sighs,

That, uttered by the Demon of the night,

Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.

HUGE uproar loud† it wide. The clouds com-
mix'd‡ 195

With stars swift gliding sweep along the sky,

All nature reels. Till Nature's KING§, who oft

Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,

And on the wings of the careering wind||

Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm; 200

* Treacherous sands because unseen. † Spreads far and near.

‡ Gathered together. § The great Creator.

|| Winds that blow usually before a storm.

Then

Then strait air, sea, and earth are hush'd at once.

As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,
Slow-meeting, mingle into solid gloom.

Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,

Let me associate with the serious *Night*, 205

And *Contemplation* her sedate compeer* ;

Let me shake off th' intrusive cares of day,

And lay the meddling senses all aside.

WHERE now ye lying vanities of life!

Ye ever-tempting ever-cheating train! 210

Where are you now ? and what is your amount ?

Vexation; disappointment, and remorse.

Sad, sickening thought ! and yet deluded Man,

A scene of crude disjointed visions past,

And broken slumbers, rises still resolv'd, 215

With new-flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round,

FATHER of light and life ! thou GOOD SUPREME !

O teach me what is good ! teach me THYSELF !

Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,

From every low pursuit ! and feed my soul 220

With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure !

Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss !

THE keener tempests rise : and fuming dun

From all the livid east, or piercing north,

Thick clouds ascend ; in whose capacious womb 225

A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.

Heavy they roll their fleecy world along ;

And the sky saddens with the gathered storm.

Thro' the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,

At first thin wavering ; till at last the flakes 230

Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day,

With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields

* A companion.

Put on their winter-robe of purest white.
 'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow melts
 Along the mazy current. Low, the woods 235
 Bow their hoar head; and, ere the languid sun
 Faint from the west emits* his evening ray,
 Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
 Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide 239
 The works of Man. Drooping, the labourer-ox
 Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
 The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
 Tam'd by the cruel season, crowd around
 The winnowing store, and claim the little boon†
 Which PROVIDENCE assigns them. One alone, 245
 The red-breast, sacred to the household-gods,
 Wisely regardful of th' embroiling‡ sky,
 In joyless fields, and thorny thickets, leaves
 His shivering mates, and pays to trusted Man
 His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first 250
 Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
 On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,
 Eyes all the smiling family askance,
 And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is:
 Till more familiar grown, the table crumbs 255
 Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
 Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
 Tho' timorous of heart, and hard beset
 By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,
 And more un pitying Men, the garden seeks, 260
 Urg'd on by fearless want. The bleating kind
 Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,
 With looks of dumb despair; then, sad dispers'd,

* Sends forth.

† Gift of provision.

‡ Stormy.

Dig for the withered herb thro' heaps of snow.

Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind,
Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens 266

With food at will; lodge them below the storm,
And watch them strict: for from the bellowing east,
In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
Sweeps up the burden of whole wintry plains 270

At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,
Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
The billowy tempests whelms*; till, upward urg'd,
The valley to a shining mountain swells,
Tipt with a wreath high curling in the sky. 275

As thus the snows arise; and foul, and fierce,
All Winter drives along the darkened air;
In his own loose revolving fields, the swain
Disaster'd stands; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow; and other scenes, 280
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain;
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray;
Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps, 285
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of
home

Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!
What black despair, what horror fills his heart!
When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd, 290
His tufted† cottage rising thro' the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track, and blest abode of Man;

* Here used for rages.

† Thatch'd.

B. IV. W I N T E R. 157

While round him night resistless closes fast,
 And every tempest, howling o'er his head, 295
 Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
 Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
 Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
 A dire descent! beyond the power of frost;
 Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge, 300
 Smooth'd up with snow; and, what is land, unknown,
 What water of the still unfrozen spring,
 In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
 Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
 These check his fearful steps; and down he sinks
 Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift, §
 Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
 Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots
 Thro' the wrung bosom of the dying Man,
 His wife, his children, and his friends unseen. 310

In vain for him the officious wife prepares
 The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;
 In vain his little children, peeping out
 Into the mingling storm, demand their fire,
 With tears of artless innocence. Alas! 315
 Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
 Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
 The deadly Winter seizes; shuts up sense;
 And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
 Lays him along the snows, a stiffened corse, 320
 Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

* Ah little think the gay licentious proud,
 Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;

§ Driven snow.

* Would to God, the following humane and benevolent reflections
 were suitably impress on the minds and hearts of those to whom
 they refer.

M

They

They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
 And wanton, often *cruel*, riot waste; 325
 Ah little think they, while they dance along,
 How many feel, this very moment, *death*
 And all the sad variety of *pain*.
 How many sink in the devouring *flood*,
 Or more devouring *flame*. How many bleed, 330
 By shameful variance betwixt Man and Man.
 How many pine in want, and dungeon-glooms;
 Shut from the common air, and common use
 Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
 Of baleful *grief*, or eat the bitter bread 335
 Of *miser*. Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
 How many shrink into the sordid hat
 Of cheerless poverty. How many shake
 With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
 Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse; 340
 Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
 They furnish matter for the *tragic* Muse.

Even in the vale, where wisdom loves to dwell,
 With friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd,
 How many, rack'd with *honest* passions, droop 345
 In deep *retir'd* distress. How many stand
 Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
 And point the parting anguish. Thought fond Man
 Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,
 That one incessant struggle render life 350
 One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate;
 Vice in his high career would stand appall'd*,
 And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think;
 The conscious heart of Charity would warm,
 And her wide wish Benevolence dilate†; 355

* Astonished.

† Overspread.

B. IV. W I N T E R.

The social tear would rise, the social sigh;
And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
Refining still, the social passions work.

AND here can I forget the generous† band, 359
Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive‡ search'd
Into the horrors of the gloomy jail?

Unpitied, and unheard, where misery moans;
Where sickness pines; where thirst and hunger burn,
And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice.

While in the land of liberty, the land 365

Whose every street and public meeting glow

With open freedom, little tyrants rag'd;

Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starving mouth;

Tore from cold wintry limbs the tatter'd weed;

Even robb'd them of the last of comforts, *sleep*; 370

The free-born BRITON to the dungeon chain'd,

Or, as the lust of cruelty prevail'd,

At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes;

And crush'd out lives, by secret barbarous ways,

That for their country would have toil'd, or bled.

O great design! if executed well, 376

With patient care, and wisdom-temper'd zeal.

Ye sons of mercy! yet resume the search;

Drag forth the legal monsters into light,

Wrench from their hands oppression's iron rod, 380

And bid the cruel, feel the pains they give.

Much still untouch'd remains; in this rank age,

Much is the patriot's weeding hand requir'd.

The toils of law, (what dark insidious* Men

Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth, 385

And lengthen simple justice into trade)

† The Jail Committee in the Year 1729.

‡ Wishing to relieve.

* Designing.

How glorious were the day that saw these broke,
And every Man within the reach of right.

By wintry famine rous'd, from all the tract
Of horrid mountains which the shining *Alps*, 390
And wavy *Appenine*, and *Pyrenees**,
Branch out stupendous into distant lands;
Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave!
Burning for blood! bony, and ghaut†, and grim!
Assembling wolves in raging troops descend; 395
And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
Keen as the north wind sweeps the glossy snow.
All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,
Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.
Nor can the bull his awful front defend, 400
Or shake the murdering savages away.

Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
And tear the screaming infant from her breast.
The godlike face of man avails him nought.
Even beauty, force divine! at whose bright glance
The generous lion stands in softened gaze, 405
Here bleeds, a hapless undistinguish'd prey.
But if, appriz'd of the severe attack,
The country be shut up, lur'd by the scent,
On church-yards drear§ (inhuman to relate!) 410
The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig
The shrouded body from the grave; o'er which,
Mix'd with foul shades, and frighted ghosts, they howl.

Among these hilly regions, where embrac'd
In peaceful vales the happy *Grisons*† dwell: 415
Oft, rushing sudden from the loaded cliffs,

* Mountains which divide France from Spain.

§ Gloomy.

† Strong made.

‡ A people in Italy, inhabiting the Alps.

Mountains of snow their gathering terrors roll.
 From steep to steep, loud thundering down they come,
 A wintry waste in dire commotion all;
 And herds, and flocks, and travellers, and swains, 420
 And sometimes whole brigades* of marching troops,
 Or hamlets sleeping in the dead of night,
 Are deep beneath the smothering ruin whelm'd.

Now, all amid the rigours of the year,
 In the wild depth of Winter, while without 425
 The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat,
 Between the groaning forest and the shore
 Beat by the boundless multitude of waves,
 A rural, shelter'd, solitary scene;
 Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join, 430
 To cheer the gloom. There studious let me sit,
 And hold high converse with the MIGHTY DEAD;
 Sages of ancient time, as gods rever'd,
 As gods beneficent, who blest mankind
 With arts, with arms, and humaniz'd† a world. 435
 Rous'd at th' inspiring thought, I throw aside
 The long-liv'd volume; and, deep musing, hail
 The sacred shades, that slowly-rising pass
 Before my wondering eyes. First SOCRATES, (a)
 Who, firmly good in a corrupted state, 440
 Against the rage of tyrants single stood,
 Invincible! calm Reason's holy law,
 That Voice of GOD within th' attentive mind,
 Obeying, fearless, or in life, or death:
 Great moral teacher! *Wiseſt of Mankind!*

* A body of men. † Softened with tenderness and humanity.

(a) An Athenian philosopher, chiefly studious in ethics and moral philosophy, and the wisest man living in his time.

SOLON the next, who built his common-wealth
 On equity's wide base; by *tender laws*
 A lively people curbing, yet undamp'd
 Preserving still that quick peculiar fire,
 Whence in a laurel'd field of finer arts, 450
 And of bold freedom, they unequal'd shone,
 The pride of smiling GREECE, and human-kind.
 LYCURGUS(a) then, who bow'd beneath the force
 Of strictest discipline, (*severely wise*),
 All human passions. Following him, I see, 455
 As at *Thermopylae* he glorious fell,
 The firm DEVOTED CHIEF†, who prov'd by deeds
 The hardest lesson which the *other* taught.
 Then ARISTIDES(b) lifts his honest front;
 Spotless of heart, to whom th' unflattering voice 460
 Of freedom gave the noblest name of *Just*;
 In pure majestic poverty rever'd;
 Who, even his glory to his country's weal
 Submitting, swell'd a haughty *Rival's** fame.
 Rear'd by his care, of softer ray appears 465
 CIMON(c) sweet-soul'd; whose genius, rising strong,

† Welfare of mankind.

§ Foundation.

(a) An Athenian orator, who studied philosophy under Plato, and afterwards betook himself to oratory: he was a severe judge, weighed causes equitably, and distributed justice to every one, never deviating from right.

† Leonidas, a king of Sparta.

(b) An Athenian, who was banished for ten years, by means of Themistocles, who envied his merit.

* Themistocles, an Athenian captain.

(c) An Athenian commander, who completely understood the politic and military affairs of Athens, and was famous for his charity to the poor, whom he would cloathe, and give them his cloak rather than nothing: he submitted to imprisonment to redeem his father's corps.

Shook

Shook off the load of young debauch; abroad
 The scourge of *Persian* pride, at home the friend
 Of every worth and every splendid art;
 Modest, and simple, in the pomp of wealth. 470

Then the last worthies of declining GREECE,
 Late call'd to glory, in *unequal* times,
 Pensive, appear; the fair *Corinthian* boast,
 TIMOLEON(a), happy temper! mild, and firm,
 Who wept the *Brother* while the *Tyrant* bled. 475
 And, equal to the best, the THEBAN PAIR(b),
 Whose virtues, in *heroic Concord* join'd,
 Their country rais'd to freedom, empire, fame.
 He too, with whom *Athenian* honour sunk,
 And left a mass of sordid lees behind, 480
 PHOCION(c) the Good; in public life severe,
 To virtue still inexorably(d) firm;
 But when, beneath his low illustrious roof;
 Sweet peace and happy wisdom smooth'd his brow,
 Nor friendship softer was, nor love more kind. 485
 And he, the last of old LYGURUS'(e) sons,
 The generous victim to that vain attempt,
 To save a rotten State, AGIS(f), who saw
 Even SPARTA's self to servile avarice sunk.
 The two *Achaian* heroes close the train. 490

(a) A famous Corinthian captain, who, when his brother had designed to usurp the sovereignty, was willing that Satynis should put him to death.

(b) Pelopidas and Epaminondas.

(c) An Athenian general and great orator, whose innocence and virtue, made his poverty honourable.

(d) Unchangeably.

(e) A famous Lacedaemonian legislator.

(f) A king of Sparta, who lost his life in a battle with Alexander the Great.

ARATUS(a), who awhile relum'd(b) the soul
Of fondly lingering liberty in GREECE:
And he her darling as her latest hope,
The gallant PHILOPOEMEN(c); who to arms
Turn'd the luxurious pomp he could not cure; 495
Or toiling in his farm, a simple swain;
Or, bold and skilful, thundering in the field.

Of rougher front, a mighty people come!
A race of heroes! in those virtuous times
Which knew no stain, save that with partial flame
Their dearest country they too fondly lov'd: 505
Her better Founder first, the light of ROME,
NUMA(d), who softened her rapacious sons:
SERVIUS(e) the King, who laid the solid base
On which o'er earth the vast republic spread. 505
Then the great consuls venerable rise,
The PUBLIC FATHER(f) who the Private quell'd,
As on the dread tribunal sternly sad.
He, whom his thankless country could not lose,
CAMILLUS(g), only vengeful to her foes. 510
FABRICIUS(h), scorner of all-conquering gold;

(a) A general of the Achæans, who conquered Nicocles, the tyrant of Sicyon, and united that city to the common-wealth of the Achæans.

(b) Kept alive or rekindled.

(c) A brave and learned man, who gave signal proofs of his courage against Cleomenes, of Sparta, (who surprized his country) and killed Mechanidas, a tyrant of Lacedæmon.

(d) The second king of the Romans, who instituted many sacred ceremonies; built a temple to *Vesta*, and appointed virgins to preserve the holy fire, who were ever after known by the title of Vestal Virgins.

(e) The sixth king of the Romans.

(f) Marcus Junius Brutus.

(g) A Roman dictator.

(h) A Roman consul, who slighted the promises of king Pyrrhus, who offered to corrupt him.

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And CINCINNATUS(a), awful from the plough,
 Thy WILLING VICTIM(b), *Carthage*, bursting loose
 From all that pleading Nature could oppose,
 From a whole city's tears, by rigid faith
 Imperious call'd, and honour's dire command.
 SCIPIO(c), the gentle chief, humanely brave,
 Who soon the race of spotless glory ran,
 And, warm in youth, to the *Poetic shade*
 With *Friendship* and *Philosophy* retir'd.
 TULLY(d), whose powerful eloquence a while
 Restrain'd the rapid fate of rushing *ROME*.
 Unconquer'd CATO, virtuous in extreme.
 And thou, unhappy BRUTUS(e), kind of heart,
 Whose steady arm, by awful virtue urg'd,
 Lifted the Roman steel against thy *Friend*.
 Thousands besides the tribute of a verse
 Demand; but who can count the stars of heaven
 Who sing their influence on this lower world?

BEHOLD, who yonder comes! in sober state,
 Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal sun
 'Tis *Phæbus*' self, or else the *Mantuan Swain*(f)!
 Great HOMER(g) too appears, of daring wing,
 Parent of song! and equal by his side,
 The BRITISH MUSE; join'd hand in hand they walk,
 Darkling(h), full up the middle steep to fame.

-
- (a) A Roman dictator, see Book II. Page 90. (b) Regulus.
 (c) He rescued, at seventeen years of age, his father, at the defeat of Tefin; at twenty-four he conquered Spain, and beat Hannibal at the fight of Zama; and soon after retired to spend his life in study, and the company of men of letters.
 (d) A Roman orator.
 (e) Marcus Junius Brutus, one of the murderers of Julius Cæsar.
 (f) Virgil, a Latin poet. (g) A Greek poet.
 (h) Concealed from sight.

Nor absent are those shades, whose skilful touch
 Pathetic drew th' impassion'd heart, and charm'd
 Transported *Athens* with the MORAL SCENE:

Nor those who, tuneful, wak'd th' enchanting LYRE.

FIRST of your kind! society divine! 541

Still visit thus my nights, for you reserv'd,

And mount my soaring soul to thoughts like yours.

Silence, thou lonely power! the door be thine;

See on the hallow'd* hour that none intrude, 545

Save a few chosen friends, who sometimes deign

To bless my humble roof, with sense refin'd,

Learning digested well, exalted faith,

Unstudy'd wit, and humour ever gay.

Or from the Muses' hill will POPE descend, 550

To raise the sacred hour, to bid it smile,

And with the social spirit warm the heart:

For tho' not sweeter his own HOMER sings,

Yet is his life the more endearing song. [pride,

WHERE art thou, HAMMOND? thou the darling

The friend and lover of the tuneful throng! 556

Ah why, dear youth, in all the blooming prime

Of vernal† genius, where disclosing fast

Each active worth, each manly virtue lay,

Why wert thou ravish'd from our hope so soon? 560

What now avails that noble thirst of fame,

Which stung thy fervent breast? that treasur'd store

Of knowledge early gain'd? that eager zeal

To serve thy country, glowing in the band

Of YOUTHFUL PATRIOTS, who sustain her name?

What now, alas! that life diffusing charm 566

Of sprightly wit? that rapture for the Muse,

* Sacred to retirement. † Youthful.

That heart of friendship, and that soul of joy,
Which bade with softest light thy virtues smile?
Ah! only shew'd, to check our fond pursuits, 570
And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain

THUS in some deep retirement would I pass
The Winter-glooms, with friends of pliant† soul,
Or blithe, or solemn, as the theme inspir'd:
With them would search, if Nature's boundless frame
Was call'd, late rising from the void of night, 576
Or sprung *eternal* from th' ETERNAL MIND;
Its life, its laws, its progress, and its end.
Hence larger prospects of the beauteous whole
Would, gradual, open on our opening minds; 580
And each diffusive harmony unite
In full perfection to th' astonish'd eye.

Then would we try to scan the *moral World*,
Which, tho' to us it seems embroil'd‡, moves on
In higher order; fitted, and impell'd, 585
By WISDOM's finest hand, and issuing all
In *general Good*. The sage historic Muse
Should next conduct us thro' the deeps of time:
Shew us how empire grew, declin'd, and fell;
In scatter'd states; what makes the nations smile, 590
Improves their soil, and gives them double suns;
And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,
In Nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd,
Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale§
That portion of divinity, that ray 595
Of purest heaven, which lights the public soul
Of patriots, and of heroes. But if doom'd,

† Here used for, easily yielding.

‡ Disordered.

§ Take in or imbibe.

In powerless humble fortune, to repress
 These ardent risings of the kindling soul;
 Then, e'en superior to ambition, we 600
 Would learn the *private* virtues; how to glide
 Thro' shades and plains, along the smoothest stream
 Of rural life: or snatch'd away by hope,
 Thro' the dim spaces of futurity,
 With earnest eye anticipate those scenes 605
 Of happiness, and wonder; where the mind,
 In endless growth and infinite ascent,
 Rises from state to state, and world to world.
 But when with these the serious thought is foil'd,
 We, shifting for relief, would play the shapes 610
 Of frolic fancy: and incessant form
 Those rapid pictures, that assembled train
 Of fleet ideas, never join'd before,
 Whence dively *Wit* excites to gay surprize;
 Or folly-painting *Humour*, grave himself, 615
 Calls Laughter forth, deep shaking every nerve.

MEAN-TIME the village rouses up the fire;
 While well attested, and as well believ'd,
 Heard solemn, goes the goblin-story round;
 Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all. 620
 Or, frequent in the sounding hall, they wake
 The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round;
 The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,
 Easily pleas'd; the long loud laugh, sincere:
 The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the side-long maid, 625
 On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep:
 The leap, the flap, the haul; and, shook to notes
 Of native music, the respondent dance.
 Thus jocund fleets* with them the winter-night.

† Defeated or perplexed.

‡ Quickly passes.

THE city swarms intense*. The public haunt,
 Full of each theme, and warm with mixt discourse,
 Hums indistinct. The sons of riot flow 632
 Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy,
 To swift destruction. On the rankled soul
 The gaming fury falls; and in one gulph 635
 Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,
 Friends, families, and fortune, headlong sink.
 Up-springs the dance along the lighted dome,
 Mix'd, and evolv'd†, a thousand sprightly ways.
 The glittering court effuses every pomp; 640
 The circle deepens: beam'd from gaudy robes,
 Tapers, and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,
 A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves:
 While a gay insect in his summer-shine, 644
 The fop, light-fluttering, spreads his mealy-wings‡.

Dread o'er the scene the ghost of HAMLET stalks;
 OTHELLO rages; poor MONIMIA mourns!
 And BELVIDERA pours her soul in love.
 Terror alarms the breast; the comely tear
 Steals o'er the cheek; or else the COMIC MUSE 650
 Holds to the world a picture of itself,
 And raises fly the fair impartial laugh.
 Sometimes she lifts her strain, and paints the scenes
 Of beauteous life; whate'er can deck mankind,
 Or charm the heart, in generous BEVIL§ shew'd.

O Thou, whose wisdom, solid yet refin'd, 656
 Whose patriot-virtues, and consummate skill

* To a great degree.

† Often turning

‡ Displays.

§ Many coloured.

|| A character in the *Conscious Lovers*, written by Sir Richard

To touch the finer springs that move the world,
 Join'd to whate'er the *Graces* can bestow,
 And all *Apollo's* animating fire, 660
 Give thee, with pleasing dignity, to shine
 At once the guardian, ornament, and joy,
 Of polish'd life; permit the *Rural Muse*,
 O *CHESTERFIELD*, to grace with thee her song!
 Ere to the shades again she humbly flies, 665
 Indulge her fond ambition in thy train,
 (For every *Muse* has in thy train a place)
 To mark thy various full-accomplish'd mind:
 To mark that spirit, which, with *British* scorn,
 Rejects th' allurements of corrupted power; 670
 That elegant politeness which excels,
 Even in the judgment of presumptuous *France*,
 The boasted manners of her shining court;
 That wit, the vivid energy of sense,
 The truth of Nature, which, with *Attic* point*, 675
 And kind well-temper'd satire, smoothly keen,
 Steals thro' the soul, and without pain corrects.
 Or, rising thence with yet a brighter flame,
 O let me hail thee on some glorious day,
 When to the listening senate, ardent, crowd 680
BRITANNIA's sons to hear her pleaded cause.
 Then dress'd by thee, more amiably fair,
 Truth the soft robe of mild persuasion wears:
 Thou to assenting reason giv'st again
 Her own enlightened thoughts; call'd from the heart,
 Th' obedient passions on thy voice attend; 686
 And even reluctant party feels awhile
 Thy gracious power: as thro' the varied maze

* True wit and humour.

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Of eloquence, now smooth, now quick, now strong,
 Profound and clear, you roll the copious flood. 690

To thy lov'd haunt return, my happy Muse :

For now, behold, the joyous winter-days,

Frosty, succeed ; and thro' the blue serene,

For sight too fine, th' ethereal nitre flies ;

Killing infectious damps, and the spent air 695

Storing afresh with elemental life.

Close crowds the shining atmosphere ; and binds

Our strengthened bodies in its cold embrace,

Constringent* ; feeds, and animates our blood ;

Refines our spirits, thro' the new-strung nerves, 700

In swifter sallies darting to the brain ;

Where sits the soul, intense†, collected, cool,

Bright as the skies, and as the season keen.

All Nature feels the renovating‡ force

Of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye 705

In ruin seen. The frost-concocted§ glebe

Draws in abundant vegetable soul,

And gathers vigour for the coming year.

A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek

Of ruddy fire : and luculent(a) along 710

The purer rivers flow ; their sullen deeps,

Transparent, open to the shepherd's gaze,

And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.

What art thou, frost ? and whence are thy keen stores

Deriv'd, thou secret all-invading power, 715

Whom e'en th' illusive(b) fluid cannot fly ?

Is not thy potent energy, unseen,

* Invigorated or tightly bound.

† Full of reflections.

‡ Renewing.

§ Digesting.

(a) Shining.

(b) Deceitful.

Myriads of little salts, or hook'd, or shap'd,
 Like double wedges, and diffus'd immense
 Thro' water, earth, and ether? Hence at eve, 720
 Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,
 With the fierce rage of Winter deep suffus'd*,
 An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool
 Breathes a blue film†, and in its mid career
 Arrests the bickering stream. The loosened ice, 725
 Let down the flood, and half dissolv'd by day,
 Rustles no more; but to the sedgey bank
 Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone,
 A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven
 Cemented firm; till, fix'd from shore to shore, 730
 The whole imprison'd river growls below.
 Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
 A double noise; while, at his evening watch,
 The village-dog deters the nightly thief;
 The heifer lows; the distant water-fall 735
 Swells in the breeze; and, with the hasty tread
 Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain
 Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,
 Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,
 Shines out intensely keen; and all one cope‡ 740
 Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole.
 From pole to pole the rigid influence falls,
 Thro' the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,
 And seizes Nature fast. It freezes on;
 Till morn, late rising o'er the drooping world, 745
 Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears
 The various labour of the silent night:
 Prone from the dripping eave, and dumb cascade,

* Overspread.

† Skin or slight covering.

‡ Sky.

Whose

Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,
 The pendant icicle; the frost-work fair 750
 Where transient hues, and fancy'd figures rise;
 Wide-spouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,
 A livid tract, cold gleaming* on the morn;
 The forest bent beneath the plummy wave;
 And by the frost refin'd the whiter snow, 755
 Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread
 Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks
 His pining flock, or from the mountain top,
 Pleas'd with the slippery surface, swift descends.

ON blithsome frolicks bent, the youthful swains,
 While every work of Man is laid at rest, 761
 Fond o'er the river crowd, in various sport
 And revelry dissolv'd; where mixing glad,
 Happiest of all the train! the raptur'd boy
 Lashes the whirling top. Or, where the Rhine† 765
 Branch'd out in many a long canal extends,
 From every province swarming, void of care,
Batavia‡ rushes forth; and as they sweep,
 On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,
 In circling poise, swift as the winds along, 770
 The *then* gay land is maddened all to joy.
 Nor less the northern courts, wide o'er the snow,
 Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid sleds,
 Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel
 The long-resounding course. Mean-time, to raise
 The manly strife, with highly blooming chariots, 776
 Flush'd by the season, *Scandinavia's*§ dames,

* Glistening.

† A river of Europe.

‡ A large town in Asia.

§ A large country, including Denmark, Sweden, and Norway.

Or *Russia's* buxom daughters glow around.

PURE, quick, and sportful, is the wholesome day;
But soon claps'd*. The horizontal sun, 780

Broad o'er the south, hangs at his utmost noon:

And, ineffectual, strikes the gelid† cliff:

His azure gloss the mountain still maintains,

Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale

Relents a while to the reflected ray; 785

Or from the forest folds the cluster'd snow,

Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam

Gay-twinkle as they scatter. Thick around

Thunders the sport of those, who with the gun,

And dog impatient bounding at the shot, 790

Worse than the season, desolate the fields;

And, adding to the ruins of the year,

Distress the footed or the feather'd game.

BUT what is this? Our infant Winter sinks,

Divested of his grandeur, should our eye 795

Astonish'd shoot into the *Frigid Zone*;

Where, for relentless months, continual night

Holds o'er the glittering waste her starry reign.

THERE, thro' the prison of unbounded wilds,

Barr'd by the hand of Nature from escape, 800

Wide roams the *Russian* exile. Nought around

Strikes his sad eye, but deserts lost in snow;

And heavy-loaded groves; and solid floods,

That stretch, athwart the solitary vast,

Their icy horrors to the frozen main; 805

And cheerless towns far-distant, never bless'd,

Save when its annual course the caravan

* Clos'd.

† Gold.

Bends

Bends to the golden coast of rich *Cathay*†,
 With news of human-kind. Yet there life glows ;
 Yet cherish'd there, beneath the shining waste, 810
 The furry nations harbour : tipt with jet,
 Fair ermines, spotless as the snows they press ;
 Sables, of glossy black ; and dark-embrown'd,
 Or beauteous freakt* with many a mingled hue,
 Thousands besides, the costly pride of courts, 815
 There, warm together press'd, the trooping deer
 Sleep on the new-fallen snows ; and, scarce his head
 Rais'd o'er the happy wreath, the branching elk†
 Lies slumbering fullen in the white abyss.
 The ruthless hunter wants nor dogs nor toils, 820
 Nor with the dread of sounding bows he drives
 The fearful flying race ; with ponderous clubs,
 As weak against the mountain heaps they push
 Their beating breast in vain, and piteous bray, 824
 He lays them quivering on th' ensanguin'd(a) snows,
 And with loud shouts rejoicing bears them home.
 There thro' the piny forest half-absorb(b),
 Rough tenant of these shades, the shapeless bear,
 With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn ;
 Slow-pac'd, and sourer as the storms increase, 830
 He makes his bed beneath th' inclement drift,
 And, with stern patience, scorning weak complaint,
 Hardens his heart against assailing(c) want.

WIDE o'er the spacious regions of the north,
 That see *Boötes*(d) urge his tardy wain(e), 835

† The old name for China.

* Freckled or spotted.

† An animal of the deer-kind, a native of the northern parts of Europe.

(a) Bloody.

(b) Covered over or lost.

(c) Approaching.

(d) A northern constellation of fixed stars.

(e) Course.

A boisterous race, by frosty *Caurus** pierc'd,
 Who little pleasure know and fear no pain,
 Prolific swarm. They once relum'd† the flame
 Of lost mankind in polish'd slavery sunk,
 Drove martial horde on horde†, with dreadful sweep
 Resistless rushing o'er th' enfeebled south, 841
 And gave the vanquish'd world another form.
 Not such the sons of *Lapland*(a): wisely they
 Despise th' insensate(b) barbarous trade of war;
 They ask no more than simple Nature gives, 845
 They love their mountains and enjoy their storms.
 No false desires, no pride-created wants,
 Disturb the peaceful current of their time;
 And thro' the restless ever-tortur'd maze
 Of pleasure, or ambition, bid it rage; 850
 Their rein-deer form their riches. These their tents,
 Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth
 Supply, their wholesome fare, and chearful cups.
 Obsequious at their call, the docile tribe
 Yield to the sled their necks, and whirl them swift
 O'er hill and dale, heap'd into one expanse 856
 Of marbled snow, as far as eye can sweep
 With a blue crust of ice unbounded glaz'd.
 By dancing meteors then, that ceaseless shrike
 A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens, 860
 And vivid moons, and stars that keener play
 With double lustre from the glossy waste,

* The North-West Wind.

† Rekindled or enlightened.

† The wandering Scythian Clans.

(a) A large country in the north part of Europe, extremely cold,
 and mostly covered with snow the greater part of the year.

(b) Cruel.

E'en in the depth of *Polar Night*(c), they find
 A wondrous day : enough to light the chafe,
 Or guide their daring steps to *Finland* fairs. 865
 Wish'd Spring returns ; and from the hazy south,
 While dim *Aurora*§ slowly moves before,
 The welcome sun, just verging up at first,
 By small degrees extends the swelling curve !
 Till seen at last for gay rejoicing months, 870
 Still round and round, his spiral course he winds,
 And as he nearly dips his flaming orb,
 Wheels up again, and reascends the sky.
 In that glad season from the lakes and floods,
 Where pure *Niemi** fairy mountains rise, 875
 And fring'd with roses *Tengli*† rolls his stream,
 They draw the copious fry. With these, at eve,
 They chearful-loaded to their tents repair;
 Where, all day long in useful cares employ'd,
 Their kind unblemish'd wives the fire prepare. 880
 Thrice happy race ! by poverty secur'd

(c) In the more northern parts of Europe, Lapland, and the countries adjacent, under the north pole, they never see the sun for three months in the year.

§ A province of Sweden.

§ The morning.

* M. de Maupertuis, in his book on the Figure of the Earth, after having described the beautiful Lake and Mountain of *Niemi* in Lapland, says,—" From this height we had opportunity several times to see those vapours rise from the Lake which the people of the country call *Haltios*, and which they deem to be the guardian Spirits of the Mountains. We had been frighted with stories of bears that haunted this place, but saw none. It seem'd rather a place of resort for Fairies and Genii, than Bears."

† The same Author observes—" I was surpris'd to see upon the banks of this river (the *Tengli*) Roses of as lively a red as any that are in our gardens."

From

From legal plunder and rapacious power :
 In whom fell (a) interest never yet has sown
 The seeds of vice : whose spotless swains ne'er knew
 Injurious deed, nor, blasted by the breath 885
 Of faithless love, their blooming daughters woe.

Still pressing on, beyond *Tornea's* (b) lake,
 And *Hecla* (c) flaming thro' a waste of snow,
 And farthest *Greenland* (d), to the pole itself,
 Where, failing gradual, life at length goes out, 890
 The Muse expands her solitary flight ;
 And, hovering o'er the wild stupendous scene,
 Beholds new seas beneath another sky (e).
 Thron'd in his palace of cerulean (f) ice,
 Here WINTER holds his unrejoicing court ; 895
 And thro' his airy hall the loud misrule
 Of driving tempest is for ever heard :
 Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath ;
 Here arms his winds with all-subduing frost ;
 Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows,
 With which he now oppresses half the globe. 901

THENCE winding eastward to the *Tartar's* coast,
 She sweeps the howling margin of the main ;
 Where undesolving, from the first of time,
 Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky ; 905
 And icy mountains high on mountains pil'd,
 Seem to the shivering sailor from afar,

(a) *Baleful.*

(b) A town of Sweden, seated on the northern coast of a gulph of the same name ; where the houses are low, and the cold so severe, that sometimes people lose their fingers and toes.

(c) A burning mountain in Iceland.

(d) A large cold and miserable country in the north of Europe.

(e) The other hemisphere. (f) Blue coloured.

Shapeless

Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds.
 Projecting huge, and horrid o'er the surge,
 Alps frown on Alps; or rushing hideous down,
 As if old Chaos was again return'd,
 Wide-rend the deep, and shake the solid poles.
 Ocean itself no longer can resist
 The binding fury; but, in all its rage
 Of tempest taken by the boundless frost,
 Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,
 And bid to roar no more: a bleak expanse*
 Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless, and void
 Of every life, that from the dreary months
 Flies conscious southward. Miserable they!
 Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,
 Take their last look of the descending sun;
 While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,
 The long long night, incumbent o'er their heads,
 Falls horrible. Such was the BRITON's fate,
 As with *first* *prowl*, (what have not BRITONS dar'd!)
 He for the passage sought, attempted since
 So much in vain, and seeming to be shut
 By jealous Nature with eternal bars.
 In these fell regions, in *Arzina* caught,
 And to the stony deep his idle ship
 Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless crew,
 Each full exerted at his several task,
 Froze into statues; to the cordage glued
 The sailor, and the pilot to the helm.

* Wide space.

† Sir Hugh Willoughby, sent by Queen Elizabeth to discover the North East Passage.

‡ Here used for a ship.

HARD

Hail by these shores, where scarce his freezing
Rolls the wild Oby*, live the last of Men; [Stream
And half enlivened by the distant sun,
That rears and ripens Man, as well as plants,
Here human Nature wears its rudest form. 946
Deep from the piercing season sunk in caves,
Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,
They waste the tedious gloom. Immersed in fun,
Doze the gross race. Nor sprightly jest, nor song,
Nor tenderness they know; nor aught of life, 948
Beyond the kindred bears that stalk without.
Till morn'g length, her roses drooping all,
Sheds a long twilight bright'ning o'er their fields,
And calls the quivering savage to the chase.

WHAT cannot active government perform, 950
New-moulding Man? Wide stretching from these
A people savage from remotest time, [Shores,
A huge neglected empire OVE WAST-MIND;
By HEAVEN inspir'd, from Gothic darkness call'd,
Immortal PETER, first of monarchs! He 955
His stubborn country rais'd, her rocks, her fens;
Her floods, her seas, her ill-submitting sons;
And while the fierce Barbarian he subdu'd,
To more exalted soul he rais'd the Man.
Ye shades of ancient heroes, ye who toil'd 960
Thro' long successive ages to build up
A labouring plan of state, behold at once
The wonder done! behold the matchless prince!
Who left his native throne, where reign'd till then
A mighty shadow of unreal power; 965

* A large river, of the Russian empire in Asia.

† Peter the Great, czar of Muscovy.

Who greatly spurn'd the slothful pomp of courts ;
 And roaming every land, in every port
 His sceptre laid aside, with glorious hand
 Unwearied plying the mechanic tool,
 Gather'd the seeds of trade, of useful arts, 970
 Of civil wisdom, and of martial skill.
 Charg'd with the stores of *Europe* home he goes !
 Then cities rise amid th' illumin'd waste ;
 O'er joyless desarts smiles the rural reign ;
 Far-distant flood to flood is social join'd ; 975
 Th' astonish'd *Euxine*† hears the *Baltic*‡ roar ;
 Proud navies ride on seas that never foam'd
 With daring keel before ; and armies stretch
 Each way their dazzling files, repressing here
 The frantic *Alexander* of the north, 980
 And awing there stern *Othman's* shrinking sons.
 Sloth flies the land, and *Ignorance*, and *Vice*,
 Of old dishonour proud : it glows around.
 Taught by the ROYAL HAND that rous'd the whole,
 One scene of arts, of arms, of rising trade : 985
 For what is wisdom plann'd, and power enforc'd,
 More potent still, his great *example* shew'd.

Muttering, the winds at eve, with blunted point,
 Blow hollow-blustering from the south. Subdu'd,
 The frost resolves§ into a trickling thaw. 990
 Spotted the mountains shine ; loose fleet descends,
 And floods the country round. The rivers swell,
 Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,
 O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,
 A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once ; 995

† Now called the Black Sea, lying between Europe and Asia.

‡ A great gulph between Germany and Poland.

§ Melts.

And, where they rush, the wide-resounding plain
 Is left one slimy waste. Those sullen seas,
 That wash'd th' ungenial* pole, will rest no more
 Beneath the shackles of the mighty north;
 But, rousing all their waves, resistless heave. 1000
 And hark! the lengthening roar continuous† runs
 Athwart the rifted‡ deep: at once it bursts,
 And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds.
 Ill fares the bark with trembling wretches charg'd,
 That, tost amid the floating fragments, moors§
 Beneath the shelter of an icy isle, 1006
 While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks
 More horrible. Can human force endure
 Th' assembled mischiefs that besiege them round?
 Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness, 1010
 The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,
 Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder rage,
 And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.
 More to embroil(a) the deep, Leviathan(b)
 And his unweildy train, in dreadful sport, 1015
 Tempest the loosened brine, while thro' the gloom,
 Far, from the bleak inhospitable shore,
 Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
 Of famish'd monsters, their awating wrecks.
 Yet PROVIDENCE, that ever-waking eye, 1020
 Looks down with pity on the feeble toil
 Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe,
 Thro' all this dreary labyrinth of fate.
 'Tis done! dread WINTER spreads his latest glooms,

* Unfavourable.

† Without intermission.

‡ Wide opened.

§ Anchors or fixes for safety.

(a) Increase the rage of.

(b) The whale.

And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
 How dead the *vegetable* kingdom lies? 1026
 How dumb the *tuneful*! Horror wide extends
 His desolate domain(c). Behold, fond Man!
 See here thy pictur'd life; pass some few years,
 Thy flowering *Spring*, thy *Summer*'s ardent strength,
 Thy sober *Autumn* fading into age, 1031
 And pale concluding *Winter* comes at last,
 And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled,
 Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
 Of happiness? those longings after fame? 1035
 Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
 Those gay spent festive nights? those veering thoughts
 Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life?
 All now are vanish'd! VIRTUE sole survives,
 Immortal never failing friend of Man, 1040
 His guide to happiness on high. And see?
 'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth
 Of heaven and earth*! awakening Nature hears
 The *new creating word*, and starts to life,
 In every heightened form, from pain and death 1045
 For ever free. *The great eternal scheme*,
 Involving all, and in a *perfect whole*
 Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
 To reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.

Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now,
 Confounded in the dust, adore that POWER, 1050
 And WISDOM oft arraign'd†: see now the cause,
 Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd,
 And dy'd, neglected: why the good Man's share

(c) Kingdom.

* The judgment-day or resurrection.

† Questioned.

In life was gall and bitterness of soul : 1055
 Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd
 In starving solitude ; while luxury,
 In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
 To form unreal wants : why heaven-born Truth,
 And Moderation fair, wore the red marks 1060
 Of Superstition's scourge : why licens'd Pain,
 That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
 Imbitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distrest !
 Ye noble *few* ! who here unbending stand
 Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile, 1065
 And what your bounded view, which only saw
 A little part) deem'd *Evil*, is no more.
 The storms of WINT'RY TIME will quickly pass,
 And one unbounded SPRING encircle all. 1069

T H E E N D.



A H Y M N



Bleat out efresh ye hills; ye mefey rocks
 Retain the sound; the broad refponfore lowe.
 Ye Fallies raife, for the Great Shepherd reigns;
 And his unffuffering kingdom yet will come.
 Ye woodlands all awake
 And sing the God of Seafons, as they roll.

G. V. inv.

(185)

H Y M N of P R A I S E,

O R,

S O L E M N A D D R E S S:

T O T H E

G O D of S E A S O N S.

TH E S E, as they change, A L M I G H T Y F A -
T H E R, these,

Are but the *varied* G O D. The rolling year
Is full of T H E E. Forth in the pleasing Spring
T H Y beauty walks, T H Y tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense, and every heart is joy.
Then comes T H Y glory in the Summer-months,
With light and heat refulgent*. Then T H Y sun

* Bright and splendid.

Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year : 10
 And oft **THY** voice in dreadful thunder speaks ;
 And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
 By brooks and groves, in hollow whispering gales.
THY bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
 And spreads a common feast for all that lives. 15
 In Winter awful **THOU** ! with clouds and storms
 Around **THEE** thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd ;
 Majestic darkness ! on the whirlwind's wing,
 Riding sublime, **THOU** bidst the world adore,
 And humblest Nature with **THY** northern blast. 20
 Myst'rious round ! what skill, what force divine,
 Deep felt, in these appear ! a simple train,
 Yet so delightful mix'd with such kind art,
 Such beauty and beneficence combin'd ;
 Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade ; 25
 And all so forming an harmonious whole ;
 That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
 But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
 Man marks not **THEE**, marks not the mighty hand,
 That, ever-busy, wheels* the silent spheres ; 30
 Works in the secret deep ; shoots, steaming†, thence
 The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring :
 Flings from the sun direct the flaming day ;
 Feeds every creature ; hurls the tempest forth ;
 And, as on earth this grateful change revolves‡, 35
 With transport touches all the springs of life.
NATURE, attend ! join every living soul,
 Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
 In adoration join ; and, ardent, raise

* Keeps in motion.

† Rising in vapours.

‡ Returns again.

One general song ! To HIM, ye vocal gales, 40
 Breathe soft, whose SPIRIT in your freshness
 Oh talk of HIM in solitary glooms ! [breathes:
 Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
 Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
 And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar, 45
 Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to heaven
 Th' impetuous* song, and say from whom you rage.
 His praise, ye brooks, attune†, ye trembling rills ;
 And let me catch it as I muse along.

Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound ; 50
 Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
 Along the vale ; and thou, majestic main,
 A secret world of wonders in thyself,
 Sound His stupendous praise ; whose greater voice
 Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall. 55

Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
 In mingled clouds to HIM ; whose sun exalts,
 Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
 Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to HIM :
 Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart, 60
 As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
 Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
 Unconscious‡ lies, effuse§ your mildest beams,
 Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
 Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre. 65

Great source of day|| : best image here below
 Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
 From world to world, the vital ocean round,
 On Nature write with every beam His praise.

* Passionate.

† Here used for proclaim.

‡ Unconcerned,

§ Pour out, spread abroad.

|| The sun.

The thunder rolls : be hush'd the prostrate world :
 While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn. 71
 Bleat out afresh, ye hills : ye mossy rocks.
 Retain the sound : the broad responsive* lowe,
 Ye vallies, raise ; for the GREAT SHEPHERD † reigns ;
 And his *unsuffering* kingdom yet will come. 75

Ye woodlands all, awake : a boundless song
 Burst from the groves ! and when the restless day,
 Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
 Sweetest of birds ‡ sweet Philomela †, charm
 The listening shades, and teach the night H I S praise.
 Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles, 81
 At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
 Crown the great hymn ! in ~~swarming~~ cities vast,
 Assembled men, to the deep organ join
 The long-resounding voice, oft-breaking clear, 85
 At solemn pauses, through the swelling base ;
 And, as each mingling flame increases each,
 In one united ardor rise to heaven.

Or if you rather chuse the rural shade,
 And find a fane§ in every sacred grove ; 90
 There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
 The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
 Still sing the GOD OF SEASONS, as they roll.

For me, when I forget the darling theme,
 Whether the blossom blows, the summer-ray 95
 Rustles|| the plain, *inspiring* Autumn gleams ;
 Or Winter rises in the blackening east ;
 Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
 And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat !

* Corresponding. † Psalms 23. 1. ‡ The nightingale.
 § A temple. || Embrowns.

Should fate command me to the farthest verge 100
 Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
 Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
 Gilds *Indian* mountains, or his setting beam
 Flames on th' *Atlantic* isles; 'tis nought to me :
 Since GOD is ever present, ever felt, 105
 In the void waste as in the city full ;
 And where HE vital breathes there must be joy.
 When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
 And wing my mystic* flight to future worlds,
 I chearful will obey : there, with new powers, 110
 Will rising wonders sing : I cannot go
 Where UNIVERSAL LOVE not smiles around,
 Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their sons ;
 From *seeming Evil* still educing† *Good*,
 And *Better* thence again, and *Better* still, 115
 In infinite progression. But I lose
 Myself in HIM, in LIGHT INEFFABLE‡ !
 Come then, expressive silence, muse§ his praise.

* Hidden,

† Producing.

‡ Unspeakable.

§ Proclaim, or think seriously upon.

NOTES

NOTES on SPRING.

BOOK the FIRST.

The editor has not inserted any learned criticisms, or many quotations from *classical* authors, respecting the lines referred to in the ensuing notes, as he rather wished to draw some moral and entertaining reflections from the whole (where it could be done with propriety) to assist the reader's more private meditations, than to shew his own learning.

LINE 18. *As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd.* The epithet *trembling* in this line (contrasted with the term *unconfirm'd*) evidently refers to that uncertainty of weather which the spring generally commences with; cold nights and mornings mostly terminate in this season, and come in again at the latter end of autumn. See book III. line 1080.

Line 44. *White thro' the neighbouring fields the sower stalks.* The seed thrown into the ground, in the spring of the year, very justly represents those useful instructions inculcated in early life, by the parent or tutor, into the young and tender mind; which, followed by the harrow of a retentive memory, and proper observation, may, by the blessing of heaven, produce a joyous crop of virtuous actions and heroic deeds.

Line 60. — *With whom compar'd your insect tribes,
Are but the beings of a summer's day.* What a just description this holds out of the petit maitres of the present age; who are as great contrasts to the hardy and laborious sons of former times, as are the opposites of.

of light and darkness, strength and weakness, health and sickness, wisdom and folly.

Line 82. *Gay green,*

Thou smiling nature's universal robe. The late ingenious and reverend author of the Meditations among the Tombs, on a Flower Garden, &c. in his assemblage of elegant epithets, styles *green*, the verdant livery of nature.

Line 136. *Be patient; pains; these cruel-seeming winds
Blow not in vain.* How prone are men in general to arraign the wisdom and goodness of the Almighty in his government of the world; sometimes this or that dispensation of providence, is reckoned, by erring mortals, cruel, too severe, and quite unnecessary; at other times, the weather don't please us; 'tis too wet or too dry, just as we wish events to happen, so we think they ought. If pains and calamities befall us, we can hardly forbear murmuring: but God knows what is good for us, and he surely must be the best judge in every thing pertaining to his creatures; let what will happen in the natural or moral world, Pope very justly says, in his Essay on Man,

Whatever is, is right.

Satisfied of this truth, let us patiently wait that glorious morn, when that, which our bounded view deemed evil, is no more. See Winter, line 1066.

Line 233. *But who their virtues can declare?* The balsamic nature of various plants and herbs well known in the materia medica, is matter for wonder and admiration to the thinking part of mankind; and is one strong proof that nothing is made in vain, but all in the general is intended for some good use or other in the vegetable as well as moral world.

For man kind nature wakes her genial power,
Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower;
For man, the mine a thousand treasures brings,
For man, health gushes from a thousand springs.

POPE.

Line 240. *The lord, and not the tyrant of the world.* The great Creator made man for his own glory, and (after a life well spent on earth) to enjoy his beatific presence

sence for ever in heaven, 1 Gen. xxvi. 28. Isaiah xliii. 7. 1 Corinthians xv. 53. 1 Timothy iv. 8. God gave him dominion over the rest of his creatures, to govern wisely, and keep in due subjection, not to tyrannize with cruelty, or wantonly to punish or destroy those over whom he had placed him as lord and ruler.

Line 256. *For reason and benevolence were law.* The happy description Thompson gives of the times and manners before the fall, is truly pleasing, picturesque, and characteristic; and well agrees with the fabled golden age of the heathens, and that pure, innocent, and peaceable reign of Christ upon earth, prophecied of in Isaiah ix 7, chap. ii. 4, and so elegantly verified by Pope in his celebrated poem on the Messiah, wherein he says,

All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail,
Returning justice list aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd innocence from heaven descend.
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promis'd father of the future age,

Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.

VIRGIL Eclogue 4, verse 6.

Line 274. ———— *Now the distemper'd mind*
Has lost that concord of harmonious powers,
Which forms the soul of happiness. The great contrast between the times before and after the fall of man, are here finely imagined and represented, and hold forth but too true a picture of the dreadful degeneracy of the human race since the entrance of sin into the world, the origin and fatal cause of diseases, pain and death. See Par. Lost, book 2, line 777.

Line 316. *The seasons since, have with severer sway*
Opprest a broken world. Milton, in his Paradise Lost, represents the seasons changed by the fall of man. Book 10. line 671.

Line 357. ———— *But you ye flocks,*
What have ye done to merit death? Here the dictates of humanity, respecting the brute creation, are naturally introduced making the enquiry, wherefore *they* should suffer for the sin of man, who neither could partake of, or prevent it. In the following line, the author's

author's moving and pathetic strains express the feelings of a tender heart.

Line 385. *But let not on thy hook, the tortur'd worm,
Convulsive twist in agonizing folds.*] This humane advice may appear commendable, and meriting regard, but it ill agrees with recommending the diversion of *angling*, which surely must prove as fatally painful (if the expression is allowable) to the innocent *funny* race; as *fishes* must be reckoned as much sensible of agony and torture as *worms*, why should we wantonly sport with the lives of either?

Line 507. *Thro' the soft air the busy nations fly.* Bees and ants reproach the indolence and laziness of too many, who, being surrounded with the gifts of fortune, think they are to live wholly exempted from labour, and have a right to enjoy all the blessings of life, without the least concern whence they spring, and how they are to be improved: let such remember, health depends on, and is maintained by, *temperance, exercise, and moderation.*

Line 553. *Hail, Source of Being! Universal soul
Of heaven and earth! Essential Presence, hail!* This sublime and beautiful address to the Great Parent of universal nature, from a survey of the works of creation, reminds me of that elegant complement in Pope's *Essay on Man*:

Slave to no sect, who took no private road,
But lookt thro' nature, up to nature's God.

Line 617. *Pour forth their little souls.* Souls here intend the life or vital principle of action in the feathered tribes, and prettily holds out that remarkable fondness, tenderness, and anxiety some of them (especially the dove) shew towards their mates.

Line 663. ——— *And ceaseless sings*
The tedious time away; ——— The mutual assiduity and endeavours to please and be pleased, here taken notice of in the aerial kind, is an upbraiding lesson to many married couples in the present day; whose coldness, inattention, and indifference to each other (however fashionable) is often fatal to the peace, comfort, and felicity of both parties.

Line 683. *Check their own appetites, and give them all.* A fine and pathetic description of a married pair, struggling under poverty and misfortunes, in the vale of obscurity; and as an additional aggravation of their distress, surrounded with a train of starving innocents: the following lines are no indifferent representation of the same melancholy picture.

My faithful wife with ever-streaming eyes,
Hangs on my bosom her dejected head;
My helpless infants raise their feeble cries,
And from their father claim their daily bread.
Dear tender pledges of my honest love,
On that bare bed behold your brother lie;
Three sad long days with pinching want he strove,
The fourth, I saw the helpless cherub die.

Line 708. *Spare the soft tribes, this barbarous art forbear.* Humanity cannot but discountenance the custom, of depriving the harmless birds of that liberty they enjoy by the appointment of heaven.

Line 846. *What is this mighty breath, ye sages, say.* Instinct, that wonderful and sagacious principle of action in the animal creation, is no small proof of the being and existence of a God, whose tender mercies are over all his works.

Line 857. *Th' informing author in his works appears.* Thompson, in this, and various other parts of his poem, very justly adverts to the Almighty *First Cause* of all things; and by the creature is naturally led to adore the omnipotent Creator, the ever-present God, who made, adjusts, and agitates the whole.

Line 938. *The tender heart is animated peace.* This holds out a pleasing description of the happiness a married couple enjoy, who pass thro' life, *loving and beloved*; would to God there were none but such happy couples in the married state.

Line 980. *Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts.* The female sex will do well to observe the cautions here recommended to them, to act with prudence, and agreeable to the dictates of virtue and religion. Alas! how many, for want of attention to such admonitions, have fallen

fallen hapless victims to youthful treachery, and designing adulation.

Line 991. *Her syren voice enchanting, draws him on*

To guileful shores and meads of fatal joy.

Young men cannot be too careful of being allured by the painted features of the harlot, and ensnared by the deceitful smiles of prostitution. See Proverbs vii. 25, 27.

Line 1010. *All nature fades extinct.* This contains a fine description of a youth deeply in love with an absent fair one; a picture which seems, from its natural and striking colouring, to be drawn from an original, in the circle of the author's acquaintance.

Line 1080. ——— *The yellow tinging plague,*

Internal vision taints.

The effects of jealousy are here portray'd in lively, strong, and very expressive colours; 'tis to be hoped, not by the pencil of experience, however, it may and does bear no little marks of an attentive observation of the workings of the human mind when infected with this baleful passion. The sacred writings very justly assert, *Love is strong as death, jealousy cruel as the grave.* Solomon's Song, viii. 6. Milton styles it, *The injur'd lover's hell.* Paradise Lost, Book V. Line 450.

Line 1110. *But happy they! the happiest of their kind!*

Whom gentler stars unite. ———

This first book closes with one of the most elegant, pleasing, and animated representations of a happy pair in wedlock I ever met with; the sources of connubial felicity are pointed out; the pure, tranquil, and undisturbed enjoyments of virtuous love painted in a masterly stile; and the last scene of expiring nature (enlivened with reciprocal affection, strengthened by time, and unshaken in the views of dissolution) pathetically described. Milton, to the same purpose, speaking of the blissful state of Adam and Eve in Paradise, breaks out into the following beautiful soliloquy:

Hail, wedded love! mysterious law! true source

Of human offspring, sole propriety

In paradise, of all things common else.

By thee

P 2

Founded

Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
 Relations dear, and all the charities
 Of father, son, and brother, first were known.

Paradise Lost, Book IV. Line 756.

Line 1123. *Let him, ungenerous, who alone intent
 To bless himself, from sordid parents buys
 The laughing virgin, in eternal care,
 Well-merited, consume his nights and days.*

For parents to force their daughters to marry, against their own consent, men they have no real love for, and who, it may be, have nothing to recommend them even to the approbation of the *parents* themselves, but a considerable superiority of fortune, is a piece of unnatural cruelty, that avarice, covetousness, and a false pride, only can plead for and promote: If young women would be *happily* married, with a fair prospect of *permanent* felicity, let them be assured, as well as parents in general, there must be a sincere affection, and a sameness of temper, (supposing it good) inclinations, and dispositions, in both parties.—Butler, the poet, very humourously, tho' with great truth, observes,

That wedlock without love, some say,

Is but a lock without a key;

It is a kind of rape to marry

One that neglects or cares not for ye;

For what does make it ravishment,

But being 'gainst the mind's consent.

Butler's Hudibras.

NOTES on SUMMER.

BOOK the SECOND.

LINE 2. *Child of the sun, refulgent summer comes.* As summer is the hottest quarter of the year, the epithet Thompson here gives it (child of the sun) is striking, apposite, and natural.

Line 15. *Come inspiration.* As this poem chiefly dwells on the works of creation, and the beauties of nature, as far excelling the puny works of art, the poet here very justly implores the aids of *inspir'd* wisdom, to help him in this sacred and pleasing work. Milton to the same purpose, in the beginning of his *Paradise Lost*, invokes the assistance of the divine spirit.

And chiefly thou, O spirit, that dost prefer

Before all temples, th' upright heart and pure,

Instruct me, for Thou knowest.

Line 41. ——— *Such th' all-perfect hand!*

That pois'd, impels, and rules the steady whole. When a man of reflection takes a survey of the order, regularity, and motions of the heavenly planets, and observes the wise design of Providence in appointing their annual circuits, and keeping them in their different positions from interfering with each other, he cannot, but as Mr. Addison very happily expresses it,

Be lost in wonder, love and praise.

Dr. Young observes, with great propriety,

That nature is the glass reflecting God.

The Great Creator in his works is seen; O that he was thus seen as oft adored.

Line 52. ——— *Young day pours in apace.* As the *morning* may be stiled the youth of the ensuing day *noon* its maturity or manhood, and *evening* its old age or decline; the epithet *young*, here made use of, is poetically descriptive. Dr. Young has an important thought, in

reference to each day being new to us; would to God it was properly attended to, and regarded by all.

"Each night we die, each morn are born anew."

Line 67. *Falsely luxurious will not man awake;*

And springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy

The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour? That early rising is conducive to health, and the morning the best time for men of genius to set apart for meditation, undisturbed by intruding cares, or the noise and bustle of the busy multitude, are commonly received observations, and confirmed by experience

Line 87. *He looks in boundless majesty abroad.* The splendor of the sun, and its magnificent appearance, both when it rises and sets, are two of the most august sights in nature, sights sufficient to engage the admiration, and attract the wonder of all who behold them. The various poetical descriptions of these sights, to be met with in many celebrated writers, however sublime and luxuriant, fall vastly short of their real grandeur and beauty.

Line 94. ————— *and thou, O sun,*

Soul of surrounding worlds, in whom best seen

Shines out thy maker. This is a beautiful apostrophe, or address to the sun, Milton has given several analogous descriptions of this great and glorious luminary.

O thou! that with surpassing glory crown'd,

Look'st from thy sole dominion, like the god

Of this new world;

O sun! of this great world both eye and soul.

Paradise Lost.

Line 199. *Now flaming up the heavens, the potent sun*

Melts into limpid air the high rais'd clouds. The rising of the sun is here very happily represented, as dispersing the mists and fogs of the summer's morn; thus may the great and glorious sun of righteousness rise on the reader, and with his penetrating rays scatter his doubts, and dissipate his fears.

Thou sun of righteousness arise and shine,

Dispel our doubts with quick'ning rays divine;

Disperse our clouds of unbelieving fears,

And smooth our passage thro' this vale of tears.

Rural Christian.

Line

Line 214. ————— So fade the fair.

When fevers revel thro' their azure veins. This simile is just and striking, and conveys an important admonition to the female sex, to be more solicitous after the attainment of mental beauty, which even death itself cannot destroy; while the charms of the face are impaired, if not entirely obliterated by diseases, and, as it were, melt away like dew before the rising sun.

Line 216. ————— the lofty follower of the sun,

Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves. This is a pretty description of the sun-flower, and conveys a useful lesson to the professors of religion, to look constantly to the sun of righteousness, Jesus Christ, (whose sacred beams irradiate the souls of all true christians) and if he should at any time withdraw his benign influences, to mourn his absence, in tears of penitential sorrow.

Line 268. ————— where gloomily retir'd,

The villain spider lives. The spider in the centre of his curious and well compacted web, watching the motions of the summer insects flying about him, with a blood thirsty eye, is but too true a picture of the devil in the midst of his fine-spun web of sensual pleasures, eagerly waiting to entangle the young, thoughtless, and unwary, and fatally ensnare their immortal souls; what need is there then to watch and pray, lest we enter into temptation,

Line 318. *Let no presuming impious railer tax*

Creative wisdom. As finite cannot comprehend infinity, nor a creature be as omniscient as the Great Creator; therefore for man to arraign the wisdom of the Almighty, or to set up his narrow judgment in opposition to the disposals of Providence, respecting the government of the world, is the highest arrogance, and most egregious folly. Pope very justly observes,

All nature is but art unknown to thee,

All chance direction which thou canst not see,

All discord, harmony not understood,

All partial evil, universal good.

Essay on Man.

Line 333. ————— Has any seen

The mighty chain of beings? The innumerable and inconceivable natures, orders, ranks, and degrees of created

created beings, from man to the smallest motes in the sun beams (which philosophers tell us swarm with life) plainly evidence wisdom unlimited, and power without bounds. Thompson here seems to speak the same language, and adopt the same sentiments, as Pope in the 1st epistle of his Essay on Man.

Vast chain of being! which from God began
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Bird, beast, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach, from infinite, to thee, (*man*)
From thee to nothing!

Line 346. *Even so luxurious men, unheeding, pass
An idle summer-life in fortune's shine,
A season's glitter.* A fine comparison.

What reason is there to lament that so many of the present age, of both sexes, are living proofs of the truth and propriety of this simile?

Line 348. — *Thus they flutter on
From toy to toy, from vanity to vice.* Indeed they do, and more the pity. The gay, the young, the rich, the handsome, and the noble, alas, how well the cap fits all, tho' few will own or chuse to wear it; say, ye thinking and religious, what is the life of the fashionable part of mankind, but a scene of insipidity and dissipation? They waste their time (as a late author happily expresses it) in strenuous idleness; and when Death comes, what terror, consternation, and despair accompanies the curtain's fall! O tempora, O mores.

Line 416. *What dumb complaining innocence appears!* A pleasing representation of sheep-shearing here engages the attention, and demands regard: the sheep, unconscious what they are going to suffer, but fearful of the worst, appear confused, alarmed, and terrified, but still are patient, meek, and uncomplaining. The prophet Isaiah alludes to this in Chap. liii. 7, where, speaking of our Saviour, he says, *As a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth.*

Line 435. — *A dazling deluge reigns.* The noon of a hot summer's day is here aptly described. Dryden and Milton both, have given masterly descriptions of
noon

soon in Paradise Lost and Virgil:

—The southing sun inflames the day,
And the dry herbage thirsts for dews in vain;
And sheep in shades avoid the parching plain.

Dryden's Virgil.

—The full blazing sun
Does now sit high in his meridian tower,
Shoots down direct his fervid rays, to warm
Earth's inmost womb.

Paradise Lost.

Line 473. *As to the hunted hart, the sallying spring.*
Thomson here seems to have in view the simile of the
psalmist. Psalms xlii. 1. *As the hart panteth after*
the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.

Line 522. *These are the haunts of meditation.* The
still retreats of fields and groves, are best suited for the
enjoyment of serious meditation without disturbance;
here is nothing to attract the eye, or engage the atten-
tion, but what may, at the same time, serve to harmo-
nize the mental passions, and direct the thoughts to
noble and improving subjects. To this purpose, says
the poet,

Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, et fugit urbes.

Horace, Lib. II.

The saints and patriarchs of old retired from the hurry
and noise of crowded cities, into the peaceful abodes of
sylvan tranquility. Genesis, xxi. 33.

Line 555. *Of nature, sing with us and nature's God.*
Here, departed spirits, or guardian angels, are represented
calling on man to join in songs of praise to the Great
Creator, inspired by a view of his handy works dis-
played in rural scenes.

Line 581. — *The wintry blasts of Death*

Kills not the buds of virtue. Happy thought!

true piety is not destroyed by diseases, nor terminated by
the stroke of Death; no; so far from it, that it yields
consolation under the one, and triumphs at the approach
of the other. Dr. Young observes, with great pro-
priety,

Religion's all, descending from the skies

To wretched man, the goddess in her left

Hold

Holds out *this* world, and in her right the *next*.
Night Thoughts.

See the II. Timothy iv. 8.

Line 662. *A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.* The wisdom and goodness of God is seen in nothing more clearly than suiting the fruits, the herbs, and temperature of the human body, to the different climates they are placed in. There are no countries throughout the world without their medicinal plants, adapted for the cure of those distempers or complaints peculiar to the inhabitants.

Line 683. ——— *Oft in humble station dwells*

Unboastful worth. 'Tis true, sometimes merit is found in the garb of poverty, and real goodness of heart discovered in the dwelling of solitary indigence. The Almighty sees fit, respecting some, to keep them poor, tho' they appear to be far more deserving favour (if desert can properly be ascribed to man) than many whom he permits to enjoy much of this world's goods; the reasons why he deals thus with his creatures, tis not for us to search into, but to rest well assured, that all he does is *right*; therefore, where we cannot comprehend, let us adore.

Line 721. *Leans the huge elephant, wisest of brutes!* The sagacity of the elephant is generally thought to come the nearest to reason in man of any thing in nature; this creature is reckoned the longest liv'd of the brute creation, as well as the largest among quadrupeds, some of them reaching from 17 to above 20 feet in height.

Line 1044. ——— *The ghastly form*

The lip pale quivering and the beamless eye. This is as fine and pathetic a description of a shipwreck, as I ever met with, and seems, as if given by a spectator of such a moving and melancholy scene. In these lines the poet must have worked up his imagination to no little height, to pourtray a storm at sea in such lively and expressive colours. Dryden, in his translation of Ovid into English verse, has the following energetic lines on a similar subject:

Art fails and courage falls, no succour near

As many waves, as many deaths appear;

One

One weeps, and yet despairs of late relief;
One cannot weep, his fears congeal his grief;
Some sew on scatter'd planks with fruitless care,
Lay hold and swim; but while they swim, despair.

Line 1085. ————— in solitary pangs

They fall unblest, untended, and unmourned.

In these lines, the poet with great humanity laments the death of those who fall victims to the plague; which is here represented as originating from Ethiopia's poisoned woods, and Cairo's filth in Ægypt, according to the opinion of the late Dr. Mead, famous for publishing a Treatise on Poisons, the Plague, &c. Dryden has given a very melancholy, but true account, of the rapid progress this disease makes wherever it breaks out; as it did in London, in 1665, carrying off above 68000 persons in the space of six months.

————— All was so sudden,

That scarce a *first* man fell; one but began

To wonder, and strait fell a wonder too;

A third, who stoop'd to raise his dying friend,

Dropp'd in the pious act. —————

Now Death's grown riotous, and will play no more

For single stakes, but families and tribes.

Dryden's Oedipus.

Line 1133. *At first heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,*

The tempest grows. The approach of a

summer's storm of hunder and lightning is here finely painted from nature; this description reminds me of the tempest scene in the tragedy of King Lear, where he is represented making that beautiful soliloquy:

————— Let the great gods,

Who keep this dreadful thundering o'er our heads,

Find out their enemies now; tremble, thou wretch,

That hast within thee undivulged crimes,

Unwhipt of justice. ————— Shakespeare's King Lear.

Let such awful and tremendous storms put us in mind of, and teach us to prepare for, that far more tremendous one, which, ere long, shall dissolve the world; when time shall be swallowed up in the bottomless ocean of eternity. II. Peter, III. 8, 10.

Line

Line 1182. ————— *Devoting all*

To love, each was to each a dearer self.

What a lively and engaging picture is here presented to the reader of a truly happy couple in the married state; their mutual love, undisssembled affection, and increasing felicity, may serve to prove, that persons united for life, have, and may enjoy, the highest and most refined bliss this world can give: The reasons so many do not, are various; but the chief, I apprehend, in the general, are, a want of *real* love, unsuitable dispositions, giving way to trifling disputes, but above all, an inattention to the dictates of religion and sobriety.

Line 1186. *Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd.* As they were strangers to jarring discord, they were constant friends to, and chiefly cultivated, harmony in sentiment, as well as temper and inclination:—An interesting lesson and example to all in the married state.

Line 1191. *The tempest caught them on the tender walk, Heedless how far.* Fond of each other's company, this blissful pair took the innocent recreation of a walk together, on a summer's afternoon, when, as they were wrapt up in the enjoyment of each other's conversation, a storm overtook them unperceived, (and, as if to shew them the uncertainty of all earthly happiness, that as it is not permanent, so it should not be relied on) a flash of lightning darting on the fair one, suddenly laid her breathless at her husband's feet; what agonizing emotions must seize his breast, and strike into his very soul at that moment; ye tender, loving, and beloved, husbands, say. Thompson justly represents him as

Pierc'd by severe amazement, hating life,

Speechless and fixt in all the death of woe. Line 1218.

Line 1229. ————— *a glittering robe of joy*

Invests the fields, and nature's smiles reviv'd.

The country, after a storm in summer, always looks more pleasing; the fields refresh'd, look clothed in deeper verdure, and every rural object dress'd in gayer robes.

The plains and meadows, when the storm was o'er,

Lookt far more pleasing than they did before;

And neighbouring fields in deeper green were dress'd,

While bleating flocks their grateful joy confess.

Line 1245. ——— *awhile he stands*

Gazing th' inverted landskip, half afraid

To meditate the blue profound below;

Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.

The exercise of swimming is undoubtedly beneficial and agreeable (when used with prudence) especially to the young and healthy; the natural description here given by the poet of the youth's going into the water; by turns irresolute and determined, holds out a lively emblem of the progress of the gay and thoughtless, in vice and sensuality, so finely express'd by a late writer in the following lines.

He that ones sins like him who slides on ice,

Goes, swiftly down the slippery paths of vice,

Tho' conscience checks him, yet these rubs got o'er,

He sins securely and looks back no more.

To the same purpose Mr. Pope writes in his Essay on Man.

Vice is a monster of such frightful mien,

As to be hated, needs but to be seen;

But seen too oft, familiar with her face,

We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

Nemo repente fuit turpissimus.

He that deliberates with sin, is in the greatest danger of being for ever lost.

Line 1307. ——— *as from the snowy leg*

And slender foot, th' inverted silk she drew.

The story of Damon and Musidora here related, tho' it may be much admired for its natural simplicity and artless dress; is rendered extremely disgusting to the modest reader, by the too particular description of Musidora undressing herself, which might better have been left out, for any beneficial instruction it can convey, unless raising indelicate or indecent ideas in the breast, may be stil'd useful; every writer should remember

Immodest words admit of no defence,

For want of decency is want of sense.

This truth holds good, whether it respects writing or conversation.

Line 1407. ——— *Here let us sweep*

The boundless prospect. The prospect from

Q

Richmond

Richmond-hill in Surry, is truly rural, picturesque and delightful; the variety of meadows, plains, villas and groves, thro' which the river Thames appears in a serpentine direction, shining, on a fine summer's evening, like a stream of glass, together with the distance of the scene, terminated only by the horizon, renders it well worthy the admiration of every spectator.

Line 1453. *Thy country teems with wealth,*
And property assures it to the swain. Here Thompson, with great propriety, celebrates the praises of Great Britain, the number and wealth of its inhabitants, its extensive commerce, and well regulated police, declare it to be no ways inferior to any part of the known world; happy Britain! the seat of liberty, would to heaven thou wert always the seat of peace.

Line 1603. *Send forth the saving virtues round the land,*
In bright patrol; white peace and social love. And let all the people say *Amen*. These petitions for the happiness and welfare of the British nation, by a Scotchman, as Thompson was, plainly evidence the benevolence of his heart, the liberality of his sentiments, as well as the sincerity of his good wishes for, *a country not his own*.

Line 1619. *Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,*
Just o'er the verge of day. The setting of the sun on a summer's evening, is here happily described, and, doubtless, was a view taken from nature; a view, which will bear the liveliest paintings of the most luxuriant genius, without exaggeration.

Line 1629. *For ever running an enchanted round,*
Passes the day, deceitful, vain, and void,
As fleets the vision o'er the formful brain, 'Tis too true indeed; days, weeks, months and years, respecting multitudes, roll on unobserved, and therefore unimproved; 'tis much to be lamented, that so many pass away their time, without a thought of that awful eternity, every day brings them nearer to, and one day ere long, will inevitably plunge them into. Happy the man whose yesterday's look backward with a smile.

Dr. YOUNG.

Line 1644. *To him the long review of order'd life,*
Is inward rapture, only to be felt. The two different

rent characters, of the wise and thoughtless man, given by the poet in these and some foregoing lines, are well drawn and heightened by being contracted together; a calm, serious and retrospective view of past life, will prove as pleasing and animating to the good man, as it will increase the terror and despair of the profligate and abandon'd, (if the latter can be supposed ever to take such a review.)

Line 1647. *All ether soft'ning, sober evening takes,
Her wonted station in the middle air.* The beauties of a summer's evening, have been successively celebrated by the most admired and ingenious poets; but one quotation from Milton's *Paradise Lost*, will, doubtless, be sufficient in this place, to prove the truth of my observation.

Now come still evening on, and twilight grey
Had in her sober livery all things clad.

PAR. LOST.

So serene and composed is also in the general, the evening of a well spent life, without a cloud of doubt, or the discomfoting appearances of despair; therefore, prays the prophet Balaam, *Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.* Numb. xxiii. 10.

Line 1678. ——— *The lonely tower*

*Is also shun'd, whose mournful chambers hold
So night-struck fancy dreams, the yelling ghost.*

Most country towns and villages have their haunted houses, or traditionary stories of ghosts, apparitions, &c. which the towns-people are eager to inform every stranger of, who settles among them; ignorance, credulity, and superstition, have often invented and believed such idle tales, to the unspeakable injury of young and tender minds.

Line 1683. ——— *Evening yields*

The world to night. This description of the gradual approach of night, and the fading of the distant prospects, are a master piece of the kind, and evidently prove our poet to be a close observer of nature, and a great admirer of her various appearances, both by night and day.

Line 1704. *The life infusing suns of other worlds.* The stars, philosophers tell us, are so many suns to worlds revolving round them, whether this hypothesis is sufficiently demonstrable, or only conjecture, is a matter of mere speculation, and not of any *real* advantage to us upon this globe.

Line 1752. — *Tutor'd by thee, hence poetry exalts*

Her voice to ages. Philosophy is in these lines, celebrated as the tutor of poetry as well as music; indeed, Thompson has made it the *primum mobile*, or first principal cause of action in man, and ascribed such powers and virtues to it, as proves the knowledge of it absolutely necessary to the welfare and happiness of society in general, and individuals in particular. If the poet is justifiable herein, let profound philosophers determine; if true religion, which includes faith in Jesus Christ, and sincere repentance for sin, may be comprehended in what is termed *moral philosophy*; then all true christians are philosophers, but I greatly fear on the contrary, that many celebrated philosophers, with all their knowledge of nature and sciences, will (being utter strangers to him, *whom to know, is life eternal*) fall short of heaven at last; many a poor illiterate countryman, taught by the holy spirit, to believe in the Saviour of lost man, has (there is the greatest reason to suppose) by happily knowing and attending to the gospel method of salvation revealed in the sacred writings, got safe to glory, and no philosopher neither.

Line 1782. — *the radiant tracts on high*

Are her exalted range, intent to gaze

Creation thro'. We are peculiarly indebted to the system and progress of philosophy, for bringing us acquainted with the laws of nature, and enlarging our conceptions respecting the order and motions of the heavenly bodies, with their apparent uses and destination, as displaying the wisdom, power and goodness of the great Creator, and Legislator of the whole universe.

Line 1801. *This infancy of being cannot prove*

The final issue of the works of God. Our transitory existence here below, is but a moment compared with the endless ages of eternity; here our views are narrow

narrow and contracted, our conceptions weak, shallow and imperfect ; and we see, as the apostle Paul very justly says, *as thro' a glass darkly*, but when the veil of flesh shall be taken away, and mortality swallowed up of life, then shall *we see as we are seen, and know even as we are known* ; then shall we (thoroughly convinced of the rectitude and complacency of the Great Supreme) readily acknowledge and admire the gracious designs and operations of providence, in his government of this lower world, of all his creatures, and of all their actions.

Mr. Addison very justly observes in his tragedy of Cato, respecting man's narrow conception of the Deity.

The ways of Providence are dark and intricate
Puzzled with mazes and perplex with error ;
Our understanding searches them in vain,
Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search ;
Nor sees with how much art the windings turn,
Nor where the regular confusion ends.

NOTES on AUTUMN.

BOOK the THIRD.

LINE 1. *Crown'd with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf.*
The corn being ripen'd by the summer's sun, reaping takes place most generally at the beginning of the autumn quarter.

Line 26. ——— *a serene blue*

*With golden light enliven'd, wide invests
The happy world.* The heats of summer being greatly abated, at this season of the year, the skies are no longer fir'd with the scorching sun, nor the fields parch'd up with his sultry beams.

Line 43. *These are thy blessings, industry! rough power!*

Whom labour still attends and sweat and pain.

This panegyric on *Industry*, is strictly just, and expresses in a variety of instances, the benefits attending on, and the advantages inseparably connected with it; arts, sciences, wealth, and commerce, are all nourished and improved by labour and diligence, (included in the term industry) while health, and every comfort of life, are more or less, procured and supported by them. *The band of the diligent, maketh rich*, says Solomon.

Prov. x. 4.

Line 153. *Before the ripen'd field the reapers stand,*

In fair array. This is a pleasing as well as natural representation of reaping, and gives us such an idea of rustic simplicity and harmless mirth, at such a time, as cannot but be acceptable to the lovers of *Rural Life*.

Line 169. ——— *Think, Oh grateful, think!*

How good the God of harvest is to you. The poet's humane, benevolent and charitable disposition, here discovers itself in striking colours, and his address to the husbandman seems grounded on the words of our blessed Lord, *as ye have freely received so freely give*, Matt. x. 8. 'Tis a proper mark of our thankfulness for mercies received, to give cheerfully out of our plenty, to those who are in want, poverty and distress.

Line

Line 174. *the various turns*

Of fortune ponder. Riches are uncertain and precarious, he who is a man of fortune to-day, may (by unforeseen calamities and misfortunes) be a beggar before to-morrow night; the psalmist says, *if riches increase set not your hand upon them; be most solicitous to be rich in good works, and to have your treasure in heaven, where moth nor rust cannot corrupt, nor thieves break thro' and steal.*

Line 177. *The lovely young Lavinia once had friends,
And fortune smil'd & deceitful on her birth.* The story of Palemon and Lavinia, is one of the most pleasing, natural and striking pieces in *Thompson's Seasons*; as it discovers so much humane sensibility, knowledge of life, and so well calculated to touch the heart, affect the passions, and greatly interest the reader in the distresses of an amiable tho' unfortunate young woman, and her aged parent; whether the poet drew this narrative from real life, is not known, tho' it is very likely he did.

Line 198. *Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they like the dawning star
Of evening, shone in tears.* It is peculiarly distressing and afflictive, to be brought from a state of ease and affluence, at once into the depths of poverty and want; reflection on what Lavinia once had in prospect, adds to the misery of the present melancholy scene, a scene of real trouble, words are wanting to describe, and language unable to express; but even in such a situation, religion can administer comfort to the truly virtuous, and the promises of the gospel heal the wounds of a broken heart.

Line 265. *And art those then Acaste's dear remains?* Lavinia's being thrown in the way of Palemon, a friend of her father's, and his discovery of, and address to her, are happily imagined, and give the poet an opportunity of painting in the liveliest colours, merit and humility clothed in indigence, and sympathy, benevolence, and gratitude in the midst of wealth. This moving and pathetic speech, to Lavinia, as welcome, as it was unexpected, could not but excite her surprise, while she was overcome with modest thankfulness, and the genuine effusions of virtuous esteem.

Line 340. *Herd, flocks and barbeds, cottages and fubains*
Roll mingled down. These lines represent
 a dreary picture indeed, a land flood, which sometimes
 providence permits to happen, to the ruin of the indus-
 trious husbandman, and destruction of the harvest of the
 pregnant year. What the Almighty gives, he has an un-
 doubted right to take away, whenever and in what way,
 he pleases; man must not murmur nor repine, but say
 with Job, *the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away,*
blest be the name of the Lord, Job. i. 21.

Line 353. *Be mindful of those limbs in russet clad,*
Whose toil to your's is warmth and graceful pride.

The admonitions of humanity here, are particularly ad-
 dressed to landholders and gentlemen farmers, and truly
 merit their attention and regard, respecting their in-
 dustrious tenants; would to heaven they may have a
 suitable effect, and impress the heart with a tender and
 compassionate fellow-feeling towards the unavoidable
 losses of the labouring swain.

Line 399. *To joy at anguish and delight in blood.*
Shooting may be, with propriety, stil'd a cruel diversion,
for tho' it gives the sportsman an opportunity of shewing
his dexterity, and proves him a good marksman; yet
the birds may very justly say to him with the frogs in
Aesop's Fables, remember what is sport to you, is death
to us.

Hunting is also a diversion of the same nature, unbe-
 coming a man of an humane disposition, and fit only for
 those who delight in cruelty and blood.

Line 401. *Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare!*
 This lively description of hunting, is no small proof that
 Thompson either had at one time or other engaged in,
 or at least attentively observed, and upon motives of
 humanity discommends the apparent barbarity of the
 chase.

Line 416. ——— *the watchful herd alarm'd,*
Whose selfish care avoids a brother's woe. These
 lines respecting the stag when clos'd pursued by the
 hounds, is applicable to the conduct of the hare, in that
 instructive fable of Aesop's, *stil'd, the hare and many*
friends.

Line

Line 571. ——— let not such horrid joy

E'er stain the bosom of the British fair. Hunting must be acknowledged an hazardous exercise, and too masculine, as well as hard-hearted an amusement, especially for the ladies, who are peculiarly distinguished for their tenderness and good nature, and therefore called the *softer sex*.

Line 592. *Know they to seize the captivated soul,*

In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips. Here the poet happily describes, the employments and diversions best suited to, and particularly adapted for the entertainment and pursuit of the British fair; beautifully summing up the whole, with the following elegant lines:

————— in their race

To rear their graces into second life,

To give society its highest taste;

Well-order'd home, man's best delight to make,

—————

To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,

And sweeten all the toils of human life.

Ladies, remember, a word to the wise is sufficient, in performing the duties of the various relations you are placed in life, you secure the approbation of a good conscience, and promote the happiness of those you stand in connection with, while at the same time you advance your own.

Line 668. ——— *I solitary court*

Tb' inspiring breeze, and meditate the book

Of nature ever open. The study of nature, or reflections on the works of creation, more eminently displayed in the silent recesses of the country, afford continual matter, new, entertaining, and instructive for the most pleasing and improving meditations, suited to a serious and contemplative mind.

Line 842. ——— *into warmer climes convey'd*

With other kindred birds of season. The annual transmigrations of birds of season, into warmer climes, during the cold winter quarter of the year, is a remarkable instance of the wisdom of animal instinct placed in the feathered race by the great author of nature;

Line 961. ——— *Then is the time,*

For

*For those whom wisdom and whom nature charm;
To steal themselves from the degenerated, crowd,
And soar above this little scene of things.* The contemplative man is most in his element, when retired from the world into the abodes of rural life, to trace out the great Creator in the works of his hands, to admire and adore his wisdom, while all creation joins to celebrate his praise; Mr. Gay truly observes in one of his poems

Every object of creation

Can furnish hints for contemplation;

And from the most minute and mean,

A thoughtful mind can morals glean.

Line 981. *O let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,*

The gun, the music of the coming year

Destroy. Thompson takes occasion to mention in several parts of his poem the cruelty of shooting, as in the 79th line of *Winter*, and 384th line of this book, where he calls it with great propriety

This falsely chearful barbarous game of death.

Line 987. — — — *For now the leaf*

Incessant rustles from the mournful grove. As the autumn advances, the fall of the leaf shows winter approaching near, the beauties of the country now begin to fade and die away; the trees drop their fruits, and woods and groves resign their leafy covering, nature seems to sicken, the warbling birds no longer charm the list'ning ear with their sprightly notes, but every rural object in mournful guise appears to lament the declining year.

Line 1092. *A smaller earth gives us his blaze again*

Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day. This is a pretty description of moon-light, whether the moon is a world and inhabited, as some tell us, I will not pretend to determine, as it is a matter of little or no signification, to us, but this I would observe, that the Almighty has displayed his wisdom, power and goodness, in appointing so useful and beneficial a planet, or rather *satellite*, to accompany and enlighten our earth, particularly in her nocturnal revolutions round her own axis, when the inhabitants, as they alternately lose the benefit of the sun's light would (was it not for the moon) be envelop'd in total darkness every night. Milton thus elegantly represents

presents the rising of the moon.

——— The moon

Rising in clouded majesty, at length

Unveil'd her peerless light ———

She o'er the dark, her silver mantle threw,

And in her pale dominion check'd the night.

PAR. LOST.

A fine moon-light night, is a season peculiarly adapted to inspire the mind fond of reflection, with the most solemn important and elevated ideas; the stillness of nature added to the prospect of the moon dancing (as it were) in majestic serenity through the silver skirted clouds, cannot fail of directing the thoughts from earth to heaven, and inculcating sublime sentiments of piety and veneration.

Line 1168. *And hung on every spray, on every blade*

Of grass, the meriad dew drops twinkle round.

The dew sparkling in the fields and on every hedge, early on the autumnal morning, has a pleasing effect, and naturally attracts the attention even of the simple rustic, as he goes whistling merrily to his morning's work; but how soon are these pendant ornaments of rural nature, evaporated and destroyed by the rising sun!

So fade when sickness comes, frail beauty's charms!

Line 1173. ——— while not dreaming ill,

The happy people in their waxen cells

Sat tending public cares. The method formerly used in the country, of placing bee-hives over smoaking sulphur, to drive the bees away to save the honey, was both a cruel and impolitic custom, as it was often the death of the greatest part of that useful and industrious community. Virgil plainly alludes to this pernicious method in the following lines.

Thus when the swain within a hollow rock

Invades the bees with suffocating smoak,

They run around or labour on their wings,

Disus'd to flight and shoot their sleepy stings;

To shun the bitter fumes in vain they try,

Black vapours issuing, they by thousands die.

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL:

Line 1211. *How clear the cloudless sky! how deeply*

With a peculiar blue!

[ting'd

These lines are a pleasing description of a fine day in Autumn drawn from nature, without doubt; as many such days are seen towards the approach of winter, after the harvest is gathered in, while the country resounds with rustic mirth and simple festive joy.

Line 1228. *The cudgel rattles and the wrestler twines.* Wrestling and cudgel-playing were formerly diversions in great vogue among young men at country wakes, and such like mirthful meetings, but now almost out of date, few of our present rural youths having a taste for such hazardous and bruising exercises.

Line 1233. *Oh knew he but his happiness, of men
The happiest be! who far from public rage,
With a choice few retir'd,*

Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life. Here Thompson paints in the most striking, picturesque and lively colours, the peace, felicity and innocent pleasures of a country life; from the representation the poet gives of the various advantages, and peculiar privileges attending such a life, it evidently appears, he chiefly spoke from his own experience, as he lived principally in the country; some part of this description may be still'd *rural enthusiasm*, by many readers; however, it must be acknowledged by all, that the contrast he draws between a city and a country life, bears no little marks of genius and discernment.

Thompson in these lines seems to allude to the following passages from Dryden

*Oh happy! if he knew his happy state,
The swain, who free from bus'ness and debate;
Receives his easy food from nature's hands,
And just returns of cultivated lands;*

*An easy quiet, a secure retreat,
A harmless life that knows not how to cheat;
With homebred plenty the rich owner blest,
And rural pleasures crown his happiness.*

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

Line 1331. *A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,
And mark them down for wisdom.* Reading, and conversation

conversation with a few chosen friends, are the most true, rational, and improving amusements, to pass away the vacant hours either in town or country; what pity it is then, that *Cards* are so much present fashionable and allowed hindrances to both.

Line 1346. *This is the life — — —*

Led by primeval ages uncorrupt,

When angels dwell, and God himself with man.

Thomson here, without doubt, refers to Abraham in the 18th of Genesis and the 1st verse; to Jacob's dream in the 28th chapter of the same book, and to the patriarchs in general, who dwelt in the land of Canaan.

The Rev. Mr. Moses Brown, in his poem on the Universe, has the following similar lines, speaking of the benefits of solitude and the happiness of a country life.

O solitude! blest state of life below,

Friend to our thought and balm of every woe;

Where *Lust* no objects for his fires can gain;

And *Pride* wants gazers to admire her train,

O far from cities, my abode remove

To realms of innocence, of peace and love?

Thus liv'd the patriarchal race of old,

Kings of the verdant plain and fleecy fold!

By angels honour'd, visited, carest,

Nor seldom with th' Almighty's presence blest.

Line 1350. *O nature! all sufficient! over all!*

Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works!

Snatch me to heaven. — — — The poet, in

this address, must intend the God of nature, (putting the effect for the cause) who alone can be styled all-sufficient, and over all; who alone can enlighten the mind by his spirit, and teach us the knowledge of his wondrous works; that the great Creator is meant here, does evidently appear by the concluding lines of this address:

— — — From Thee begin,

Dwell all on Thee, with Thee conclude my song*;

And let me never, never stray from Thee.

See the Hymn at the end of the Seasons.

NOTES on WINTER.

BOOK the FOURTH.

LINE 17. *To thee, the patron of her first Essay,
The muse, O Wilmington! renews her song.*
Winter being the first book of the Seasons which Thomson wrote, (as mentioned in his life) he here styles it, with propriety, his *first Essay*; the approbation it met with, and the friends it procured him, encouraged him to attempt (and with as good success) descriptions of the other seasons, which he intimates in the following line:
Since has she rounded the revolving year.

The character given of the person, to whom the poet dedicates this fourth book, is worthy the notice and imitation of all, but more especially the great men of the age, who are at the helm of government; as he is spoken of as being skilled in goodness, of sound integrity, and possessing a firm unshaken uncorrupted soul, blazing for his country's weal.

Line 44. *Hung o'er the farthest verge of heav'n, the sun
Scarce spreads thro' ether the dejected day.*

This is a natural and lively description of a winter's day, suited to its appearance in England, where the inhabitants are remarked for the effects this gloomy season of the year has upon their phlegmatic dispositions, as it frequently dejects their spirits, and fills them with such desponding melancholy, as to lead them sometimes to shorten their lives by the desperate crime of suicide; this occasioned Thomson's observation in the 61st line:

*The soul of man dies in him, loathing life,
And black with more than melancholy views.*

Voltaire,

Voltaire, the famous French poet, speaking of November and December, describes them as among those gloomy months, when Englishmen hang and drown themselves.

Line 106. *Nature! great Parent! whose unceasing hand
Rolls round the seasons of the changeeful year.*

Here, as observed on the 1350th line of Autumn, the poet addresses the great Creator under the general title of *Nature*, or, as Thomson might have well have stiled it, *Creation*, that is, putting the *works* in the place of the great *Workman*.

Line 126. *Seen thro' the turbid fluctuating air,
The stars obtuse emit a shivering ray.* In Winter, when the nights are not frosty, the stars, if they appear at all, are but dimly seen; the air is most commonly very thick and foggy, while the heavy clouds slowly moving on, add to the nocturnal gloom.

Line 209. *Where now ye lying vanities of life,
Ye ever tempting ever cheating train!
Where are ye now, and what is your amount?* The pleasures and fashionable follies of the present age, are here truly characterized and depicted; and the deceitful appearances vice puts on, together with the ineffectual pursuits after happiness, the greater part of mankind are engaged in, justly represented as terminating in nothing but

Vexation, disappointment, and remorse. Well may the poet, on a review and conviction of the truth of this remark, break out into the following exclamation:

Sad sickening thought! and yet deluded man,

A scene of crude disjointed visions past,

And broken slumbers, rises still resolv'd,

With new flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.

Line 217. *Father of light and life! Thou good Supreme!
O teach me what is good! teach me Thyself!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice.* This reverential address and supplication to the Almighty, is a pleasing evidence of Thomson's veneration for the Supreme Being, while a consciousness of his own impotency to overcome temptations, leads him to beg strength, protection, and assistance from the omnipotent Lord

Lord of all.—Would to God these serious petitions of our poet, were daily put up to a throne of grace, by every frail offspring of apostate Adam; the need there is for such an address to heaven, while impiety, sensuality, and dissipation reign predominant, among all ranks and degrees of men, let reflection and experience determine.

Line 265. *Now shepherds to your helpless charge be kind, Baffle the raging year.* The fields, meadows, plains, and hills, being now covered with snow, the flocks and herds should be provided with food by their different owners, and carefully defended from the inclemencies of the season.

Line 288. ———— *How sinks his soul! What black despair, what horror fill his heart!* This is a lively but truly melancholy description of a poor hapless rural swain, lost in the snow, as he is returning home; the thoughts he is supposed to be oppressed with when he finds himself belated and likely to perish, are well imagined, and cannot but affect the tender sensations of an humane reader.

Line 326. *Ah little think they, while they dance along, How many feel this very moment death, And all the sad variety of pain.* No, they don't pretend to think about any but themselves; while the gay, affluent, and voluptuous are surrounded with the gifts of fortune, the allurements of pleasure, and the joys of dissipation, what is it to them who are in want, misery, and distress? How few attend to, and feel the weight of that wise, benevolent, and scriptural precept, *Love your neighbour as yourself*; indeed, it is a great pity, so many appear utter strangers to that humane sympathy and fellow-feeling recommended and enforced by the unavoidable calamities and afflictions of others. Well may it be said, *The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger intermeddleth not therewith.*

Thomson, in these lines, pathetically enumerates the various trials and conditions of mankind, with the numerous distresses they are subject to, while in this present state of probation; and justly observes, what good effects

effects might arise from a proper attention to, and observation of them.

——— Thought fond man
Of these ———
Vice in his high career would stand appell'd,
And heedless rambling impulse learn to think;
The conscious heart of charity would warm,
And her wide wish benevolence dilate.

Line 426. ——— Be my retreat

*Between the groaning forest and the shore,
A rural, shelter'd, solitary scene.* Here the poet describes the situation he wishes to be in, while the wintry glooms eclipse the beauties of the surrounding country, and the piercing cold congeals the water into ice. Thomson's choice of, and partiality for the retirement of a country life, are plainly express'd in these lines, as well as in several other parts of this Poem. The votaries of the muses have generally appear'd, in all ages, zealous candidates for rural solitude, and therefore, in their poetical descriptions, have been most lavish in its praises.

Line 431.

——— *There studious let me sit,
And hold high converse with the mighty dead.* Reading (supposing the books well chosen) is one of the most improving, rational, and entertaining amusements a person can engage in and attend to; whether in public or private life, this fits us for conversation, while experience and proper observation, respecting men and manners, make us truly wise.

Time need never appear to (nor indeed ever will) hang heavy on our hands, if we would but fill up our leisure moments, when separate from company and secular employments, or necessary avocations, with this useful and instructive exercise.

Line 570. ——— *To check our fond pursuits,
And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain.*

Thomson's pathetic reflections on the early death of his valuable friend, Mr. Hammond, seem the natural effusions of real friendship, tempered with very just ideas of the wisdom and goodness of God, in all the dispensations of his providence.

The death of friends the late Dr. Young has enlarged on and improved, in several parts of his *Night Thoughts*, with great judgment and sensibility; and drawn this striking conclusion from such bereaving events,

Heaven gives us friends to bless the *present* state,
Resumes them to prepare us for the *next*.

Night 9.

Line 585.

——— *Impell'd*

By wisdom's finest hand, and issuing all

In general good.

The poet, in these lines on the moral government of the world, expresses the same sentiment as Mr. Pope, in his *Essay on Man*, in the following,

See *matter* next, with various life endued,

Press to one centre still, the general good.

As an all-wise and gracious God governs the world, and all things are, and happen in it, as he sees fit, whatever is, is right.

Line 600.

——— *Even superior to ambition, we*

Would learn the private virtues, how to glide

Thro' shades and plains, along the smoothest stream

Of rural life. When poverty is the lot of a virtuous, humble, and benevolent person, the only comfort and satisfaction that can be enjoyed in such a state, must be derived from a consciousness of inward rectitude, and an entire resignation to the will of heaven; assured, that our times are in the hands, and at the disposal, of a good and merciful Creator, who always has in view, in whatever he does, the benefit and welfare of his creatures.

In every station of life, whether affluent or necessitous, there are virtues to be exercised, and duties, moral and religious, to be performed; in attention to which, we may secure peace of mind, and an inward composure and serenity, superior to the glare of ambition, and the shocks of fortune.

Line 621.

Or frequent in the sounding hall, they wake,

The rural gambol.

The innocent pleasures and amusements of rural life are here portrayed in very natural

natural colours; and the diversions of a winter's evening in the country, pleasingly described, *bevorqm bar no*

Line 632. ——— *The sons of riot flow*
Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy
To swift destruction. Thomson here draws

the striking contrast between the serene and harmless pleasures of rural felicity, and the confused, dissipated, and riotous amusements of the metropolis.

Line 644. *While a gay insect in his summer shine,*
The sop light fluttering, spreads his mealy wings.
What a just description is this of the *macaronies* and *petit maitres* of the present age: come ye filken sons and daughters of dress, gaiety, and fashion, and see yourselves in this looking glass! O come, and see what contemptible and ridiculous figures ye cut in the eyes of the rational, sober, and discerning man; and shew your good sense and ingenuity (if ye have any) by a speedy and laudable reformation in your appearance, conversation, and behaviour.

Line 685. ——— *Call'd from the heart,*
Th' obedient passions on thy voice attend.
Thomson here is lavish in the praises of his noble friend, the late Earl of Chesterfield, and represents him as sustaining, with great propriety, the several characters of a scholar, patriot, orator, and real well-wisher to the happiness of his country. O that all our great men may be truly good; may God council the king's counsellors, and teach our senators wisdom.

Line 704. *All nature feels the renovating force*
Of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye
In ruin seen. The sharp frosts of the Winter quarter, serve (if I may so term it) to brace up and invigorate rural nature, relaxed by the sultry heats of the summer, and enervated by the damp fogs and heavy rains of Autumn.

The man of reflection sees those beauties in the works of creation which lie hidden from the ignorant and incurious peasant. The psalmist, David, very justly observes, *The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.* Psalms iii. 3.

Line

Line 738. ———— *The full ethereal round*

*Infinite worlds dissolving to the view,
Shines out intensely keen.* Thomson, in the

126th line of this book, describes a thick foggy night in Winter; here he expatiates, with true sublimity of expression, on the appearance of a clear frosty night, when the stars are commonly observed to shine and sparkle with the greatest brightness and lustre; the poet, in using the term *infinite worlds*, refers undoubtedly to the opinion of philosophers in general, that the stars are so many innumerable worlds (or suns to worlds) in the grand system of the universe, displaying the unlimited power and wisdom of Omnipotence.

Line 779. *Pure, quick, and sportful is the wholesome day,
But soon elapsed.* A clear frosty day in

the Winter season, enlivens and raises the animal spirits of the healthy, young, and active, giving (as it were) fresh vigour, new life, and agility to the whole creation; but alas! how soon does it terminate in the uncomfortable shades of evening, leaving us to lament its shortness. The late ingenious and Rev. Mr. James Hervey, in his Winter Piece, describes the effects of sharp and frosty weather in the following terms: "The crowding
"atmosphere constricts our bodies, and braces our
"nerves; the spirits are buoyant, and sally briskly on
"the execution of their office; now none loiter in their
"path, nor are seen with folded arms, all is in motion,
"all is activity."

Line 847. *No false desires, no pride-created wants,*

Disturb the peaceful current of their time.

What a happy description does the poet here give of the undisturbed felicity of the inhabitants of Lapland; how much are they to be envied in the tranquil enjoyment of their harmless and unambitious pleasures, by the sons of Britain, who in the pursuit of criminal delights, and the joys of dissipation, are often their own tormentors, and frequently the cause of self-destruction. Ye affluent, noble, and aspiring after fame, learn wisdom hence; these lines are addressed to you:

We to ourselves may all our wishes grant,
For nothing coveting, we nothing want;

They

They cannot want who wish not to have more,
Contented minds may smile when counted poor.

Dryden.

Line 1020. *Yet Providence, that ever waking eye,
Looks down with pity on the feeble tail
Of mortals lost to hope.* 'Tis a pleasing
and animating thought, in the midst of the heaviest
troubles and afflictions we are exposed to in this life,
that God is every where present, and with the eye and
arm of his ever watchful providence, sees, and will as-
suredly preserve those who put their trust in him.
Psalms xxiii. 4.

Line 1028. ————— *Behold fond man,
See here thy pictur'd life; pass some few years,
Thy flowering spring, thy summer's ardent
strength,
Thy sober autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene.* The four Seasons of
the year may very fitly represent the different stages of
man's life, in infancy, youth, manhood, and old age.
Several writers have exemplified the propriety of this
simile:

See the four seasons in four forms appear,
Resembling human life in every shape they wear;
Spring first, like *Infancy*, shoots out her head,
Helpless, tho' fresh, and wanting to be fed;
Then laughs the childish year with flow'rets crown'd,
And lavishly perfumes the fields around;
Proceeding onwards whence the year began,
The *Summer* grows adult and ripens into man,
Autumn succeeds, a sober tepid age,
Not froze with fear, nor boiling into rage;
Last *Winter* sweeps along with tardy race,
Sour is his front, and furrow'd is his face.

Dryden's Virgil.

Dr. Young, speaking of the progress of revolving
nature, mentions the constant returns of the Seasons,
as a remarkable proof of that order and regularity so
evident in every part of the creation. See Night 6.
line 680.

Line

Line 1039. *All now are vanish'd; virtue sole survives,
Immortal never-failing friend of man,
His guide to happiness on high.* Thomson,
in this latter part of his poem, makes some pertinent reflections on the instability and nothingness of all earthly happiness; and very justly observes, that *virtue* is more to be depended on and valued, than all the trifling and momentary acquisitions and pursuits of mankind; as it leads to and terminates in permanent felicity beyond the grave.

Line 1063. ———— *Ye good distressed!
Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile,
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deem'd evil is no more.* Happy thought! well worthy to conclude one of the finest poems in the English language. After having shewn the wisdom, goodness, and gracious designs of the great Creator, displayed in the several parts of the declining year, the poet closes the whole with an encouraging sentiment drawn from the annual revolutions of the Seasons, and supported by the truths of Revelation, that after a life of pain and sorrow here below, the truly good man shall enjoy an eternity of bliss on high:
The storms of wintry time shall quickly pass,
And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

Thomson, in these lines, evidently refers to those words of sacred writ, *Here we see but thro' a glass darkly, ere long we shall see face to face; here we know but in part, ere long we shall know even as we are known; our light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.* 1. Corinthians, 13. 12. and II. Corinthians, 4. 17.

N O T E S

O N

The H Y M N of P R A I S E.

LINE 2. ——— *The rolling year*
Is full of Thee. ——— Thomson's ascription of praise to the God of Seasons, throughout this inimitable hymn, is full of the sublime and beautiful. The late Mr. Hervey's descant on creation, which seems to be in the general a profaick parody upon this hymn, abounds with the most elevated sentiments of piety and veneration, founded on those words of the inspired apostle, Paul, in the 1st of Colossians, 16, 17. *All things were created by Him, and for Him, and in Him all things consist.*

Line 29. *Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand,
 That ever busy wheels the silent spheres.*
 Tho' the Great Creator's wisdom and goodness are so evidently displayed in all his works, that *he who runs may read*, yet thoughtless man, wrapt up in the enjoyment of the gifts of God, is too often forgetful of, and disregards the gracious Giver.

Line 66. *Great source of day! best image here below
 Of thy Creator, ———*

On nature write with every beam, his praise.

This address to the sun is truly noble, and happily expressive of the most exalted strains of sacred rapture and elevated adoration.

Line

Line 94. *For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more.*
How nervous and pathetically the poet declares himself determined to dwell on the pleasing and interesting theme of his Maker's praise as long as he lives; how ought every one to adopt the same resolution, and endeavour

To live as well as speak th' Almighty's praise.

Line 111. *I cannot go*

Where universal love not smiles around. The omnipresence of the great and merciful Creator, is one of the most cogent arguments for living soberly, righteously, and godly, in the world; and should be a prevailing motive to induce us daily to acknowledge him in all our ways, that he may direct our steps.

Line 118. *Come then expressive silence muse his praise.* The more we think on the attributes and perfections of the Deity, the more we shall find to engage our admiration and excite our praise; the more we contemplate his being, nature, and existence, the more we shall be lost in such wonder and admiration, as Mr. Hervey very justly styles, "the solemn mental eloquence of profound, rapturous, silent adoration."

Mr. Pope closes his universal prayer with sentiments quite agreeable to the tenor of this reverential hymn, and therefore are well adapted to conclude the editor's notes upon it.

To thee, whose temple is all space.

Whole altar, earth, sea, skies,

One chorus let all being raise,

All nature's incense rise.

The E N D of the N O T E S.

I N D E X.

A N

INDEX to THOMSON'S SEASONS,

By G. WRIGHT, Esq.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To apologize for publishing the following index, appears to the Editor entirely needless, as the service indexes in the general, are to readers in works that treat on various subjects, is so well known, that it renders all excuses for the undertaking (even the most modest and ingenious) superfluous and unnecessary; but if an apology should be expected, it cannot be better expressed than in the words of the reverend and learned Dr. Newton in his preface to his edition of Milton's *Paradise Lost*. "The man who is at the pains of making indexes is really to be pitied; but of their utility, there is no need to say any thing, when several persons who pass in the world for profound scholars, know little more of books than *title pages* and *indexes*, but never catch the spirit of an author, which is sure always to evaporate or die in such hands."

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